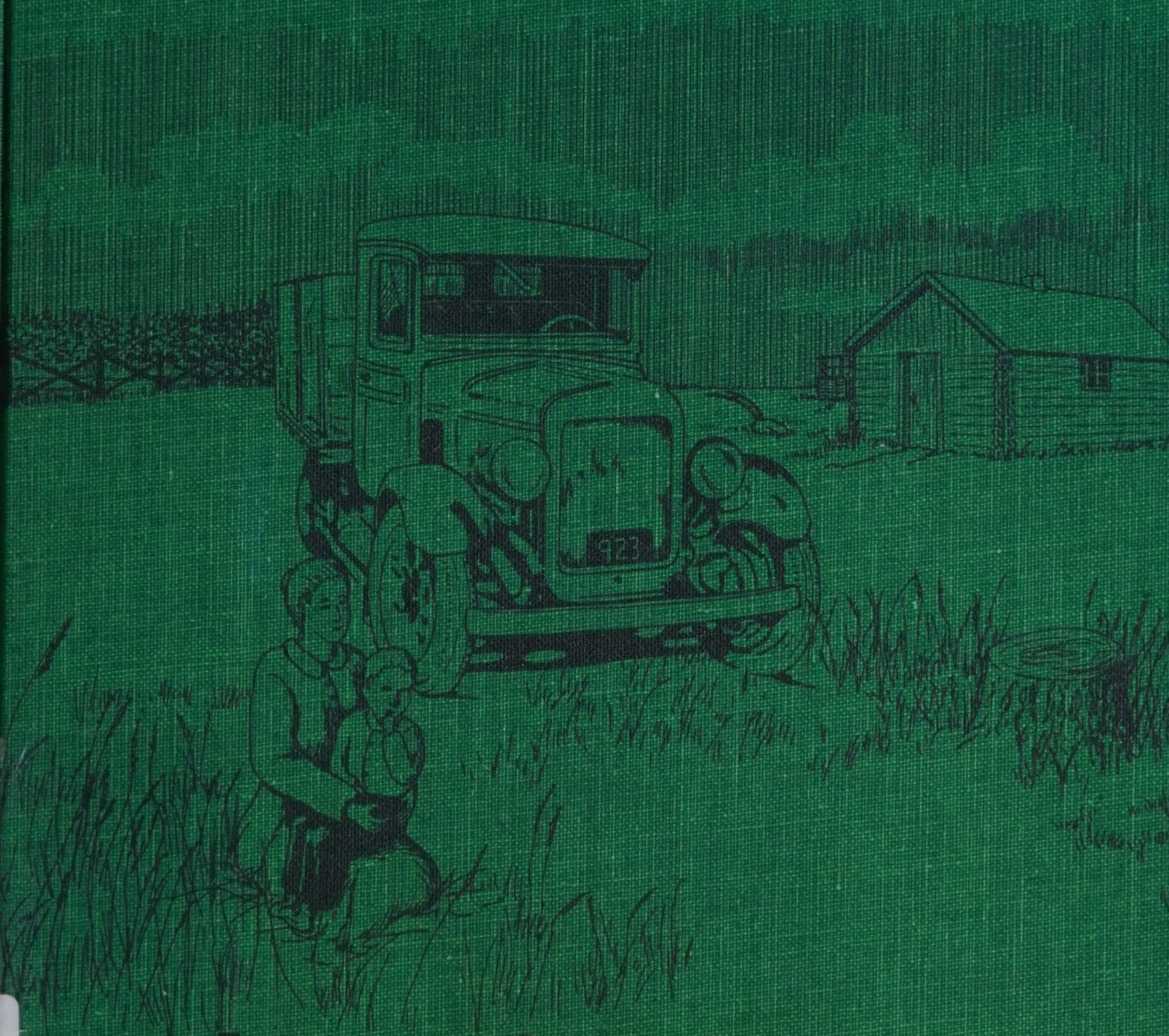




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Hardships and Happiness



Fawcett and Surrounding Districts

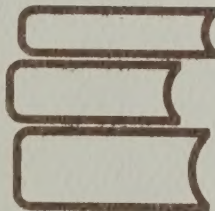


Tote bridge on French Creek, just east of Fawcett. Imen Levi, Frank Hellerstadt, Joe Dawkins, Paul Accarias, Helen Deray and Augustine Accarias, 1915.

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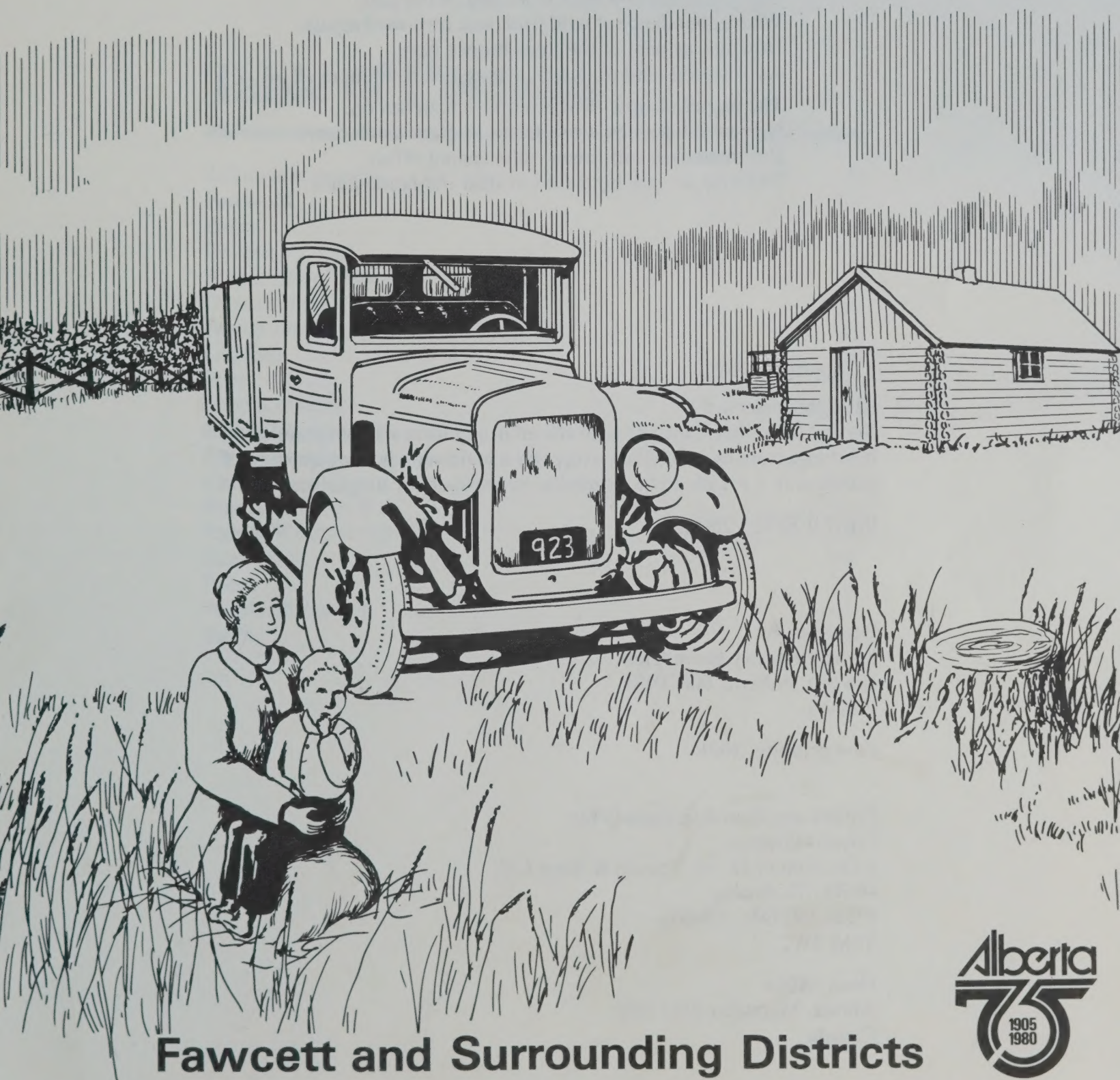
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Hardships and Happiness



Fawcett and Surrounding Districts



The Old Home

Herb Bell

The old home is silent, no laughter I hear
As I pass on the road of fond memories so dear.
The hedges and trees once our pride and our joy,
All stand neglected a sight to abhor.

The green bush on west is a thing of the past,
Where abundance of wild fruit once furnished repast.
Now lies as bare of the trees it once bore,
As a wasted land of desert, where life is no more.

The reaper of time marches on — marches on,
New men with new ways take our place as of yon.
But memories still linger, time cannot efface,
The love we still hold for our dear old home place.

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Foreword

This history was conceived, to pay tribute to the pioneers, who came on foot, by ox team, and later by train, from many distant lands, to this tiny dot on the map of northern Alberta, later to be known as Fawcett.

Especially, we pay tribute to the wives and mothers who managed with so little, to feed and cloth their men and children.

One outstanding thing in their favor, they came young in years, strong of mind and body, with distant vision, and high hopes for the future.

Our pictures, of the past were most cheerfully loaned, that we, the reader, might look back into the past as well as read about it. Our thanks go to all concerned. We hope to perpetuate the memory of people who had the courage, strength and dedication, for generations to come.

We regret the omissions that were made in compiling this history. We know there are many, we have endeavoured to be as complete as possible.

The Editors
Elwood Boyd
Marianne Cochrane



Part I

Fawcett Our Community

Fawcett

Our geographical location is — 54 degrees, 32 minutes and 20 seconds latitude and 114 degrees, 5 minutes and 30 seconds longitude. Our elevation is 2035 feet above sea level according to the bench mark at the base of the rails in Fawcett.

The district was known as French Creek until the coming of the railway. Fawcett was the name of one of the engineers on the survey crew. The E.D. and B.C. decided to name this siding in honor of the engineer, hence — Fawcett. A water tank was erected on the west bank of the creek to supply water for the steam locomotives. It was decided that the creek may not always have enough water supply so the tank was moved to Jarvie where there was a better supply of water from the Pembina River.

The soil is the grew wooded type and lends itself well to mixed farming. We have an abundance of good water; most drilled wells are between 100 and 200 feet in depth and bored wells are from 30 to 100 feet in depth. We are bordered by the French Creek and the Pembina River along with numerous small lakes and sloughs for range cattle.

Cross Lake Provincial Park is twenty-two miles northeast of Fawcett where you can enjoy good fishing and well kept camp grounds.

Our closest centre is Westlock, thirty miles south of us, where a lot of Fawcett's business is transacted. Barrhead lies forty miles southwest and Athabasca

lies fifty miles northeast of Fawcett.

It should be noted that in reading Reverend Rundle's journal, he wrote that he camped on the rocks at the mouth of the Pembina River and walked up to an old trading post in 1860. In May, 1980 archaeologist Michael Forsman and his associates conducted a historic dig at the confluence of the Pembina and Athabasca Rivers to determine if there had been a trading post there in the early 1800s. They found some artifacts; parts of clay pipes, trade beads and a hand forged spike. They exposed the corners of two separate stone fireplaces. Nothing was found that could be carbon dated to tell the approximate date of the trading posts.



Annual spring in Fawcett.



Fawcett, 1914.



Fawcett's N.A.R. Station and first elevator.



Fawcett, 1934.



Fawcett.



Fawcett parade.



Fawcett stores; Canon building, Hundley building (Fawcett's first store), Massey-Harris building and Carlson's hardware store. Taken at Jubilee parade, 1964.

History of Two Sections of Land

written by E. Boyd

Fawcett — Sections 28 and 30.

The NE ¼ of section 28 was homesteaded by Theodore Jahnert on April 21 1913 and patented on January 11, 1921. This is still owned by William Jahnert.

The NW ¼ of section 28 was homesteaded by Paul Miller on September 23, 1913. He was cancelled by Percy Joseph Howlett on January 2, 1917. Peter Moshak cancelled Percy on October 11 1920. Melcher Paravicini got the quarter by cancellation on June 26, 1924 and got the title on August 28, 1935. This quarter is now owned by Max Frose.

The SE ¼ of 28 was homesteaded by Paul Galasch on April 21, 1913. He got the title on May 28, 1920. The place has been owned by several people since and is currently owned by Victor G. Yancey.

The NE ¼ of section 30 was homesteaded by Gustave Pedigua on March 17, 1914. This was cancelled by J. Christoffel on March 29, 1915. Arthur Sutton cancelled it on July 21, 1921. Arthur let it go and Roland Doone took it on July 20, 1922. Bert Godwin was the last to homestead this quarter on December 19, 1923. He got title on Mach 13, 1929. Murdock MacGillivray was next to own this quarter then Ralph McCann. Ralph sold it recently to Bill Sands.

The NW ¼ of 30 was homesteaded on May 5, 1913 by August Albrecht. Herman Ludwig cancelled on March 27, 1914. On August 9, 1926 Henry Ragan cancelled it and got title on February 15, 1937. Henry sold to William Alexander.

The SE ¼ of 30 was homesteaded by Ludwig Meridig on September 10, 1913 who got title on December 19, 1921. Through the years this quarter has been owned by Ernie Orr, Frank Grimmeyer, Edwin Kallal, Bill Dewitz, and now owned by Irene Callahan.

The SW ¼ of 30 was homesteaded by Ira B. Stevens on July 16, 1921. Cancelled by Risto Maki on July 6, 1926 who received title on May 13, 1928. This quarter has changed hands a few times, also. Harry McCann bought from Risto Maki and sold to Gunnar Thorliefson. It is now owned by K. and E. Brokop.

Thorntonville — Sections 28 and 30

The NE ¼ of 28 was homesteaded by Herbert Hulbert in 1915. He was cancelled by James G. McQuarrie in 1921. McQuarie was cancelled by Joseph Claeys in 1926 who got title on April, 1936.

NW ¼ of 28 was homesteaded by Louis Dunsan in 1915 and he got title in 1922.

SE ¼ of 28 was homesteaded in 1915 by George Crawford who threw it up. In 1916 it was homesteaded by David Kennedy who let it go. Next to

homestead was Alex McQuarrie in 1922. Alex threw it up and George Henry Letts homesteaded it in 1928 and got title in 1935.

SW ¼ of 28 was homesteaded in 1914 by Anton Anderson who was cancelled in 1919 by Albert W. Miles. Albert was a return man of the First World War and got title on July 20, 1920.

The SE ¼ of 30 was homesteaded by Joseph Herman Cyr on October 25, 1923. During the time he was here he had a logging camp on the Athabasca River below Bell Island. Leslie Richey used to freight groceries from Kaliel's store, and hay and oats for the horses to Cyr's camp.

Both of these quarters are now owned by R. and S. Baker.

The two north quarters of 30 were homesteaded in 1915 by James Muir Turner and Thomas Turner, father and son. They got their titles in 1921 and 1922. These two quarters are still owned by the Turner family.

This is a brief history of two sections of land in each district with the same number.

Businesses of Fawcett

written by Elwood Boyd

Stores

Fawcett's first general store was built for Auguste R. Hamel, who had homesteaded the SW 17-64-1-W5. It was built by Henri Devin and Jules Deray with lumber they had cut with a whipsaw. The building was erected just north of the road that is now in front of the C & A Grocers. This store was built in 1913 before the coming of the railroad.

In early 1914 Auguste Hamel and his wife went back to Edmonton. Auguste enlisted and left a Mr. Saunier in charge of the store. The railway tracks were laid through Fawcett in the summer of 1913. In December before Christmas, Herb Bell and his brother, Gar, came from their trapline on the Athabasca to buy provisions. The store was locked so they camped outside for three days waiting for the train as they thought the storekeeper would be on the train. They were getting hungry and when Mr. Saunier wasn't on the train they crawled up a ladder and looked in a window. They saw Mr. Saunier lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He had been dead for several days from gun shot wounds. The police were called in but the murderer was never found.

As soon as Mrs. Hamel heard of the murder she came back to Fawcett on Dec. 28, 1914 and put Henri Flouquet in charge of the store. Mr. Flouquet looked after the store until Mrs. Hamel sold it to Thomas Hundley in 1917.

Tom Hundley bought the quarter of land that



Fawcett's first store, 1914.

Fawcett is situated on, farmed it and ran his store until he sold to Alex Kaliel in 1926.

Alex Kaliel started his store under the name of Farmers' Supply Co. and it is still known as that today. Through the years Mr. Kaliel was store keeper, machine agent for Massey Harris and later International Harvester, and fur buyer. He bought and sold fence posts, lumber, turkeys, chickens, almost anything that helped the people of Fawcett make their way through the early homesteading days and depression years. Alex's children and grandchildren operate the Farmers' Supply Co. now.

The next store was built by Herman Ehmler right next to the railway tracks, on the north side across

from the old school building. Herman kept groceries and some dry goods. The Jahnert boys remember buying their scribbblers and pencils at Herman's store when they started school.

Herman sold his store to Richard Carlson, who moved it on wagons to the Housefield place. This is about where Henry Wagner later built his pool hall. Richard changed from general store to hardware and was in business at this location until 1924 when he moved the buildings to its present location. Richard moved the buildings with Tom Hundley's Titan tractor. His living quarters were above the store with an outside stairway to the second storey. In just a few years Richard doubled the length of the store and built a warehouse on the east side. Richard was the John Deere agent for a number of years. He had a farm two miles south-west of Fawcett where he raised horses and grew Timothy hay. He was known as 'Timothy Carlson' by everyone. Richard had a spare bedroom and before Fawcett had a hotel, a traveller could get a room there for the night.

Carlson took very few holidays. I do recall times when he would go for two weeks or a month and visit his brother in St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A. Some of the men he left in charge of the store were Reynold Olson, John Polysnuik and one lady, Marion Humphries. Carlson also hired housekeepers when he could get one. Mrs. Harper Sr. kept house at different times when her granddaughters were here so they



Farmer's Supply Store.

Interest will be charged at 8% on all overdue accounts. Our terms 30 days

BOUGHT OF
THE FARMERS' SUPPLY CO.
GENERAL MERCHANTS
Fawcett, Alta.

It Pays to Pay Cash
at the Farmers'
Supply Co.
We Serve You Best

Mar 9 1932

M. J. Rae

No.	ARTICLES	Q.	c.
✓	200 flour @ 26.5	5	30
✓	coffee		25
✓	soup		25
✓	tea		90
✓	tomatoes		25
✓	Vinegar		15
✓	Coal Oil		120
✓	Shred W4B36		30
✓	bananas		60
✓	pepp		10
✓	pepper		05
✓	B Powder		25
✓	38 eggs		60
			0.70
		Dr.	
		Cr.	
		Balance	

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Machine companies hold good mortgages.
Pay the grocer first he gives you the best of service.

McCahey Systems - Galt & Wintonipeg 5-18-16

WE SELL FOR CASH, PLEASE DO
NOT ASK FOR CREDIT.

Bought of **THE FARMERS' SUPPLY CO.**

GENERAL MERCHANTS
Fawcett, Alta.

It Pays to Pay Cash
at the Farmers'
Supply Co.
We Serve You Best

Mar 22 1938

M. J. Kellam

No.	ARTICLES	Q.	c.
✓	Vinegar		15
✓	Corn		25
✓	Sugar		75
✓	Soup		25
✓	Tea		25
✓	Chambers		15
✓	Pepp		70
✓	Sp Sugar		25
✓	Sp Coffee		20
✓	Pepp		60
✓	Sp Sugar		25
			3.75
		Dr.	
		Cr.	
		Balance	

67 Paid
By eggs

McCahey Systems - Galt 12-27-38

Store bill from Farmer's Supply Fawcett.

could attend school. Alma McQuire came in 1939 to keep house for him and married Alrike Peterson. Mary (Molly) Avery came with her little daughter, Nancy, to keep house for Richard and in a few months she married Jim MacLachlan. Richard kept his hardware store until his death July 24, 1967.

Mr. Kaliel bought the store and contents from the Carlson estate. The store was remodelled to accommodate the Bank of Montreal. The building is now owned by Jim Carswell and is not in use.

Henri Flouquet built a store in the northwest corner of his homestead just across the road from where Leo and Phyllis Kroetsch now live. The Flouquet homestead buildings were in the same yard. He sold groceries and some dry goods. This store was built about 1923. Before the end of the decade he built a store in the hamlet with living quarters at the back. They sold groceries and dry goods. Henri was the International machine agent for a few years. They continued with their business until 1934, then sold to Mr. and Mrs. Schon. The Flouquets bought forty acres west of Edmonton at a place called Canell. The Acme brickyard was near them. They later moved to White Rock, B.C. where they passed away and are buried.

Karl Scheidel and his wife put up a building for a grocery store in 1919 on the Housefield place where Mr. Kaliel's warehouse is situated now. The store burned to the ground in 1923 along with a small threshing machine that was sitting close to it. When the insurance company came out to investigate the fire they found a lot of empty tin cans on the shelves. They thought this to be quite irregular. It is said that



C & A Grocers, 1973.

Karl Scheidel served time for the burning of the store.

Allie and Stella Watt sold their farm west of Westlock and came to Fawcett to buy the two buildings that belonged to Thorstine Nisi. They had a general store in what had been Fred Anderson's building. Allie set up a Massey Harris agency in the other building. It wasn't long before the people of Fawcett wanted to start a Co-op store. They organized and raised enough money to buy the store and contents from Watts.

There were several managers through the years. Some of them were Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Stan Potter, Louis Theroux, Knute Johanson, Lou and Gwen White, and Stella Watt. The last manager was Alvina Pudlowski.

At a member meeting it was decided to sell the Co-op building and contents. Clarence and Alvina Pudlowski bought it and operated as C & A Grocers since July, 1973.

Poolrooms

Tom Gagne set up our first pool room in the Hundley building. He operated for a few years and then sold to Mr. Paisley, who stayed for a year and sold to Henry Wagner.

Henry ran the poolroom and had a barber chair in the Hundley building. He hired Joe and Art Cole to build a poolroom and barber shop for him on lots he had bought from Miss Housefield. He later sold his pool tables but kept the barbering business until the time of his death.

Henry Iampen set up a barber shop and pool room in the basement of his house, which he operated for a year and then started to barber in Westlock. At the present time Henry is still operating his business in Westlock.

Cafes

Our first cafe was built by Tom Hundley and was situated on the lot that C and A Grocers is now on. Mr. and Mrs. George Durant operated the restaurant for Tom. Later Bill Kelm of Flatbush rented the building and had a cafe for two years. Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson took over the cafe after Bill.

Fred Anderson bought the building many years later and demolished it to make way for the present building which he built.

Alice McCann had an eating place established in her house for a year or two in the '50's. Mrs. Hollis Guyette had a restaurant for awhile in the Flouquet building.

We had several people at different times who kept a cafe in the hotel. At present time we have two eating places, both on the highway; one at the Esso gas station and the other at Husky.

Blacksmith

Through the years several men set up blacksmith shops. The first shop was run by David Major in the back of the Cannon building.

Next was Steve Turner from the Cross Lake District. Steve worked at his shop for two or three years, then sold to a young man by the name of Thorstine Nisi.

Thorstine was a good blacksmith and stayed with the work until he married a local girl, Haldis Hansen. He then put up a building with living quarters and ran a grocery store. When Thorstine sold, he sold to Stella and Allie Watt.

Our next and last blacksmith was Anthony (Tony) Garlitza. Tony had apprenticed and become a blacksmith in Hungary. He was truly a good blacksmith and one of his favorite sayings was "Tony know". He built a large shop with living quarters attached, where the Alberta Wheat Pool house is now situated. Tony bought a quarter of land northeast of Fawcett, and moved there with his equipment and continued to blacksmith from there. In later years he had an auction sale and moved to Westlock. He resides in Westlock now and is very nearly blind.

Elevators

The first elevator was built in 1926 and owned by Home Grain Co. It operated as Home Grain until 1930 when they sold out to Searle Grain Co. In 1965 it was sold to Federal Grain and around 1970 it was sold to Alberta Wheat Pool. It is now used mainly for storage of grain.

Some of the elevator agents through the years were — Charlie McMaster, Charlie Gill, and Norman Cochrane. Norman took over in 1927 and was the agent until 1935.



Fawcett's first elevator built in 1926. Carlson's hardware store and N.A.R. Station.

I recall that in 1930 our teacher, Miss Card, took the school children for a tour of the elevator. Norman explained all the workings of an elevator and then gave all of us a nice shiny, red apple which I think some of us still remember. The next day we wrote an essay on our trip to the elevator and 'yours truly' wrote the best one according to the teacher.

After Norman, Fred Chegwin took over, followed by Albert Gower. In 1942, Arthur Wall came and was our agent until 1961 when he retired from the grain buying. The last three agents were — Earl Holton, Bill Holm, and then Bob Holm. Bill and Bob were no relation to each other.

The Alberta Wheat Pool built their elevator in 1949 and were ready to buy grain that fall. John and Harry McCann sawed the lumber for it from the Athabasca River. Lambert and Fradette planed the lumber at the site of the elevator.

The new elevator has twice the capacity of the Searle, a 60,000 bushel house. Both elevators were converted to electric power when Calgary Power came to the hamlet. The Searle had started with a hand-crank hoist and later converted to compressed air. They both have electric hoists now.

The first agent for the Wheat Pool was Dan Manderson followed by Allan Ennis, George Thompson, Ivan Marthaller, Roy Zaddery, and Ken MacDonald who is our present agent with Bud England as second man.

Hotel

Fawcett's first hotel was built in 1930 by Walter and Horace Bratt for Alex Kaliel. It was a cafe and rooming house until 1950. George and Gladys Thompson were the first proprietors.



Fawcett hotel, 1930.



Addition to the Fawcett Hotel.



Hotel kitchen in the 1930's.

In 1950 Alex built onto the east end of the building and added enough rooms so he could apply for a beer license. A plebiscite was held which proved favorable. The beer parlor opened in late 1950.

Alex, along with help from his sons, ran the parlor and rented rooms until 1960 when he sold to Paterson and Curry. Paterson had it for eight years and sold to Mr. and Mrs. Ericson. Ericsons ran the hotel for two years and then sold to Don and Alice Barlow who are the present owners.

Don and Alice have made some considerable changes to the parlor and the rooms. They have a mixed drink license and have discontinued the cafe part of the hotel.

Garages

Clifford Major set up the first garage in the old Hundley building. He and Ethel had living quarters above the garage. Clifford repaired tractors and cars. I remember him putting a clutch in a 17x28 Twin City tractor; it was quite a feat considering that he didn't have any of the modern tools to work with.

Garage work was very fascinating to me in my younger years. I remember Professor Rowan coming in one day with an old car that wasn't running very well and asking Clifford if he could do something with it. Clifford tuned it up and had him on his way in a very short time.

Our next garagemen were Paul and Fred Elgert who built the building east of the hotel. They operated this for a few years and then sold to Bill Jerace. Bill was a good mechanic but a poor manager and consequently he had to sell. That ended the garage business in the Elgert building.

Alex and Bud Kaliel opened a garage in the east end of the long warehouse just across from the hotel. This building burned down in 1952, warehouse, garage and all. Alex built a garage to replace that one. Ken Charters and Wyman Humphrey operated in the new building under the heading C & H Service. Wyman (Wimpy) left the business and went driving truck for Merle Freer.

Ken operated the garage until 1962, then moved the business to his acreage that is now owned by Leo and Phyllis Kroetsch. Ken continued until 1965 when he sold to Llowel Hanna and moved to St. Albert.

Llowel stayed for three years and then folded. We were without a garage in the hamlet until Richard Fletcher moved here from Settler and set up a new garage building one-half mile west of Fawcett. It operates under the heading Fawcett General Repair.

There was for a time a mechanic at Jim's Esso who helped out with many problems but now it is better to have our own garage.

Trucking

Through the years quite a few men have gone into the trucking business. I recall the first one being Joe Wasne, a brother to Mrs. John Dul. He served the Fawcett and Flatbush area.

Fred Anderson had a P.S.V. license and hauled lumber to Edmonton. Merle Freer hauled anything and everything, anywhere. Eric Sikosky hauled grain for a couple of years.

Wimpy Humphrey hauled grain and cattle. Ed Kallal bought land in the district and was one of our later cattle haulers. Much of our hauling is now done by Jim Laughy of Flatbush and R & G Hauling of Fawcett. R & G is operated by Roy Forbes and Glenn Kaliel.

Norman Cochrane went into the trucking business after he quit the Searle Grain. His first truck was a 1930 Model B Ford in which he hauled anything that could be hauled. Later he bought a G.M.C. and then an International C30. I worked with Norman for quite a few years. Tuesdays and Thursdays were stock days; we gathered hogs and cattle and hauled them to the stock yards at the rail siding. From here they were loaded into box cars the next morning in time for the freight train.

Norman bought grain for Dominion Grain, hauled it to the siding and loaded over the platform directly into the box cars. This was all done by hand before the days of augers. I recall in 1939 when we



Norman Cochrane's first truck, 1½ ton Model B Ford.

loaded twenty-two box cars of wheat over the platform, some of it was loaded at Dapp and some at Jarvie.

Fuel Agencies

At one time Fawcett had three oil outlets; Richard Carlson sold British American products, Henri Flouquet sold North Star Oil products, and Farmer's Supply sold Imperial Oil products.

In the early years the drums of gasoline, coal oil, and oil was shipped here by train. As more tractors and cars came into being there was a need for a gas pump. Alex Kaliel installed two of them in front of



Pembina U.F.A. oil shed, 1946.

the store, one for gas and one for coal oil for lamps. The need for tractor gas became greater. Norman Cochrane hauled two and sometimes three times a week, twenty-two barrels at a time from Westlock for Mr. Kaliel. These trips were usually made after supper in the busy part of the year.

After the war, Imperial Oil put tanks at the side tracks for their different fuels they had for sale. At this time, Alex's nephew, Victor Yancey, took over the agency in 1949. Vic moved his wife, Rose, and their young son, Victor, Jr., from Edmonton to Fawcett. Vic ran the Imperial Oil agency for twenty years and then retired from that line of work. The Dapp agency looked after this one for a year and then phased it out.

In August, 1946 Norman Cochrane became an agent for Maple Leaf Petroleum. The first shed was built that held barrels of fuel and oil. Bernard Henry helped dig the holes to put the underground tanks in. These tanks were put into use until 1969 when UFA decided to have everything above ground. UFA had bought Maple Leaf in the early fifties. During this time Norman's office was a little yellow building that sat at the east corner of the lot.

In the spring of 1970 Norman went to work one morning and found all the barrels of oil lying in a heap in the middle of the shed — the floor had caved in. By this time his son, Jack, had come back to Fawcett and went into partnership with Norman.

Norman and Jack eventually had a modernized outlet with six overhead tanks, a new oil shed and an office was brought from Fort Assiniboine in 1972.

At present time this is the only fuel and oil outlet serving the area. There is a new office that opened in Sept., 1980 with Jack and his wife, Marianne running the agency. They no longer have to worry about weighing barrels or handling all those gallons of fuel as everything is now all modern with buttons to push and litres to figure out. We have come a long way!

Distillers

Then there were the distillers. Fawcett was blessed with a few. One gentleman was at every dance with a new pair of bib overalls. We would sidle up to him and in a very low whisper ask him if he had a bottle. "Yup", was the answer and out we would go. One dollar was the going price for a beer bottle full of moonshine, moose milk or whatever the going name was. One would have to have the dollar ready as this fellow would hand you the bottle as soon as you were under the cover of darkness. I asked him, many years later, where he got the bottle so fast.

He replied, "I had a pocket inside the overalls that held three beer bottles. That is why I always had my thumbs hooked in the bib. When the three were sold, I would disappear and replenish the pocket."

I believe this gentleman made the best 'moose milk' that I had ever sampled, and I sampled quite a lot in the '30's.

Another fellow would buy a gallon that was 98% morning dew and would prepare it for a dance that would be coming. He would clean a bunch of beer bottles and put half moonshine and half French Creek water, shake it well so it would mix, cork it, and the bottle was ready for sale. I helped with the mixing of this elixir many times. One bottle was always mixed one to four for a certain individual and marked so as to be sure he got it. He would get just as happy as the rest of the customers.

Better roads and better cars spelled doom for the local distillers. Dapp became the closest beer parlor until the Fifties when Alex Kaliel opened one here in the hotel.

It was illegal back in those days to make beer at home. Now it is permissible to make beer and wine in the home or at least it isn't frowned upon.

There are very few people nowadays who could make a batch of 'moose milk'. The ones I knew are gone these many years. But it was all part of our history. It made money for some who were not afraid to take the step and helped keep the wolf away from the door. A lot of people might feel it wasn't a business but don't try and tell that to some who used to make it their business!

Postal Service

written by E. Boyd

Henri Flouquet was the first postmaster at Fawcett. He was also the mail carrier. Before the coming of the railroad, Mr. Flouquet walked to Dapp once a week to dispatch mail and bring back parcels and mail for the residents of Fawcett. I remember people saying that they had ordered five or ten pounds of nails to come by mail and Mr. Flouquet would carry them back. When Tom Hundley bought the Hamel store, Mr. Flouquet and Tom both looked after the post office. Mr. Flouquet worked for Tom at the time.

W. G. Llewellyn was the next one to be postmaster. He put up a new building with room for a post office and living quarters. W.G. was postmaster from 1924 to 1928. When he decided to farm rather than be postmaster, Mrs. Olive Finstead took over the position and was postmistress from 1928 until 1931.

George Thompson moved to Fawcett and became postmaster until 1934. At that time W.H. Cannon was appointed postmaster and opened the post office in the Hundley building. Mr. and Mrs. Cannon continued to live on their farm (now owned by Ed Dul) and walked back and forth to Fawcett, three times in 24 hours, to do their job. They would meet the trains

at 9 p.m. and 3 a.m., to receive and dispatch the mail. Then would open the office to the public at 9 a.m.

After a few years, the Cannons rented space in the hotel until they built their own building in 1938. W.H. Cannon was postmaster until 1956, a span of 22 years. They had a sale in 1957 and returned to England where they settled until their passing. The Cannon building is now owned by Clarence Pudlowski and at this time is vacant.

Mrs. I.R. Boyd became postmistress in August, 1956. We built a small building on one of Allie Watt's lots.

When she started, the incoming mail still came by train and was met every night at 9 p.m. The mail was dispatched and received on the north bound train. Most of the postal clerks on the train were pleasant men. However, there was one that we called the "Crank". He would throw the bags out before the train was stopped. The mail bags were warm in the winter and when they hit the snow it was an instant freeze, or in the summer they would be wet from the grass.

Mrs. Boyd was post mistress for 24 years until August, 1980. Alvina Pudlowski now holds the position as Fawcett's post mistress.

Fawcett has had continual postal service for 67 years.

District Health Services

compiled by E. Boyd

Public Health Nursing began in Alberta in 1918 and was started at Jarvie, Alta. in 1926. In 1934 the Health Service was transferred to Fawcett. The first nurse moved into a new building, which was built by volunteer labour.

Mrs. Jessie Hyde transferred from Jarvie to Fawcett with the service until the nurse's residence burned to the ground one night. Everything was lost including all of Mrs. Hyde's personal belongings



District nurse's cottage built in 1935.

plus the government's furnishings and medicines. Mrs. Hyde said she hated to lose her engagement ring which had been in a dresser drawer. I raked through the ashes directly under where the dresser had been and found her diamond ring. The gold had not stood the heat too well but the diamond was all right.

We dismantled the old community hall which stood where the old Wheat Pool house (now owned by George Kaliel). We built a new nursing home on this site. Miss Evelyn Waddell was the next nurse to serve here. While we were building the new house, Mr. Kaliel offered us a big room in his living quarters for the district nurse.

The new residence was finished before Christmas and Miss Waddell moved in. She stayed until September, 1940. Then Miss Edith Gavin came and relieved until Miss Betty Lea came. Miss Waddell and Harry Holand were married after they left here. Harry was Mrs. Enrie Morris' brother.

Betty Lea was district nurse until Miss Gavin arrived in 1941. There were several nurses who relieved Miss Gavin while she was here, one of them was Miss Mynard who married Dale Walker, a repeater station attendant. Among the relieving nurses were Mrs. Nellie Brown, Miss Northup, Miss Olga Scheie, Miss Mary G. Plant and Miss Wetts from Lloydminster. When Miss Gavin came in 1941 there were thirteen schools that she had to visit. When she left in 1956 there were only three.

We were fortunate in Fawcett to have a district nurse until this hamlet of 107 was included in the municipal of Westlock. The Alberta government wouldn't maintain the nurse and residence and neither would the municipal government, so the service was terminated on December 31, 1956.

The committee which looked after the house and grounds decided to sell the house and lot. They held a public auction and sold the furnishings, dishes and what not, plus the house to Mr. and Mrs. James Wheeler. The proceeds went into the Fawcett Community Church. The house has changed hands two or three times and is now owned by Armand Houle.



Miss Lee (district nurse) and her mother with Alex Kaliel at the creek.



Mrs. Ruxton and Nurse Gavin, 1960.

It was during Mrs. Hyde's time here that Herman Eberts got sick that summer while he was across the Athabasca River on Bill Schmidt's homestead. George Thompson drove Mrs. Hyde to the river with team and buggy. When they got to the river there wasn't a boat, so George took the door off a little barn and crossed the river on it. There was a boat on the other side so with it he came back and took the nurse over. They had a mile or better to walk after they got across.



Edith Gavin.

In the early years Mrs. George Boyd, my mother, had a nursing home at our place where the expectant mothers could come to have their babies. Most of them were born at night! My father would get up and harness a team and go fetch the district nurse. The nurse was always ready and father was back in no time with her.

This type of personal nursing service was welcomed by the early settlers and all concerned were sorry to see it terminate.

Part II

Family Histories A-H

The Accarias Story

as told to Elwood Boyd by Paul & Paulette Accarias

Mr. and Mrs. August Accarias emigrated from Algeria to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada in 1912. That same year August came to Fawcett to look for land to homestead. He chose the N.E. quarter of section 8, township 64, range 1, west of the 5th. meridian. He walked from Clyde, which was the end of steel. He walked back to Clyde and rode to Edmonton on a work train.



August and Louise Accarias, 1913.

In the early spring of 1913 August and his son, Paul, who was thirteen years old, rode to Clyde, and once again walked to Fawcett. The two of them built their first homestead shack. They then went back to Edmonton. That fall the railway reached Fawcett and the Accarias family, consisting of August and his wife, three sons, Louie, Paul and Marcel, and two daughters, Augustine and Paulette, moved to Fawcett. They had built their shack in the southeast corner of the homestead and soon discovered it was situated in a small slough. So they got busy and built a two storey house of logs on higher ground. Paul and Louie whip-sawed the lumber for the house, hard work for two very young men. Paul told me that he and his father cleared ten acres on the place I now have, for their first cow. The clearing was done for Claude Martinier. Paul said that the R.C.M.P. came around and looked over living conditions and what grub the homesteaders had. If they needed help the R.C.M.P. would give them a voucher with which they could get 500 pounds of flour, 100 pounds of white beans, 100 pounds of white sugar and 25



Augustine (Juchli), Paul and Paulette (Salley) Accarias.



Mr. and Mrs. Bauffey (Henry Devin's sister), Paul and August Accarias.

pounds of coffee, all of which amounted to \$32.00. This sum had to be repaid before they got title to their homestead.

August Accarias paid back his \$32.00 and received title to his homestead on June 23, 1917.

The Accarias men helped build the first store in Fawcett, which was owned by Mr. Hamel. Mr. Hamel operated the store from a tent until the new building was finished.

August and family moved to Beaumont, Alberta around 1918 and in 1919 Louie Accarias sold the farm to Herbert C. Bell, who had just returned from overseas duty in the first World War. Louie and Paul Accarias moved from Beaumont to White Rock, B.C., where Paul still lives. Louie passed away a few years ago. The youngest son, Marcel and his wife live in Edmonton. Paulette married Robert Salley. They lived twenty years at Bonnyville and have been back in Edmonton the last twenty years. The other daughter, Augustine, married Charles Juchli, they had four sons. Charles has passed away and Augustine lives in a home for senior citizens in Edmonton.

Samuel Alberts Family written by Inez Ulrich

Dad (Sam) was born April 21, 1901 in Russia to Julius and Meleda Alberts. The family immigrated to Canada in 1906 to a homestead near Elerslie, Alta.

In this small town Dad received his limited education of grade three or four. In later life he was

always strict about us getting our education as he always told us he never had much as either he or the teacher were sick.

At the age of 13 he left home and went to work on a dairy farm near Leduc. Over the next ten year period he worked at various jobs: from a coal mine at Field, B.C. (where in 1962 he could point to the holes in the mountain where he had worked), to gambling in Mexico, and to taking a trade in plaster and brick laying at Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.

In the meantime his parents had left and had moved to Puyallup, Washington, U.S.A. Dad went there to visit them and met our mother, Ethel Mae Hillgardner. Dad and Mom were married on Feb. 28, 1924.

Dad had a Studebaker, one-seater car in which they put their few belongings and travelled all over the Western States looking for odd jobs. They lived in Portland, Wash. and in Vancouver. In Kelso,



Sam and Ethel Alberts with daughter, Dolly, 1925.

Washington I, Inez Rose, was born, on August 6, 1925.

In April, 1928 Dad along with wife and child left the States and moved to Wetaskiwin, Alta. Here they helped father-in-law with farming and my sister, Shirley Ethel, was born in Edmonton.

Dad located a homestead north of Westlock at Fawcett, NE 14-65-1-W5, in the summer of 1928 and on December 27, 1928 he left for this place. He left with a wagon loaded with a sleigh, stove, food for the horses and himself, a dog and three horses. The first day he went as far as Morinville. The second night was spent at Westlock. There had been no snow on the ground when he left Wetaskiwin but by the third day of his journey he started to travel in snow. He managed to get within one and a half miles of his homestead. His neighbors, Henry and Leo Waper, put him up for the night. The fourth day everything was put on the sleigh and was moved to the homestead.

Mom and we two girls followed him in late January, 1929, by train to Fawcett where we were met by Mr. A. Kaliel. At his store we could receive credit for groceries in return for wood, posts, eggs and butter.

On the homestead the trees were not very large and clearing was done by axe. Land was broke with horses and the piles were then burned. A log barn was built in 1929.

Uncle Ed, Dad's brother from Edmonton, also had a homestead, SE 15-65-1-W5. In the summer he would drive up in his car and we would go picking berries which were plentiful.

A cow, some chickens, ducks and geese were bought in 1929. Some grain and a garden were planted. Wild hay was cut with a sythe (by hand), raked together with a homemade rake consisting of wooden teeth, put into piles with a fork and then hauled home and put into stacks. Vegetables were

canned in jars, some taking three hours of processing. Meat was also canned for later use — mostly wild moose, deer and chickens. In the early thirties threshing and other work was done on a neighbor-help-neighbor bases.

Dad also did some trapping when the winter approached. One winter in just two months he had a cache of furs that was any trapper's delight.

In 1931 Mom wrote to Edmonton asking about having a school in the area. By 1932 a school was built, work and material mostly donated. Fred Stockman was the carpenter and Dad built the chimney. Dad was a school board trustee for years and some of the teachers would stay at our place or at Elgert's. The first teacher we had was Dorothy Algar.

More people were coming from the cities to the country. Soon the school consisted of nine grades of up to 30 pupils. In 1935 our teacher was Miss Brown. Then Miss Drebert took over in 1938. There has been no school in the Clyde Lake area since 1948; children go to Fawcett School.

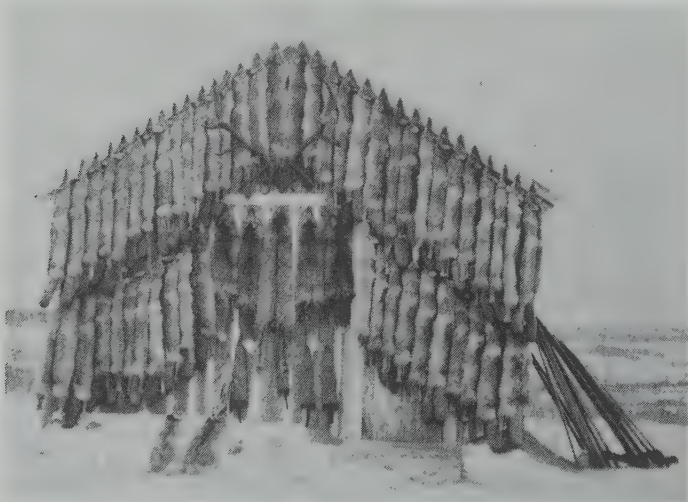
On August 16, 1934 a third girl, Marlene Bernice, was born. Mom had gone back to Wetaskiwin for her birth.

In the '30's the taxes were paid by working on roads with either an axe, or, if you were lucky, a team of horses. Cordroy was laid through soft places and covered with dirt using a sloop. Many a mile of road was built in this way.

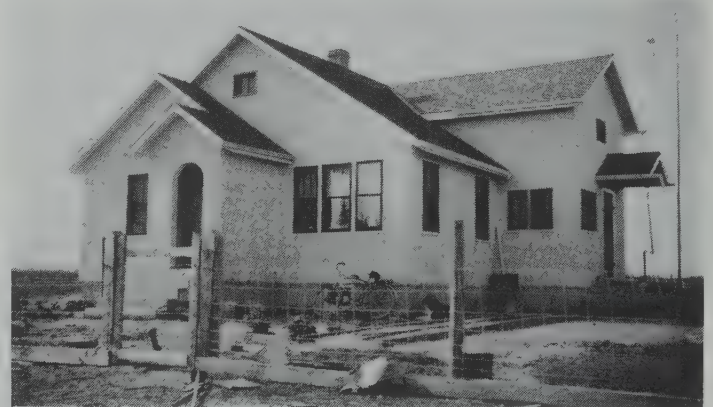
Dad later bought another quarter of land to the north of us. Here he logged, sawed lumber, made shingles and laths. In 1943 he built a new house with these materials. John McCann was the carpenter and Dad did all the plastering and built a fine chimney.

On April 19, 1946 Violet Sandra was born at Westlock, making a family of four daughters. In August of that year I married Adolf Ulrich. We had seven children. (See Adolf Ulrich's history).

Mom and Dad sold the farm in, 1975 and moved to a new home in Westlock. Here they felt lonely but worked hard planting a lawn, trees and flowers.



Wild furs, 1934. 54 coyotes, 4 wolves, 4 squirrels, 1 weasel and 1 lynx.



Sam Alberts' home, 1943.



Sandra, Sam Alberts holding granddaughter, Connie, 1957.

While living in Westlock they celebrated their 52 Wedding anniversary. Dad passed away, suddenly at home, on June 30, 1978 from a blood clot to the heart.

We girls grew up, married and moved away to make our own lives. Shirley married Clarence Whitelock on June 29, 1949. They live at Cross Lake and have two children, Vivian and Duane.

Marlene married Wayne Harper in 1953 and had one daughter, Connie. They were later divorced and Marlene and Connie live in Edmonton.

Sandra married Edwin Hiller on April 24, 1965. They have three children, Darren, Darell and Tanya. They live at Chetwyn, B.C. where they have a greenhouse, clothing store and heavy equipment.

Mom lives at the house in Westlock, works with her house plants and garden, has a cat and a dog to look after. Many of her family stop in to see her.



Sam Alberts with daughters, Shirley, baby Sandra, Marlene, and Inez, son-in-law, Adolf Ulrich, 1946.

William Alexander

written by Margaret Alexander

William (Bill) Alexander was born at Donemana, Northern Ireland in 1898. He came to Red Deer, Alta. on May 15, 1920 to visit his cousins with the intention of continuing to Australia. However, he stayed on and farmed west of Red Deer for four years. He worked for eleven years at the Alberta Training School at Red Deer. He was in charge of the farm and all the aspects of farming for the school.

In 1931 Bill and I were married. In 1939 we decided to move to Fawcett to join the rest of my family. We bought NW 30-64-1-W5 from Henry Ragan and still live on this place.

In 1942 we started with a flock of 300 Leghorns and sold eggs to a hatchery in Edmonton and later to the Utas hatchery in Westlock. We continued selling hatchery eggs until 1958. The eggs were crated and shipped on the train. In 1943 we bought a small herd of Holsteins. We sold the cream and fed the milk to pigs. The cream was shipped on the train and later by truck. We sold the cows in 1974 when the work became too much for us to handle.



William and Margaret Alexander.

During the earlier years there was no veterinary services in this area so it wasn't long before word got around that Bill had some training in this field, having been a student at Agricultural School in Ireland. He was called out to farms in the surrounding area to treat sick animals. He worked with all kinds of animals and in the spring he spent many hours out on the road doing whatever was necessary. He had many experiences but recalls one which was very amusing.

The farmer left home early in the morning and had arrived for Bill at noon. He said that his cow was very sick so Bill left immediately. On arriving at the farm his wife told them the cow was fine. The farmer remarked that the cow was sure sick when he left; rolling, kicking and bawling. His wife replied, "So would you if you were having a calf."



Women's Institute, 1954.



Women's Institute, 1944. Back Row: Isabelle Boyd, Nurse Gavin, Mrs. Nisi, Jessie Boyd, Germaine McCann, Violet Mac-Gillivray, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Birosh, Margaret Alexander and Kathy Bell. Front Row: Alice McCann, Mrs. Wall, Luciene lampen and Nancy Mattice.



Women's Institute, 1967. Molly MacLachlan, Mary Kaliel, Helen Kallal, Shirley Marthaller, Elizabeth Kaliel, Stella Watt and Margaret Alexander.



Women's Institute, 1954.

About 1942 Mrs. McFarlane, who was the secretary for the Women's Institute of Alberta, got in touch with me and asked if a W.I. could be started in Fawcett. I talked to several women who thought it was a good idea and the Fawcett branch of W.I. was formed. Alice McCann, Germaine McCann, Bertha Rochat, Mrs. Nissi, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Albert Gower and myself were the charter members. It was the first organization of its kind in the community. We raised money with dances, teas and bazaars. At first the money went to make up parcels for service men overseas. Later we donated to the Cancer Society and the C.N.I.B. We also started the first library in Fawcett which was housed in Watt's Massey-Harris building. We remembered the elderly on their birthdays and anniversaries, gave a wedding gift to newly weds of the district, gave hampers to the bachelors at Christmas time, and flowers for funerals.



Ken and Betty Nelson, Margaret and William Alexander.

Through the W.I. Mary Kaliel and I started a Girl's Club. We taught sewing, handicrafts and economics. Some of the first members were — the MacGillivray girls, Campbell girls, Sarann Birosh, Norma Hogan and Doreen Smith.

As the years passed Bill and I have spent more time with our flowers and fruit trees. We enjoy a quiet retirement on our farm growing different kinds of shrubs and trees and sharing our experiences with others.

The Anderson and Ragan Families written by E. Boyd

Dwight Anderson and Florence Ragan were both born in 1897; Dwight in Illinois and Florence in Nebraska. Dwight arrived in Fawcett on December 13, 1922 and homesteaded the N.W-1-T64-R2-W5. His father-in-law, John H. Ragan, filed on the S.E. 12-T64-R2-W5. They worked together to build log houses and barns on the two places.

Florence and her mother, Susan Ragan, and brothers, John Adam and Fred and wife, arrived during the spring of 1923.

Fred Ragan homesteaded the N.W.7-T64-R1-W5 but moved to B.C. after a few years. Dwight and Florence went to Kansas in 1925 and worked for six months to earn money so they could continue homesteading. Since there was too much swamp on their homestead, they threw it up and filed on a quarter east of Fawcett, the S.W.-24-T64-R1-W5, on January 29, 1925. Here they built another set of buildings. They bought the N.W.13-64-1-5 a few years later. Dwight was a lover of horses and always had fine horses.



Dwight and Florence Anderson, 1922.

Florence studied music in the States when she was young. She brought her piano with her from Nebraska. Florence and Dwight would load the piano onto a sleigh or wagon box, depending on the season, and haul it to the hall for \$5.00, where Florence would play for a dance or funeral. All they asked was a little help in loading the piano, especially when it had to be lifted into a high-wheeled wagon.

Florence's father, John H. Ragan, went out to hunt moose west of his homestead on December 1, 1926. He didn't return that evening. Neighbors searched for him December 2nd and 3rd. He was found December 3rd on a lake three miles west of his place. He had become lost in a storm and had frozen to death. Mr. Ragan was 71 years old when he died and is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Susan Ragan and her son, John A., let the homestead go after her husband's death, and filed on the N.W.-14-T64-R1-W5. They built a house one half a mile from her daughter's place. John A. and his

mother lived the rest of their lives on this place. John passed away and is buried in Edmonton. Mrs. Susan Ragan died in 1940 at the age of 83 and was laid to rest beside her husband in the Fawcett Cemetery.

The first car to be driven to Fawcett belonged to the Arthur Ulm family and was driven there by Dwight Anderson in September of 1923. While Florence lived in Fawcett, she drove the district nurse to the different schools.

Dwight and Florence didn't have children of their own, so in 1943 they adopted a boy about six years old. He is known as Sandy Anderson and still lives with his adoptive mother.

ORD QUIZ, ORD, NEBRASKA

LOST IN SNOW STORM, RAGAN PASSES AWAY

Former Ord Man Succumbs
to Cold While on Canada

Moose Hunt. 1926

Lost in a blinding Canadian snow storm while on a moose hunt, John Ragan, 71, formerly a resident of Ord, died Dec. 3, word received here this week says. In 1922 he moved to Fawcett, Alberta, with his family and near his home he met death.

Mr. Ragan was a pioneer resident of the Loup valley. He was born in Bloomington, Ill., Mar. 5, 1855 and was married to Susan Ann McCann at Waukegan, Ill., in 1875. The young couple came to Nebraska in 1879 and settled on a farm in Loup county where they lived until they moved to Ord in 1908. From this time until 1922 the Ragan family lived here.

On December 1 Mr. Ragan set out for a moose hunt. Shortly afterwards a blinding blizzard started and he lost his way. A general alarm was sent out by his family and searching parties set out but to no avail. Mounted police were notified and his body was found on December 4 after a twenty-one hour search. He had wandered for three days and nights without food or rest.

He leaves to mourn his death his wife, four sons, John, Henry and Frederick, all of Fawcett, and William of Decker, Mont., and a daughter, Florence, of Fawcett. Six grandchildren, a brother and a sister also survive.

Funeral services were held by Rev. Allen of the United Church of Westlock, from the Community hall in Fawcett. Interment was in Fawcett cemetery.

John Ragan's newspaper write-up on his death.



Ragan's homestead house, situated west of the Pembina. John Ragan, Jr., Fred Ragan, Susan Ragan (mother), Hans Berglund, John Ragan, Sr.

The Andersons farmed there until 1945, then sold out and bought a dairy farm in Cloverdale, B.C. They sold the dairy farm four years later, and with Florence's brother, Fred, and his wife, Annie, and son, Robert, they moved to Corvallas, Oregon. There they went into the house building business.

Dwight died of a heart attack on January 13, 1952 at the age of 54 and is buried in Corvallas. Fred passed away in Reno, Nevada and is buried in San Francisco, where his wife, Annie, still lives.

The next winter, 1953, Florence and Sandy came back to Fawcett and took care of R. G. Carlson while he was ill.

They returned to Corvallas, Oregon in November of 1954 where Florence married Anchor Olson of Fawcett. Florence, Anchor, and Sandy came back to Alberta and bought a house in Westlock.

Florence lost one eye when she was nine years old and has since then had a glass eye. She lost the sight in the other eye in 1963 and now doesn't know daylight from dark. I spent an enjoyable two hours with Florence and Sandy, reminiscing and getting information and dates, in May of 1978. She was nearly 80 years of age and managed very well. Her memory is something to be desired by people half her age. She still has the piano she brought to the country fifty years ago and she played and sang her and Dwight's favourite song "You Are My Sunshine" while I was there.

Anchor Olson passed away in November of 1975 and is buried in the Westlock Cemetery.

Fred and Ella Anderson
written by E. Boyd

Fred Anderson and Ella Bruce were married on Nov. 10, 1937. Fred had worked in his uncle's hard-



Fred and Ella Anderson, Isabelle and Elwood Boyd, 1940.

ware store at Minburn so they decided to go into the store business for themselves. They looked through the want and sell ads in the Edmonton Journal and saw that a grocery store was for sale north of Edmonton at a place called Fawcett.

Mr. and Mrs. Aust owned the store and had listed it for sale. The Andersons came to see the store and bought the store, a warehouse and the little house that John Henry now lives in (it was on the east side of the store at the time). These buildings were built by Henri Flouquet. The store was known as 'the Flouquet store'. Mr. and Mrs. Flouquet had sold to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Schon in 1934, who in turn sold to Mr. and Mrs. Aust who were here for about two years when they sold to the Andersons.

Fred and Ella took over the store in Dec. of 1937. The building was in poor shape and need of repair, so they bought the lot next to them on the west side which had a small building on it that was Fawcett's first restaurant. This building was dismantled and a new store built with better living quarters and store space. Mr. Deray and Herb Bell were the head carpenters and other men helped with the building. All went well and they moved into the new store in Nov. of 1939. Ella boarded Mrs. Baker, a teacher, and her two small children during the school term of 1939-40. Their first son, Bruce, was born in June of 1940.

Fred bought a truck and started general hauling. He hauled lumber, stock, gasoline and oil. He bought and hauled between twenty to thirty thousand board feet of good spruce lumber to his father's farm at Minburn, Alta. where his father and brothers built a big barn with a ramp to the hay loft. Fred went into



Les Moser and Fred Anderson 1941 at the back of the store.



Wilma Boyd holding Bruce Anderson — 1941.

the lumber sawing business, himself, one winter. Gus Plitt was the sawyer and turned out good lumber.

Fred had the Massey Harris machine agency and sold several new Pacemakers, 101 and 201 tractors, threshing machines, breaking plows, disks and stubble plows.

While here, Fred and the Laughy boys organized a baseball team known as the 'Insurgents'. Fawcett had two baseball teams for two years.

Early in '42 Ella took sick with rheumatic fever. They were expecting their second son, Leslie, who was born in June. Ella was not well and with two little boys to look after, they decided to sell the store and move back to Minburn. They sold the store to Thorstine Nisi and moved back to Minburn.

Ella's health improved so she took over a cafe and ran it for a year or two. Fred bought a couple of caterpillars and went into the land clearing business. He bought and sold cattle and did custom hauling of cattle to Edmonton. Three more children were born to them after they left Fawcett, two daughters and one more son. Their children are all away on their own. Fred and Ella live in the village of Minburn.

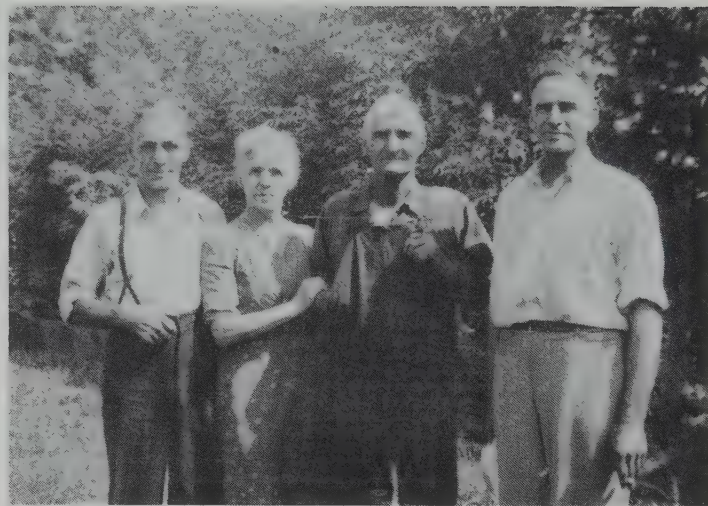
Reminiscing by Garfield Bell

In the summer of 1912, my younger brother, Herb, along with his two partners, Bob Kennedy and Jimmy Wilson, went up on the G.F.P. Railway to Hinton. They loaded up a year's supply of food and a canoe (a Peterborough) onto a huge raft and floated leisurely down the great river, Athabasca. They were looking for a place to trap and start a fox and fur farm. Some hundred miles downstream, after many days prospecting for the right spot, they found what they thought to be the ideal spot: game, furs, timber, creek and clear running spring. This ideal spot was about nine miles above the mouth of the Pembina River, and upon searching their maps, they found it to be located 14 miles west of the new railroad, the Edmonton-Dunvagan and the new siding of Fawcett.

In later years, Herb homesteaded and farmed at Fawcett. His life and family formed quite a part of the early history of Fawcett.

In the fall of 1913, I went into the Peace River block to Grand Prairie and then onto the Pouce Coupe area. Fred Carger and I went in by ox team with a homesteader, Charlie Yorke. Charlie had taken a homestead there in 1912 on the Dawson Creek, there were only about a half dozen settlers in there at that time. I didn't take land, as my intentions were to go prospecting away west on the Parsnip and Finnley River, with my old friend, Fred Carger.

In 1914 everything pointed to war and trouble ahead, as the whole country seemed to come to a



The Bells; Gar, Jessie (Boyd), Will and Herb.

standstill. I came down from the Peace and went into partnership with my brother, Herb. We bought out Bob Kennedy's and Jimmy Wilson's shares, as they wanted to get out anyway. They were getting on in years and just wanted to do a bit of trapping and eat.

Herb and I used to pack all the groceries on our backs from the Fawcett siding, 14 miles away, across the Pembina to the southeast. We used to get tired of packing flour, sugar, salt, tea and tobacco. Our average load was 90 to 100 lbs. and one time Herb packed 120 lbs. So we made a point of stopping approx. every 4 miles. We had certain stopping places: a fallen tree, a spruce stump, or a large rock. At such times we just sat, talked and enjoyed the beauty of God's great outdoors around us.

We were content in our work with our fur bearing animals. We had packed in fox wire and had built fox pens, also high, wooden ones sunk about 2½ feet in the ground. By that time we had about 3 foxes, 11 lynx (that would not breed) and a pair of dark brown fishers. The fishers were our pride and joy as we had great hopes of breeding and raising them. Our hopes were great if things had remained normal but things were not normal by any means. The world had begun World War I and the bottom seemed to fall out of everything, including furs. The exception was food stuff which became scarcer and in great demand. So Herb and I killed off all our fur bearing animals and sold the pelts for what we could get for them. For several black fox pelts we got \$350.00, which 3 years before if we would have sold them would have brought \$2000.00, live. We left our nice cabin and fox wire pens to rot and rust down. We also left our traps, canoe, and cooking equipment and went to Edmonton to join the Army in the fall of 1915.

Herb got in the Engineer Regiment but I didn't get through, owing to a split foot and a slight limp at the time. We didn't see our place on the Athabasca until Herb came back from occupied Germany and

was mustered out of the Army in June, 1919. By that time Fawcett had changed considerably; a lot of homesteaders had come in.

In our days on the Athabasca, 1913 to 1915, there were only about a half of a dozen or so homesteaders around Fawcett. Namely, Frank Hellerstadt, Tom Gagne, Deray, Flouquet, three German families (one being the Gallaschs), a Frenchman by the name of Devin, and the Floistad brothers, who as soon as they proved up their place, sold it and went to the States. There was a French storekeeper, around 1914, who was shot to death in a gun battle one night by his supposed enemy. He died with his gun in his hand and several bullets spent. The Mounted Police have never been able to solve the case as his enemy disappeared, seemingly to France.

Tom Hundley came to Fawcett and bought the fated man's place. Tom was really a character; some claimed he was a remittance man who came from a fairly wealthy, English family. His first wife passed away with the 1918 Flu, a terrible epidemic. She was a beautiful woman and a lovely person to know. Tom was a skinny-type of a person at the time; I met him years later in Vancouver and he had changed so much. He became so fat that he looked like Major Hoople. At that time he had remarried to a retired school teacher who was as much of a character as Tom was. Tom passed away in 1968 at the age of 86 years. Tom, being the storekeeper and postmaster, formed a big part in the early times at Fawcett.

Flouquet ran the store and post office before Tom had. The Flouquets had no children of their own. They were very French and would talk it to anyone. He was known as 'the French professor' but I believe that was just a 'handle' that the people pinned on him. Flouquet sold, and along with his wife, moved out to the West Coast. I've been told that they are both deceased and are buried at White Rock, B.C.

The Russell family came from Yorkshire, England during the First War. Jim was from a well fixed, farm family but could not get along with his father, so he came to Canada and homesteaded at Fawcett. Jim's first wife had died in England, so he brought his family: three daughters, Margaret, Dolly, and Betty, and one son, Jimmy. Jim took them back to England between wars, but he found English life didn't suit him anymore. When he returned to Canada, his son, Jimmy and the one girl, Dolly, stayed in England with their Grandad. Dolly married over there. Jim remarried for the second time at Fawcett. His second wife was a sister to Joe Dawkins. Jim and his wife had a daughter, Mildred.

Joe Dawkins was one of Fawcett's early pioneers. He was a wonderful character, scholar, and an all around, English gentleman. I had the happy priv-

ilege of counting him among my favorite friends. Joe was an old Boer War veteran, who had been shot through the body on two occasions but made a great recovery, as he had been a great athlete in his younger years. I believe the world has far too few noble 'Joe Dawkinses' (Scientist-Buckskin Joe).

Early settlement had its characters and amusing incidents and Fawcett was not short in this respect. One such character was little, old Levi, the fur trader. He was either Arab, Jewish or Syrian, I don't remember which. One time he wanted to go back to the Athabasca with Herb and me to look at a bunch of fur pelts we had for sale. He walked the 14 miles with us and with his short legs, that 14 miles just about finished him. We kept him with us for approx. three days so he could get rested up. Then we had to walk him back to Fawcett. We tried to talk him into going back by himself but he pleaded and cried, "I would get lost in dat wilderness and the wolves and bears to me eat up!" So we hiked with him over the route again.

We never slowed down, and he never wanted to come back again either. We also didn't sell our furs to him as he wanted to give us only 25¢ a pelt. Before he left he wanted us to give him some meat. Of course, we would have to pack it for him, we knew, and would be quite lucky if we didn't have to pack Levi, too! We had some moose and deer meat cached away, as did most trappers in those times, but we were afraid to take a chance of showing it to Levi as we didn't know him that well. So instead, we showed him some old Lynx meat, which we used to feed the foxes. He was quite excited and pleased to see that much meat and wanted some. We packed him over about 30 lbs. I'll bet old Levi smacked his chops on that old pussy cat for the next month. I know I would have run out of his cabin if I had ever got a whiff of his soup pot! Poor old Levi, God rest his soul. We got to know him better as time went on and he proved okay as a fur buyer. Levi owned the quarter across the creek from the store.

There was a German family that lived up the tracks, about a mile north from Fawcett, by the name of Meridig. Herb and I had to walk past their place on our way to Fawcett and they would always invite us in, to rest and have a bite to eat. What cooks they were! One time they had a lovely meal of roast pork and all the trimmings. Poor Herb, being young and hungry, ate so much of that fat meat, he had to go outside and be sick. Being used to eating lean deer and moose, Herb found the pork proved to be too rich for him.

The Meridig's had a couple of girls and two or three boys. We often stopped by on our trips and would bring them some deer meat or a couple of

pickerel from the river. We were at war with Germany; they were Germans, and yet they were as fine a people as one could ever run across. They sold out and moved away shortly after that and I often wondered where they have gone.

Some Canadian Germans, in the wartime would try to hide themselves. They seemed to be ashamed of what was going on. 'Such is life and war is hell', as old General Sherman once said about the Civil War and yet it can be said about every war since.

Two German brothers, Joe and Carl Miller, settled at Fawcett. Joe eventually sold out. Some say he got into trouble with the Mounties for making war statements against the Allies, but this was never proven. Joe was a kind-hearted chap and one, I felt, that was trust worthy. When I came down with small pox, I had to be put on the train and taken to Edmonton. Joe went with me and never left me until he saw that I was in the hospital. I don't remember much about the trip as I was unconscious for the majority of the ride. His brother, Carl, was a good farmer and a good citizen. He farmed at Fawcett most of his life.

Old Charlie Davidson (a molder) homesteaded at the start of the War. He had left his wife and family in Seattle and never returned to them. Charlie was a baseball player and a boxer; he had all his fingers broken at one time or another. In his early ball days his mates nicknamed him "Spav" and it stuck with him all his life. He never farmed, just proved up his homestead and moved back to Edmonton. From there he went to the West Coast and died at the age of 87 years.

Another old molder was Barney Henry, a wild Irishman. Barney worked at a molding shop in Edmonton. He was a typical Irish character, robust, ribald and rowdy. Mrs. Henry was just the opposite, a patient, gentle, long-suffering, little lady. In her quiet, little way she could put Barney in his place. They never had much but that was the same for alot of the pioneer people.

Across the road was Harry Hammond's home- stead. He was a Lincolnshire Englishman, one of the finest men and about the finest carpenters I have ever run across in all my travels. Harry and I built the first school house at Fawcett. I also worked two seasons with him at Saskatoon, Sask. and surrounding area. Several years later I worked under him at Los Angeles, California. He was a foreman there and living in California. He had a fiery, little wife from Lankshire, England and three children, two girls and one boy.

All of these people came in during early days of the First War; all are gone now. At War's end, Billy Higgins came, also the Majors (Herb married their daughter, Kathy). The Petersons, Herman Sund,

Llewellyn brothers (Bill and Dan), MacLachlans and the Boyd family around 1920. I homesteaded for awhile at Fawcett but never lived on the place, threw it up and Frank Rice filed on it.

Remembering all these people brings back wonderful memories; almost all of them are gone now.

*Ed. note - This article was written by Gar in 1977. He passed away in 1978, well up in his years.

My Life History

by Herbert Charles Bell

I was born to a family of ten children, in a large house on a farm in the west end of Prince Edward Island. I grew here until the age of nine when my dear Dad passed on.

Those first nine years were happy ones, playing on the red sand of our seashore and swimming in the seas or one of the two ponds on our farm. Fishing was good for trout and perch, and in the wintertime we had wonderful places to go coasting. It was an ideal place for a child to grow up.

Shortly after Father died, Mother had to sell the farm as none of us younger children still at home were old enough to manage the large farm. My elder brothers and sisters had all left to work in the big cities of Boston, New York, and Montreal. Mother sold the old farm and moved with me and my two



Grandmother Bell.

sisters to a small house she rented near St. Eleanors, a village about fifty miles from our farm.

St. Eleanors lies about midway on the hundred and some mile long island, and the seashore could be reached from our new home by a four mile hike to either coast. Some days my new pal, Paul Brown, and I would run to one coast for a swim in the morning and to the other coast for a swim in the afternoon.

We lived there for four years. Then my two older sisters in Montreal wanted mother with them. One fine day in the spring of 1909 we left for a life in the big city. Fifty-seven years later I and my wife, Kathy, visited my old farm home again for the first time since I left it at age ten.

In Montreal I did not finish my schooling but went to work as an office boy for the president, Sir Charles Hayes, of the Old Grand Trunk Railway. Mr. Hayes was later drowned in May 1912, when the supposedly unsinkable Titanic hit an iceberg in mid Atlantic Ocean and sank.

I was not very happy doing office work and Mr. Hayes noted this. He called me to his side one day and said, "Sit down son, I want to have a chat with you." For a long minute he sat thinking and looking at me. I began to feel edgy and I guess this showed, but his next words eased my mind. "I notice that you are not too happy here son. You know if I had to start over again, I'd not be here. I'd be out west in that big new country. I'd perhaps join the North West Mounted Police, or have a big farm or even go into the north prospecting. You are a big, strong, healthy lad and western Canada needs strong young men like you." He also said, "If you stay here you may end up like my chief clerk out in the other office. He has been here twenty years and earns two hundred dollars a month, with little chance of going any higher."

July went by and then I heard of a harvest excursion that would be leaving for the harvest fields of western Canada early in August. I took Mr. Hayes advice, bade him good-bye and went with his blessing as he was a fine old gentleman. With mother's tears and good wishes I caught the next excursion train at Windsor station and was on my way for adventure in the great west.

I had a brother, Jim, who lived near Edmonton and another brother, George, who was a railroad engineer running out of Revelstoke, B.C. I thought if things got tough I could join them, which I did later on that fall. The trip west was one I'll never forget. What a trainload of rough, tough wild Cape Breton Islanders, and what those boys did at train stops would fill a book. At some stops they would milk a farmer's cows if the cows were handy. Others would carry away to their rough train bunks, any hay they

could swipe from farmer's stacks. Grabbing up food from station restaurants, they would rush for the train and not pay. They fought among themselves and with the Canadian Pacific Railway Police. They all stuck together when it came to a showdown as I witnessed in Port Arthur, where a policeman tried to pull one of them off the train for damage to railroad property. When the guy fought back the cop pulled his gun, but was met by a dozen guns aimed at him through windows and train gangways. For a moment I thought there would be bloodshed, but the train started to move out. I suspect the policeman was as happy over that as I was, for at sixteen one is not too hardened to roughness, especially when guns came on display so quickly.

In Winnipeg we spent a short hour, during which my new Prince Edward Island train friend and I wandered around near the station. We were going further west to Saskatchewan where the harvest would soon be in full swing.

At a siding called Wadena, Saskatchewan, we parted with our train friends and within ten minutes were hired by a man by the name of Nelson. Mr. Nelson was also the District Road Supervisor, so in a way we were lucky. We put in our first ten days stooking wheat for him. Then he sent us on a road job north of Quill Lake where we worked on roads until freeze-up. My pal then returned to his home on Prince Edward Island and I came on to Edmonton.

Today I stood on a platform over which thousands of people have passed. It is sixty-one years since I last stood there. It is the South Edmonton Canadian Pacific Railway Station platform, then called Strathcona.

It was a rainy evening when I landed there in 1911. The weather that December was much milder than is this one, 1972. I remember looking around until I spotted a cab driver, whose cab and four horses stood ready. Along with several other train-weary travellers, I piled in. The door slammed shut and we were off and soon rolling along through a sea of mud down Connors Hill. Through a small window in the back of the cab I watched a wave of watery mud ripple along behind in the rutted wheel tracks. Soon the Low Level Bridge, the only one bridging the river at that time, came into view and we clattered across it to the tune of pounding hoofs and rumbling wheels. On up the opposite hill we went with the horses on the gallop, but there speed was soon cut to a snail's pace when we reached the steeper part of the hill. It became a dire struggle for the poor beast to advance yard by yard, while we in the cab leaned forward as though to help. Soon we were at a standstill and the gruff voice of the cabbie said, "Might as well pile out boys and hit for the grassy bank. I'll meet you at the

top." So, out we piled. I had low rubbers on but not for long, nor did I even know when I parted their company while wading to the side hill through six inches of sticky mud. We walked along on the grass till we reached the hill top, where we were picked up again and soon were clattering along on Jasper Avenue to our destination at the old Jasper House near ninety-seventh street.

I had an older brother working near Edmonton at that time. He had written saying he would meet me, but he was tied up for a bit on some telephone work south of town. While waiting for him I spent my days getting to know the area. At that time the Westmount shopping center was considered good prairie chicken hunting ground, so I bought a .22 caliber rifle and had some good luck with my first try hunting the wiley birds, which our hotel cook seemingly appreciated.

Then I met a young man by the name of Ezra Reil; no relation to the famous Reil of the '85 rebellion, so he said. He had a good sized tent on a lot he bought just north of the old C.P. station, and he invited me to stay with him. I did for two weeks until my brother came in, during which time Ezra and I rambled over the near country side on chicken shoots. And didn't we live high! Vegetables were cheap so we had some great chicken fries and stews. Alberta Avenue was then a wilderness, as was the Southgate Shopping area.

Upon my brother Jim's arrival, Ezra and I parted, never to meet again. I went to stay with an older brother, an engineer on the C.P. Railroad out of Revelstoke, B.C.

In the spring of 1912 I returned to Edmonton. I worked at odd jobs for a month or so then hired on as a wiper on the old Canadian Northern. I did not have to wipe long, three months or so, when my chance came to take over old 2048. No other fireman wanted

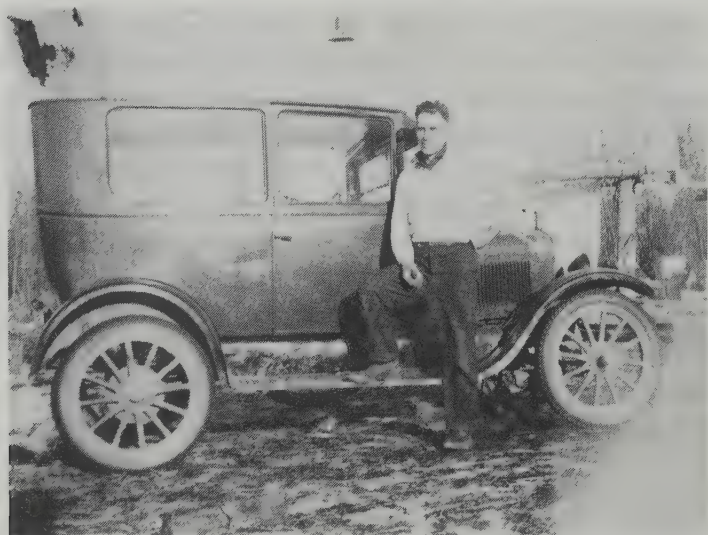
to break their hearts trying to keep 200 pounds pressure on the steam-gauge. Old engine 2048 was a dilly alright, but I learned to know every one of her moods and I got to love her. On off days that spring I used to sit on the grassy bank of the river and watch the High-Level bridgemen putting the finishing touches to that great structure. Those were the great days of railroad construction, with the Canadian National and the Grand Trunk racing to see who would reach the Pacific Coast first. The two railways ran side by side west of Edmonton as far as Jasper. Many times when I was on the Edmonton-Edson run of the Canadian Northern. We would be puffing along in a sort of race with a train on the Grand Trunk track with only a road's width between us.

West of Jasper, Alberta, thousands of men laboured with pick, shovel, powder and wheel barrow to build a road bed through the Rockies. When they got staked they hit for Edmonton for a rest and a spree. Often their spree did not last long as the sharpies who hung around the saloons in those days soon had all their money. In many cases with their money gone, they were tossed out into the street. All they could do was hit west again on the first freight and pick up tools again to earn another stake.

Those were also the days of Edmonton's first great boom. Surveys were made and lots sold on property that would cover the city of New York. Even the village of Athabasca got in on the game. I well know, since I ran in there quite regularly during a period when we were spreading gravel on the newly built railway bed. A man in Edmonton sold me a nice river view lot in Athabasca, but when I went to look at it half the lot was on a forty-five degree slope and the other half in the Athabasca River. Those were the days my friend, as the song goes.

Time sped through the years, 1912, '13 and into '14. Thousands of land hungry people of all nationalities were on the go, seeking homesteads. I filed on one myself in the Peavine Prairie area west of Edmonton, but I dropped it as I could not take time for the Railroad firing to do my improvements on it.

War clouds had been hovering over the great powers for several years, and by June 1914 the great tide of employment started to slacken off. Engineers were demoted to firemen and firemen to wipers and watchmen, or in many cases laid off. I saw what was coming so took a leave of absence, in which I was to report in every three months. I took off for Revelstoke to visit my brother, George, with whom I spent a pleasant month. He was lucky as he had plenty of seniority, so he held his rights as an engineer. I said good-bye to him then and that was the last time I ever saw him. He was killed at Vimy Ridge on the ninth of April, 1917.



Herb Bell with 1927 Ford.

I returned to Edmonton to find things worse than when I left six weeks before. Then I met two old hunters and prospectors who invited me to go along with them on a river trip to prospect and dig out fox pups. At that time fox ranchers on Prince Edward Island were paying up to twenty thousand dollars a pair for wild black or silver foxes. James Wilson, (later drowned in the Pelican Rapids), and Bob Kennedy, were my partners, and good ones they were. Bob was part Indian and was like a father to me. We took train for Entrance, about two hundred miles west of Edmonton, and unloaded our equipment which consisted of a years supply of flour, sugar, oatmeal, tea, coffee and some vegetables. We were at a sidetrack not far from the nearby Athabasca River where we planned on building a large raft to float away into the then unsurveyed wilderness. We had a fourteen-foot Peterborough canoe, which we had brought along for using on side trips of prospecting up any side streams we might come to. Arriving at the sidetrack we found a big game guide who agreed to pack horse our stuff to the river. Once there we set up our tent and were soon busy building a raft from the plentiful supply of large spruce trees that grew nearby. We had a ships auger and with it we bored holes in the logs to bolt cross bars to hold all as solid as a rock. Near the railway track we found plenty of bridge bolts about 18 inches long, washers and burs as well. With them we bolted down our cross beams at each end and one at the center. In the end cross beams we set in upright bolts to hold the sweeps for steering our ship. Over head we built a pole ridge and with all completely covered with a sixteen by eighteen tarp, which could be rolled up or down at our leisure. We were ready for our trip hundreds of miles up the river. With a small tin camp stove, which we set up in our raft, we could float, eat and sleep aboard without having to camp on shore and fight mosquitoes all night. Wilson christened our raft with an ounce of hot rum he had left over from a drink he had been sipping, saying "I now name you 'Voyageur'". Then we pushed off on the murky waters of the mist shrouded Athabasca River. This was the beginning of perhaps the most exciting and peaceful two years of my life.

The Athabasca is a very clear water stream, but at that time of the year she was in full flood so there was plenty of mud coming into her from the bank wash.

Days and nights slipped by like a dream. Whenever we noted any fair sized streams entering the main river, we anchored off shore so the bears would not tamper with our grub during our absence in the canoe. What with looking for fox dens, prospecting for good bars to test for placer gold, I don't think we

averaged more than ten river miles a day, which in a straight line might be only seven or eight.

I remember one exciting moment. We were drifting along, enjoying the beauty on every side, when we noticed a baby cub bear near the river edge. With all the enthusiasm of youth, I told my pals to edge the raft towards the shore, and I would try to catch the cub or chase it up a tree. The cub took no notice of us until I was within jumping distance. I landed within six feet of it. With a cry, it started scrambling up a gravel bank with me behind it, hands fully stretched for my prize. It reached the crest and man's safety. I knew nought of mama being there until my head came into her view, but there she was a full six feet of her, with arms outstretched to welcome me. I turned and hit for the river's edge, making it in two seconds flat, only to hear roars of laughter from my two pals. At that moment I had much fear that the tables were going to be turned with bear chasing man instead of vise versa.

More excitement awaited us while passing through Thunder Rapids. There were no maps of the river in those days so we got into the rapids before we knew they were there. Our raft, being twenty-foot long, could not ride the twelve foot waves so dived right through them. Bob Kennedy was in the canoe at the time with Wilson on the front sweep. Our raft rode the crest of the first wave, then plunged straight down and into the face of wave number two. I saw Wilson's head go below water and thought: this is it, and yelled good-bye to him. But the next second I too was buried beneath that mammoth wave. Slowly our raft floated up to the surface only to again plunge forward and bury us under next wave. So it went for three more duckings. Then we rode awash several more times until slower water was reached. Luckily we had placed all of our perishable food in the canoe riding alongside and held in place by several feet of rope to give it free play.

After two more days of clear sailing we came to a place in the river that puzzled us for some time. We thought a green valley lay some miles ahead, but where had our river gone? All of a sudden we were swept around a sharp bend between some hundred foot cliffs on either side and were caught in a whirlpool. Our great raft kept on circling around and around and no matter how hard we pulled on our sweeps, we made no headway to get out of the whirlpool's pull. For awhile we thought we would have to desert our raft and save ourselves with the canoe. Then Wilson had a brainwave. "Herb, from what I can gather, you are pretty good with a rope," he said. "How about trying to use this rope and see if you can toss a loop over that snag on the bank as we swing near it." So after several casts, I hooked the snag and

we pulled our raft away from the whirlpool and eased her down along the bank till we cleared it's pull.

We panned many river and creek bars but found very few signs of gold. Not until we got past Whitecourt did we find anything worth working. However, we did have some luck with fox pups. We dug out a den and got three nice red and two cross fox pups. We found some boards in the river wash, made a box and soon our fox pups were as tame as kittens.

July slid along into August with us still on the beautiful river. We did spent a day or two at Whitecourt. All there was there at the time was the Hudson's Bay store. If the factor, as they were called, knew anything about a war breaking out in Europe, he did not tell us about it. We bought a few supplies and then drifted on.

One day we saw a mother bear trying to coax her cubs into the water. She took no notice of us as we drifted by, a few yards off shore. She thought we were a bunch of driftwood, I suppose. When the cubs didn't take to her idea of getting themselves wet, mama waded back to shore and gave each cub in turn a cuff or two; after which they followed her out for their swimming lesson.

Moose, deer, bear, wolf, fox and water animals were seen daily. But no beaver. Later on we found out from an old Indian that the beaver were almost a thing of the past — a sad commentary on the greed of the white man for the pelts of this noble animal. Today under more sane laws the beaver have made a remarkable comeback, and are once again rebuilding the dams of their forebears and creating a better environment for other wild creatures to thrive in as well as benefiting mankind.

On the twenty-second of August we came in sight of the ferry site at what was then called Holme's Crossing. We beached our raft and had a chat with Mr. Holmes, the old ferryman. He told us that from there on down the river we would have a fair chance of finding plenty of gold on the river bars. However, the water was a bit high yet so we did not do much testing for gold but scoured the hills for a good trapping area. Finally finding what we were looking for, we tied our raft to a great tree trunk in the mouth of a small stream and set to work building our cabin. Logs for the walls stood handy, so it did not take long for us to have a sixteen by twenty foot structure ready for roofing. We erected our tarp to cook under. Wilson and I slept here also. We had a tent along as well where we stored all our flour and other food. Bob Kennedy slept there to scare the mice and bears away. It was my job to take the canoe and hunt the river banks for birch trees. I would strip off the bark and transport it home to shingle the roof, which we had made out of split poplar poles. For flooring we hewed

small logs to a flatness of about five inches, which made a very nice floor. For windows we used clean white, cotton, flour sacking, which gave a fair amount of light. For a stove we built a rock or dutch oven and we brought a sheet of plate iron for the top, in which we cut four holes for extra heat when needed.

Fish were plentiful in both the river and the nearby creek, so we lived like kings, and so did a young skunk who was on hand at every meal to eat the bits we'd toss to him. Later we found out he was a she when she gave birth to a litter of five kits. That was the next spring after we had captured another skunk and kept them in a pen together. I must tell you right here that I may be the only human being who has ever had the honor of sleeping with a skunk. It so happened that one chilly night as Wilson and I were enjoying the sleep of the just, our little furry friend decided to join us under our blankets. The first thing my sleep drugged mind registered was Wilson shoving my head hard and hissing, "That D--- Skunk is under the blankets!" Wilson by then had drawn up his legs and was half sitting up. At this warning, I froze, thinking, if I move I'll get skunked for sure. Slowly Wilson got up and sat on the box we used for a head piece. I still stayed frozen, then I double froze when I felt a soft warm furry thing snuggle in against my bare leg, just below my right knee. Time stood still and so seemed my breathing, and quietness reigned in the stillness of the night. I slowly felt a feeling come over me that my little daylight pet would not hurt me, so I eased up my knee a little and as I did so the wee fellow pushed right under my leg and snuggled down again. After a bit, I thought I couldn't hold my leg that way all night so I drew it up till my foot was against the rear of my furry bed partner. Then gently, oh so gently, I pressed downward and felt him moving to the foot of the bed as I kept pressing. When I got him to the limit with my both feet full out, he snuggled down against them. I was young then and sleep comes easy to youth when tired, so I soon dozed off. Next thing I knew, old Bob and Wilson were both calling from the tent site to come and get it. I bounced out of bed and was halfway to the breakfast site when I thought of my sleeping partner. Rushing back I noted a hump in the blankets. Carefully I lifted them and sure enough my white-striped bed pal was still there, sound asleep. When the chill morning air hit him, he looked up at me, blinked his eyes, then rose, humping his back in a stretch and quite leisurely padded out to bare ground and started sniffing around for his breakfast, where I left him to go and enjoy mine. Not wanting to deprive Wilson of another night's sleep, I set to work after breakfast and built a box trap to catch our

friend. With a bit of fried fish in my trap I soon had Mr. Skunk, where he would have to sleep by himself from then on. Later we built a nice pole pen about twelve feet square, where with a mate we later captured, they spent the winter, mostly hibernating. They came out of the den in the following spring with the litter of five which I already told you about.

From news we gathered from the old ferryman at Holmes Crossing it seemed that the whole of Europe was aflame with war. I was on edge for a time to leave my partners and head overland and get into the hassle, but my pards would have none of it, saying it's only a capitalist war so let them fight it out. I was not happy about it but decided to stick with them until we found out more about who all were in the struggle.

In the mean time we went about building more pole pens to house our growing fox pups, as well as more pens for other animals. We intended to live-trap and start a wild animal ranch ourselves. All through the month of September Wilson and I were busy laying out our traplines in preparation to start trapping live animals, which we planned to keep in pens until their fur became prime. If we caught some good cross, silver and black foxes we would try our hand at fur farming.

Bob's job was to look after camp, do the cooking, and in his spare time keep on building more pens. He had no trouble getting meat for the animals we had caught earlier, as rabbits were so plentiful in 1914 that one could knock off a dozen of them without moving one's tracks. An old truth is that when rabbits are plentiful most other furbearers are also. We found that to be true, for the very first traps I set out held a nice red fox the next morning, and Jim came in with a dark cross fox. Our luck kept on day after day all throughout the month of October, until we had to slow up on trapping to build more pens. By that time we had in pens: thirty fox, eight lynx, four coyotes, two mink as well as our two skunk and a pair of fisher which we had caught earlier. To prevent the steel jaws of traps mangling the trapped animals, we taped the jaws well, and as we tended our traps daily, we had very few hurt animals.

Foxes and coyotes were easy to take alive, but our first live capture of a lynx was a horse of a different colour. It was caught by two of its toes or claws would be a proper term. A lynx like all cat nature does not tear hell out of everything when in a trap, but lies down and takes it cool. Wilson was along that day, so he got a forked stick to hold it down by the neck, while I, with some cord, was to tie feet and jaws so we could put him in a sack. However, Mr. Lynx was having none of that and fought the stick so hard it split wide open, just when I was ready to tie up his last paw. With a vicious snarl he struck out at my face

and just missed me by inches as I jumped clear. We finally took him by rolling a length of log on his body, while Wilson, with a stronger forked stick, held his head down. We had near as much trouble letting him free in the pen once we got him home, but with care we succeeded and also learned a bit on how to handle live lynx.

Around December 15, we started killing off the furbearers that we did not want to keep for ranching. After they were stretched and the skins cured, Bob and I set out across country to a place on the recently built Dunvegon and B.C. Railway, called at that time French Creek, now known as Fawcett.

We took a few furs with us to see if we could trade them in on some of the things we might run short of during the winter. Snow had fallen with more in sight when we set out, which made for slow going. We camped under a great spruce tree the first night, to the tune of howling wolves, who seemed to enjoy the moonlight. About one p.m. the next day we came to the Pembina River and shortly after leaving it we came onto the railroad. About an hour's tie humping brought us in sight of a building which loomed up through the gathering gloom. It had been snowing all afternoon. Bob said, "That must be the store, but it looks more like a homesteader's cabin." However, on closer approach we could see a signboard marked 'Store' over the door, so we hastened on in hope of getting a warm up and perhaps a bit to eat. But our hopes were in vain as there was no sign of life around the place, nor any late tracks in the snow that we could see. After pounding and hollering for a bit in case the owner was asleep, we gave up, found a clump of spruce across the track and proceeded to build a shelter for the night, or at least until the store owner returned. We thought he might be out hunting or visiting. It was a bitterly cold night but the snow had stopped which helped a bit. I was into a snooze when Bob nudged me and said, "I hear voices." The next minute a young couple walked up to our fire and asked if they might sit down by our fire until the freight train came from the north. We welcomed their company, especially because one of them was a very attractive girl, and I hadn't set eyes on a girl in six months. They told us that they were going to Edmonton to be married. On hearing that we wished them luck, but in all my life I've never seen such a happy looking couple's love affair, end so fast. I dozed off again to the tune of cooing and love making by our visitors. I don't know how long I had been asleep when I awoke with a start to the sound of angry voices. Our lovey-dovey couple were in a wrangle of words which I took to be German. Before one could say, "Jack Robinson", the young lady up and ran away into the darkness with her boyfriend in full

pursuit. We heard them stop. Bob understood some German and he said he heard the girl say, "I'm going home and don't follow me, for I never want to see you again." Soon the freight came along and we saw the young man board alone. To this day, although I've tried to trace the young lady, I've never found out who she was.

About ten o'clock the next morning, a trapper by the name of Napoleon Santois, arrived and told us that his friend, the storekeeper had gone to Edmonton, to get his papers to open a post office. I wondered at the time what they would need a post office for in a spot like that, where there were only a few trappers like ourselves in the area. I found out later that there were a few homesteaders around so we awaited the storekeeper's return.

Nap, as we called him, went home after the freight went through, saying he would be in the next day as his friend must be delayed. Nap came in again the following afternoon, but no friend of his was on the train. Nap started poking around the store building saying perhaps he may be sick in bed upstairs. He climbed up on a porch at the rear of the store where he could get a view through a window of the upstairs. It was undisturbed. At about that time another trapper by the name of Hall, who had come in like us to get some supplies, hoisted himself up by the sill of a stairway window, and after one peep, he hollered! "There's a man asleep or dead at the base of the stairs." We got Nap and he proposed we break in. Hall and I ran for a tie that lay near the tracks and using it like a battering ram, we forced the lock, on the door. One look inside convinced us that the man had fallen downstairs and perhaps broken his neck. There was no sign of blood, but he was frozen as stiff as a log.

We all retreated outside. We got Nap and held a council on what to do about the situation. We finally settled it by getting Nap to head for the nearest telegraph sixteen miles south to notify the R.C.M.P. Then we all went back to the campfire to await the police. Around 2 p.m. the next afternoon the police arrived and called us all into the store. After a short examination of the dead man, the officer said, "There's been a murder here, and I now want a statement from all who have been here since the body was found." We all gave statements. Bob Kennedy and I, being the first to arrive to find the store door locked, were naturally the star witnesses. After all had given their reports Bob and I took the long trail back to our trapping cabin, without any supplies, as the police had closed the store for the time being. In the years that followed we heard many reports, but the murderer, to this day, has never been apprehended.

Time went on. We made long trips to other centers to trade furs for grub.

The year 1915 wore through with the slaughter in Europe getting more fierce all the time. In the spring of 1916, my brother, Gar, joined us after being turned down for hemorrhoids as being unfit for army duty.

At last I caught a cub bear and had a worse bed partner than the skunk. I kept him tied to my bed leg at night, as I did not like him left out at his stake overnight. But Mr. Cub insisted that he must sleep with me and no matter how many times I'd put him on the floor, he would whine and whimper and keep all awake until I let him back where he would cuddle down at my back and sometimes go to sleep. At other times he would want to play and tease me half the night. He was growing and getting a bit much for me to look after, so when a traveller stopped in on his way up river, and wanted to buy my cub, I traded him for a couple of dozen steel traps. Two weeks later a man coming down river dropped in and behind him on a leash was my cub. "Where did you find that?" I asked him.

"Well", he said, "I met a chap about a hundred miles up river who ran out of grub, so I traded grub for the cub."

"Did he tell you he got it from me?" I asked.

"No", he said, "but if you want him back, I'll sell him to you for fifteen dollars," No deal was made so I petted him, fed both the cub and his master and sent them on their way.

In the fall of 1916 I caught the urge to enlist and



Kathy and Herb Bell, 1941.

three months later I was at the front, perhaps due to my earlier training with the Fifth Royal Highlanders in Montreal as a cadet. I got knocked around a bit as well as being gassed, but came home fairly fit with doctor's warning that I had better not go back to my earlier trade of locomotive firing or the gas on my lungs would not heal if I was in too much coal dust. So I went farming.

In 1921 I married a lass by name of Kathleen Major. The following twenty years life passed like a dream during which we raised four sons and one daughter.

Along about 1930 I ran into an old 49th Battalion-man who gave me the remaining history of my cub bear. It seems the party who brought the cub down river and stopping over at our camp for a meal, proceeded to Smith, the first railway divisional point out of Edmonton. There he traded the cub off to a brakeman for two bottles of whiskey. The brakie took the cub to Edmonton and presented it to the newly raised company who were ready to go overseas. The soldier then told me the rest of the cub's history which was that the Battalion took him to France as their mascot. At the war's termination he was given an honourable discharge and presented to the Edmonton Zoo, where he lived to the ripe old bear-age of thirty-two.

In the spring of 1941, I, getting fed up with Hitler's gaff about the Master Race theory, enlisted for War Two, thinking that I could do my bit on some local or Canadian construction work, as I had considerable experience on road and bridge building with

the provincial government during my years on the farm. However, with my experience, the army soon had me in England where I put in a long three years training on building heavy bridges, in preparation for the time when we would be needed to bridge canals and rivers in France, Belgium, and Germany. In the fall of 1944 my unit was called for heavy bridge work in Belgium. I did not fare quite as well as my cub, for I got knocked out on the Rhine job at Emerich, Germany in March of 1945 and for the the next four years I was mostly confined to hospitals. At first I was in Number One General Hospital in Niemegan, then to Brudges Hospital on the coast of Belgium, then to England and finally ended up in the Colonel Meuburn soldiers' wing of the University Hospital in Edmonton. I spent the next four years in Edmonton where I had one operation after another until in October of 1948 they finally fixed me up, less my teeth, with no left jaw and worst of all, no tongue. It was then my real battle started, for I could neither talk nor eat a bite of solid food. I used a slate to make known what I wanted, and had to use a food tube to force food down my gullet. Ugg-Ugg, the memory of that system of keeping alive still puts me on edge. Many moons went by before I learned to eat without the feeding tube, and longer for me to learn to say a few words. But I did finally overcome both problems and now twenty-four years later I hardly miss out on either talking or eating.

It took three or four years of convalescence under the care of the best wife a man could have, before I felt nerved enough to tackle my life-long dream; to return to the hills and streams again that I knew as a boy and hunt and prospect for minerals.

My chance came in 1954. So along with a friend and our fourteen year old son, Gordon, I hit the trail for the Yukon and Alaska. I had bought a new Commercial Van, which slept the three of us nicely, so we had little discomfort at night from pesky black flies or mosquitoes. It was a memorable trip for all, and also a paying one in the years to follow. In 1955-56 and 57, a friend by the name of Blake Sage and I hit some good ore, which we staked and sold to an Edmonton Oil company for a tidy sum.

Since those days in the Yukon, I have prospected Canada from coast to coast. Our latest luck in a strike was on Vancouver Island, where we sold one claim of iron for a good sum. We now have at this writing, sixteen iron and copper claims on which an American Co. is dickering.

I have just celebrated my seventy-eighth birthday, so for now I will rest, and if more events arise I will add them as time goes on.



Herb Bell with sons, Bert and Ronald.

Footnote:

Herb Bell passed away on August 23, 1973.

Ronald W. Bell

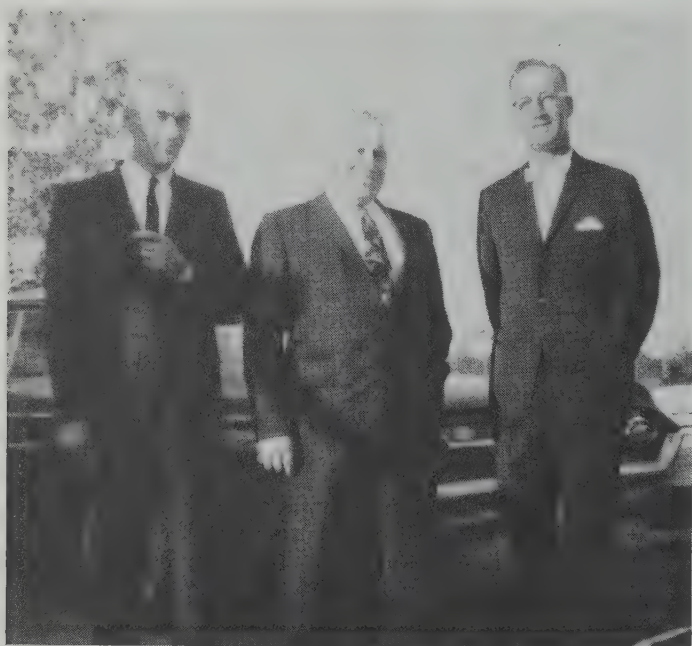
I was the third child born to Mr. and Mrs. Herb Bell on December 8, 1925, at the maternity home of my father's sister, Mrs. Jessie Boyd.

After finishing Grade II in the old Fawcett School, situated on the south side of the tracks, I attended Westlock High for Grade 12. In June, 1943, my brother, Bert, and I joined the Canadian Navy. After demobilization in January, 1946 I came back to Fawcett and settled on the N ½ of Sec. 29-T64-R1-W5. Six years later, I met and married Marilyn Hillman.

We have six children, five of whom are living today. The oldest, Rhonda, was born on Christmas Day and is now married to Michel Kaliel. They have three boys, Roderick, Luke and Joel. The second girl, Jeanette, is married to Lloyd Towns and has two girls, Nichole and Kerri. The third girl, Linda, is



The Ronald Bell family, 1978.



Elwood Boyd, Norman Cochrane and Ronald Bell.

married to Grant Yancey and they have two boys, Brooks and Stephan. Fourth child, Dennis, spent about five seasons working in the Arctic and is presently working in Westlock. The fifth child, Melodie, was killed in an automobile accident in 1973. The sixth child, Clifford, is now out of school and working in Westlock.

We moved from the North half of Sec. 29 to the South half in about 1965, and are thankful for the many blessings that life has bestowed upon us.

William A. Bell Family

written by E. Boyd

William A. Bell was born in November, 1878 at Summerside, Prince Edward Island; the first son of George W. and Sara Jane Bell. He went to school in Summerside, P.E.I. When Will was 15 years old he went to sea in a sailing vessel, back in the days when sailors were known as "iron men sailing in wooden ships".

After Will left the sea, he farmed at Alberton, P.E.I. until 1925. The fall of that year he came west to Red Deer, Alta. and worked through the harvest and late fall for Sam McCann, who farmed east of Red Deer.

In December, 1925 Will came to Fawcett to see his youngest brother, Herb Bell and his sister, Jessie Boyd. He helped his brother and brother-in-law, George Boyd take out logs for lumber in the winter of 1925-26. In the spring of '26 Will's wife, Maggie and their nephew, George came West. The Will Bells rented land from Manfred Reed in Westlock and farmed there until April, 1929. Will bought SE6-64-1-W5 from the Soldier Settlement Board and moved to Fawcett the same year.



Mr. and Mrs. Will Bell, 1930.



Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bell, 1961.

Will and Maggie had no children of their own. Will was a great tease; he use to say, "I had Maggie set several times but she flew the coop". They had adopted a boy by the name of Jake McArthur, who stayed with them for 20 years until he came West and settled at Clyde, Alta. Jake farmed there until his death. A son, Donald McArthur, is still farming at Clyde. Will and Maggie also raised a nephew, George Burke. He was from Maggie's side of the family. He was known as George Bell until 1939 when he married and took back his own name (Burke).

When they came to the farm there was a small shanty-roofed house and no outbuildings. Will, with the help of his brother, built a nice barn around 1930 which was destroyed by fire in 1950. He built a new house about 1951 that is still in use today but is more modernized. Will and Maggie sold the farm to Mr. and Mrs. August Duesterhoeft in 1961. They had rented the place to Jim MacLachlan for a few years before this, as George had moved away and wasn't doing the farming.

Will and Maggie rented a house in Fawcett and lived there until Will passed away in the Immaculata Hospital at Westlock on June 20, 1963 at the age of 84 years.

Maggie lived with George and Jean Burke for awhile and then went to live in the Pembina Lodge at Westlock. She passed away on Dec. 7, 1966. Both Will and Maggie are buried at Fawcett.

Traper — Carpenter written by E. Boyd

Hans Bergland came to Fawcett area around 1920. He and Tom Wolfinger built a trapper's cabin on the west bank of the Athabasca River at the township line between 64 and 65. They started trapping as



Hans Berglund.



Elsie Altman, Hans Berglund and Mary Niawchuk.

a partnership. Tom stayed with Hans until the winter of 1925 when they dissolved their partnership and Tom went to work for the Chisholm Lumber Co.

Hans was born in Finland and came to Canada at an early age. He homesteaded SE1-65-1-W5 on October 13, 1930 and got his patent on October 20, 1937.



Hazel Jones, Hans Berglund, Bud Kaliel, Mary Kaliel and Elsie Altman.



Mrs. Sinclair, Hans Berglund and Mrs. Dave Jones at Han's cabin on the Athabasca River.

He broke up hay meadows and put up a house and barn. An excellent man with a broad axe, he was capable of putting up well-made pine buildings with dove-tail corners that are in good condition today. No one out-worked Hans Berglund. Many buildings that Hans built many years ago are still standing.

His cabin across the Athabasca was well visited by many hunting expeditions. Many fruitful hunting trips came from Hans' trap line.

As a hunter and trapper he had few peers; his fur catch was always the largest in the area. It was not uncommon to see him take off with a 60 or 70 lb. pack, bound for his trap line and bring it back full of furs.

I recall him telling of a trip to Fawcett on skis. A pack of wolves put him up a tree where he had to stay all night. He didn't have a rifle with him.

None of the earlier settlers will ever forget Hans. Hans Berglund took his own life in August of 1945 with poison.

George and Rita Birosh

written by George Birosh

John Birosh was twenty-nine years old and Ann Bella, twenty-four when they were married in 1888. They left Bohemia (Czechoslovakia) and moved to Budapest because there was work there.

In 1891 John immigrated to Winnipeg, where he had a friend. The following year he moved to Medicine Hat, where he got a job with the railroad, filling coal containers next to the track. The coal was used for the steam engines.

In 1893 he sent for his wife Ann, his daughter, Mary, and son, Joe, who then came to Medicine Hat. Ann's mother, Maria Bella, a widow, accompanied



At Birosh's place; Herman Pieper, Elwood Boyd holding Roberta, Edith Gavin (district nurse), George Birosh holding Barbara Boyd, Isabelle Boyd, little Sarah Ann Birosh.

them. Later Ann's brother, John Bella, his wife, Susan, and family settled in Medicine Hat, too. They later moved to Fernie, B.C.

John and his family lived in Medicine Hat for a year, then moved to a farm where he built a dugout home. It was here, in 1896 that George Birosh was born. Grandma Bella and John Bella's wife, Susan, who were trained midwives in Europe, attended the birth. This farm was in the Cyprus Hills near Elkwater Lake. John was going to build a house on his homestead, which was next to the homestead of Reverend John Biddle, an Anglican missionary. John was Roman Catholic and very religious. He and the reverend were very close friends and had many hours of conversation.

When Reverend Biddle decided to pursue his missionary travels, he made arrangements to turn his homestead over to John Birosh and family. This included a good house and barn. John subsequently built up a herd of sixty cows and bulls, and twenty head of mares and studs.

After George was born, another child came along approximately every two years. Born to the Biroshs in Canada were — George, Bill, Elizabeth, Helen, and Annie. Joe, the older boy, contracted pneumonia while on a cattle drive with Reverend Biddle and died in Medicine Hat hospital at the age of eighteen. He and Grandmother Maria Bella are both buried in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

After the First World War, Bill Birosh worked for various ranchers. He disappeared in his late teens and all efforts to trace him throughout the years have been to no avail. It is believed that he was killed.

When it came time for Mary, Joe, and George to go to school, John built a log house in Medicine Hat. He would move the family to the log house in the winter, and come summer, they would move back to the farm. One winter John was so lonely on the farm, he kept George out of school to keep him company.

As the boys left school, each took a homestead near the home ranch. George built a log cabin on his which was still standing in the 1960's, when he revisited Cyprus Hills. John eventually left the Hills. He, Ann, and the two youngest girls went to Sumas, Washington, where he bought a farm and developed a dairy herd. They sold and moved to Abbotsford B.C. where they celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1938. They moved from Abbotsford to Whiterock later. John died in 1948, Ann in 1957. They are buried in a cemetery in Langley B.C. (Catholic section).

I, George Birosh, chose my homestead site on a coulee near the family ranch where there was a good spring for water year round. When mother (Rita) and I went back a few years ago, the old log cabin was

still standing. The Birosh ranch was eventually bought by people named Brown.

In 1916 I enlisted in the army but served just briefly because of poor health. I had an accident with a horse. I went to work for a man who was breaking horses, to be sold to the English and French armies. The English would take only dark horses; the French weren't so particular.

I sold my stock in 1919 and headed north to the Peace River country. In the Sexsmith area I worked for Charlie Braybrook and LaBlanc. Grandma and Grandpa Birosh lived nearby on Cliff Lawrence's land. Rita and Reg lived with them.

Rita and I were married on December 4, 1920 in Grand Prairie. Reverend Forbes was the minister. We waited until June 1921 for a honeymoon trip to Rolla. We made the journey in a democrat and camped out along the way. We moved into Grand Prairie the winter of 1921-22. Bob was born there on June 2, 1922.

In 1922 we moved south to the Lethbridge area, where a big irrigation project was under way. I worked for the Smith farms, Lassiter and Tom Dunham during the period of 1922-1927. Then I bought my own farm between Nobleford and Picture Butte. Monarch was nearby too. We had Bill by this time as he was born December 27, 1924. Fred was born March 26, 1927. We bought our first car, a new Whippet, while on this farm.

The depression hit in 1928 and things were tough. In 1933 Grandpa Brick asked us to move to his farm near Fort Saskatchewan, where Warren and Germaine Brick were living. We just stayed through the winter. In the spring I rented a farm from Reg Horner and later one from Ben Dick. Our daughter, Sara Ann, was born February 8, 1937 in Edmonton.

In 1938 Ben Dick made a deal with me to take a farm he owned near Fawcett. Ben said he would leave three pigs, chickens and cows on the farm. We loaded two wagons with farm machinery and furniture. I drove one wagon and Bill drove the other. My wife, Rita, Sara Ann, Fred, and Bob came with Uncle Reg in his car.

During the years until our retirement in 1964 we had cows, horses, pigs, chickens and turkeys. With no water on the farm, I hauled thousands of gallons from the Pembina River at the ferry crossing. I made a trip every day with stone boat and four barrels, winter and summer until we were able to get a well drilled.

Bob left home for service in 1940. He was in the Air Force, and was commissioned to train pilots. Bill later joined the Air Force and went overseas. Fred was too young to enlist during the war but went into the Air Force after. He became a commissioned of-



Fawcett's first hockey team. Bill Birosh, Art Jerace, Bert Bell, Bob Birosh, Doug Moser, Raymond Norris, Arnold Moser and Fred Birosh.

ficer and specialized in radar and has an important position in N.O.R.A.D.

Bob's first marriage to Wilma Flewelling ended in divorce. His four year old son, Brian, lived with his grandparents until Bob's second marriage to Harriet Lloyd in 1954. Bob and I built a fine new home in 1951. My father and mother visited us at this farm just once in 1938.

Sara Ann finished high school and went to the University of Alberta to become a teacher. She met and married Leon Peterson in Delburne, Alberta, where she taught. They have two sons.

Fred finished high school and taught by supervision at Chain school. He met and married Barbara Shepard in Eastern Canada. They have three sons.

Bill came home from overseas and married Leonie Granger of Jarvie. Bill bought a half section joining the home farm and they lived there. Philip and Donny were born while they lived there. They sold their farm and followed Leonie's family to New Westminster, B.C. They have four sons and one daughter.

Bob and Harriet live at Hudson Hope, B.C. Bob's son, Brian, lives there also.

Footnote:

Rita Birosh passed away December 1976. George Birosh passed away December 1977 at the age of 82.

E. Boyd

Thomas Booker Family written by E. Boyd

Thomas Booker, Sr. and his son, Thomas Edgar, came to Canada in 1911 from Hull, England. They lived in Edmonton until after the first World War. Father and son both served in France; the son with the famous 49th Battalion. It was in 1919 that they came to homestead. They filed on SW26 and SE27-64-1-W5. Thomas, Jr. married in 1920 and they visited the farm in the fall of that year.

Fawcett didn't have a teacher to open the school, so Mrs. Tom Booker, Jr. opened and taught until a replacement was hired. Tom E. and his wife went back to Edmonton in the late twenties.

The elder son, Lawrence, and his wife, Mabel, came from England. He had served in the navy. They lived on the farm here with his mother and father for some time. While here Laurie (as he was known as) bought a 1220 Massey Harris tractor, a three bottom plow and a breaking plow, all Massey Harris. When the Bookers left Fawcett, August Fauque bought the tractor and plows. John Pumphrey and I went to Bookers and drove the tractor to the Fauque place. The tractor and plows were just like new, and Mr. Fauque used the tractor until 1940.

Laurie Booker brought an acetylene welding outfit with him and did some welding for neighbors. It



Mr. and Mrs. Tom Booker.

was the first acetylene welder to come to Fawcett. Laurie and Mabel settled in Edmonton on the south side after leaving Fawcett. Laurie died in 1942. Mabel returned to England and passed away a few years later.

Thomas, Sr. passed away in 1940 after they had been in Edmonton a few years. His wife died in 1950. They are buried side by side in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Edmonton.

Thomas E. Booker served six years in the second World War even though he had been severely wounded in the first war. He passed away in 1961 after a lengthy illness. He rests not far from his parents.

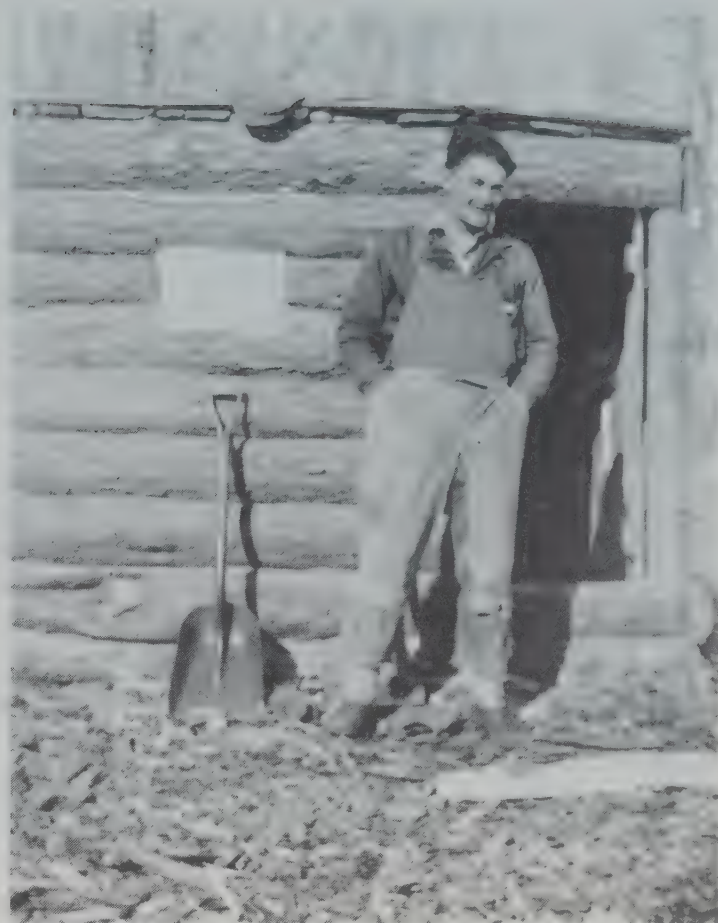
Lawrence and Mabel had no children. Thomas E. and his wife, Gladys, had three children, one daughter and two sons. They have ten grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Gladys Booker is past eighty-one and lives in Edmonton.

While Mr. and Mrs. T. Booker, Sr. lived in Fawcett they took in foster children. One girl's name was Bessie Mason, one boy was Mike Korlick and another boy's last name was Coolidge. The children didn't stay very long.

Mrs. Jim Wheeler is a niece of Mrs. Booker, Sr. When the Bookers left Fawcett they sold their farm to the Wheelers. Jim Wheeler sold it to Walter Ulrich, who farmed it until 1975. The Booker place is now owned by Mike Pichota.

The Elwood Boyd story by Elwood Boyd

William George and Jessica Louise (Bell) Boyd were living on a farm one mile west of Independence, Iowa. It was early summer of 1916 and they were expecting their first child. On June the 20th. Jessie was delivered of identical twin boys. I, Elwood Anderson Boyd, was named after my father's side of the family. My twin brother was named Herbert Charles after my mother's brother. My twin lived only two days and is buried in the Independence Cemetery.



Elwood Boyd, 1936. Taken at a logging camp on the Athabasca River near Flatbush.

Both of my grandparents Boyd and three of my father's brothers are buried there also.

When my uncle Herb Bell came back from World War One, he came to see his sister and brother-in-law at Independence. My mother was born in Prince Edward Island and wanted to live in Canada again. Uncle Herb came back to Fawcett and bought the N.E. quarter 8-64-R1-5 from Louis Accarias and filed on the S.W. quarter 17-64-R1-5. There was another quarter for sale, so he wrote to my father and mother and told them that the N.W. quarter 10-64-1-W5 could be bought for \$1200.00. Dad sent Uncle Herb the money and he bought the quarter from Mrs. Martinier.

We arrived in Fawcett on April 21, 1921. Uncle Herb, Kathy Major, and her younger brother Clifford met us at the station at Fawcett. My grandmother, Sara Bell, was keeping house for Uncle Herb. We stayed with them until the following spring when Dad and Uncle Herb had a house built on our place. I was five years old, my sister Zelpha was three, and Zula Mae was one when we arrived here. There was a dutch oven at Uncle Herb's that had been built by Louis Accarias. I remember driving an awful lot of Uncle Herb's spikes into that clay oven. There was a pasture with willows on it not far from the buildings. I remember being in the pasture with my little wagon

and dog, Valda. I don't know what I saw, but I was scared and hurried home, and told mother that I saw a doo-dad in the pasture. They didn't know what I saw, and neither did I. I was six years old that June.

Our neighbours were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon to the west. I used to visit them and the Barney Henry family of the southeast, who had two children my age named Jimmy and Annie.

In 1921 Grandmother Bell was planning a trip to Montreal to visit another daughter. Before she got away she took sick and passed away on December the 10th. She is buried in the cemetery here in Fawcett. She was the second burial in our cemetery.

While we lived with Uncle Herb, he married Miss Kathy Major. The wedding was in the Major home on August 2nd., 1921. Roy Newnham of Jarvie brought the minister to Fawcett on a speeder via railroad.

We moved to our farm in June of 1922. Dad broke some land west of the buildings with his first team of horses. I believe he broke five acres. French Creek cuts across our place. Mother taught us to swim there. She was a good swimmer. She had learned to swim in salt water, as a child by the seaside.

I started to school in May of 1923. My first teacher was Miss Marjorie Dowler, who came from Veteran Alberta. School ran from May until late fall that year. There wasn't money enough to pay the teacher for more teaching time that year. Miss Dowler boarded with my parents. The children who attended school that year were, Marie and Peter Fauque, Bertha and Alfred Sutton, Jimmy and Annie Henry, myself, my sister Zelpha, Waldemar, Berthold, and William Janhert, Herbert Gallasch, Gladys and Beatrice Hundley. The spring of 1924 Miss Helen Carswell was the teacher. She boarded at the Boyd home too. Miss Carswell taught until late fall in 1924 then returned in the spring. She brought her mother, two sisters and two brothers with her. They lived in the Joe Dawkins cabin on his west quarter and stayed until the middle of August. Miss Carswell had obtained a teaching position in Edmonton where they came from, so they all went home.

Our next teacher was Miss Ethel Card from Edmonton. She commenced the first of September 1925 and we went a full term from that time forward. I remember one year Miss Card taught fifty-two children in the one room school, grades one to nine and her salary was \$850.00 per annum. Miss Card boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Herb Bell. Miss Card married Clifford Major and lived in the district until they moved to Chisholm. My next teachers were, Mr. MacLachlan, Miss Eileen Butlar and Mr. Gerry Camroux.

I went to school four months the first term taught

at Fifth Meridian school. I was taking grade ten from a teacher named Miss Pat O'Dwyer. My school days came to an end at Christmas that year, 1931. From then on I stayed home and helped with the farming. The fall of 1932 I took a team and wagon and went on the Lloyd Tyerman threshing outfit. We started threshing at his place and continued for twenty-five days, threshing as far east as the Ernest Richey place, then went back to the Tyerman place to finish up.

The fall of 1933 Lloyd asked me if I would like to learn to be the separator man. It being a lot easier than hauling bundles I jumped at the chance, and was separator man for the next seven years.



Elwood Boyd with D2 Cat.



Isabelle and Elwood Boyd, 1940.

My father and I rented the John Pumphrey place the spring of 1934 and farmed it until I bought the place from Mr. Pumphrey in 1938. From the fall I was fifteen years old in 1931, until the fall of 1978, I only missed one fall of harvesting grain, and that was the fall of 1939. That year I helped Norman Cochrane with his trucking business. He bought grain for Dominion Grain. We hauled and loaded the grain over the platform directly into box cars. We loaded twenty-two cars of wheat and oats that fall and winter, all by hand onto the truck. Norman's brother-in-law, John Henry, would stay in the box car and shovel the grain back into the ends, while Norman and I went for another load. Another of Norman's brothers-in-law, was Bill Godwin who was ferryman at the south ferry. That fall was a fairly open one. Bill cut a channel across the river so the ferry could run. We would cross the river on the ice with the empty truck and cross back on the ferry with the load of grain.

The early fall of 1939 Isabelle Bruce came from Minburn, Alberta to visit her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anderson, who had a store here. I thought she was a pretty nice girl and courted her until she went home in November. We were married at her home in Minburn on July the third, 1940. We started our married life on the place I had bought from John Pumphrey. We farmed this place until 1947 when we sold it to Gustave Hensch. While we were living there, our three daughters were born, Roberta Mae on January 28, 1942, born at my mother and father's place and delivered by Dr. George Whissell, Barbara Ann, born June 8, 1943, in the Mannville Hospital and Ellen Louise born September 11, 1944 in Westlock Hospital.

When we sold the Pumphrey place, we bought my mother and dad's farm and moved there. By this time mother and dad were living in Edmonton. Mother had charge of the second floor, the tuberculosis floor, at the General Hospital and Dad was an orderly at the University Hospital.

Our second daughter, Barbara, was born with muscular dystrophy and couldn't walk the two and one half miles to school, so we bought a house from Mrs. Sinclair in Fawcett and moved there the first of the year, 1948. There were no school buses back then and no snow ploughing done so the move was necessary.

We lived in the hamlet for twenty-four years. I did my farming from the hamlet. In 1949 I obtained an agricultural lease which was N ½-S12-63-R2-W5 across the Pembina river to the southwest. I cleared and broke the necessary acres and got the title about 1963. I had 240 acres under cultivation when I sold this land to Donald Clarke in 1973.

On January 2, 1950 I went north to Peace River



Ross Boyd.



Bruce Boyd.

with Fradette and Lambert, doing right of way clearing for seismic work. We worked northeast of Peace River town for two months and then came home.

On September 9, 1950 our first son was born. We named him Ross Elwood. We lost him in a drowning accident on June 12, 1960. Then on September 17, 1962 we lost our youngest daughter, Ellen, in a highway accident. We have another son, Bruce Elwood, born August 31st. 1961.

Life seemed quite harsh for a few years. We picked up the pieces and carried on. Our oldest daughter, Roberta, married Larry Sutherland. They have three daughters, Leslie Ellen, Robin Ann and Kristy Kathleen. They live in Olds, Alberta. Larry works for Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas.

Barbara married Don McCrimmon, who works for Wimpey Construction. They have one son Jody Donald and live in Morinville, Alberta. Don and Barbara had a daughter, Heather Anne, who passed away on July 31st. 1977 at the age of twelve.

Our son Bruce took grade twelve in Westlock in 1979.

We bought a mobile home and moved back to the farm in 1972. Isabelle became postmaster in 1956 when Mr. Cannon retired. She retired with full pension in July, 1980. We are enjoying our years back on the farm.



Ellen Boyd.

Reflections

written by Elwood Boyd

Do you remember when: Bread was three loaves for twenty-five cents. Gasoline for cars and trucks was three gallons for one dollar. Tractor gas was clear like coal oil and was bought for \$8.10 a barrel?

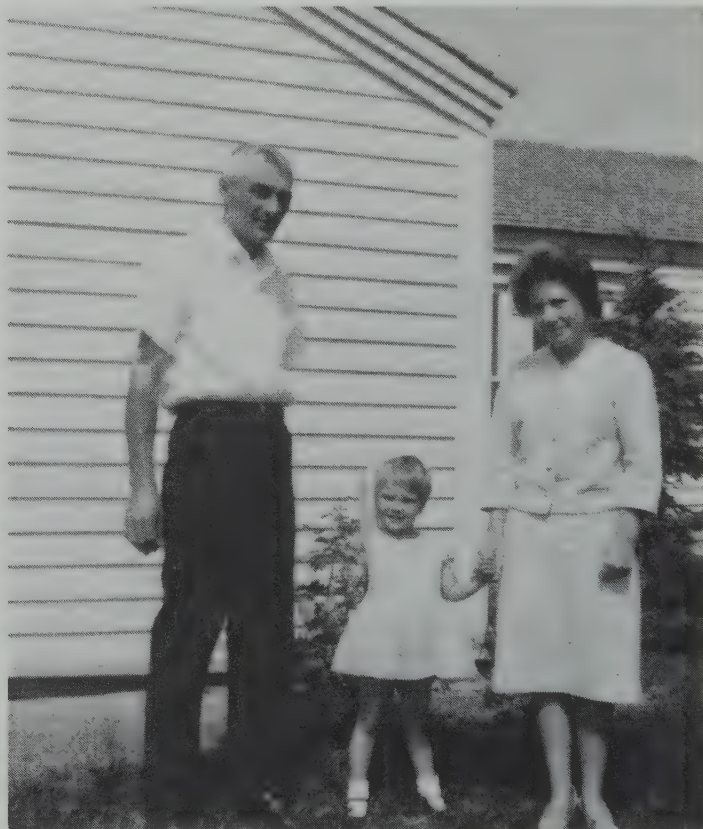
A passenger train came from Edmonton every night of the week except on Sunday. Before that there were two passenger trains a week.

Cigarettes were one cent each and could be bought in packs of five, ten or twenty. The fives and tens were a flat package. Pilot tobacco sold for thirty-five cents per half pound. Cigarette papers were five cents a pack and Ottoman tobacco was fifty cents for a half pound. Some of the tobacco came with a pack of loose leaf papers. MacDonald Briar course cut tobacco for pipe smokers came with a miniature playing card in each half pound pack. When the fifty-two cards and a joker were collected you could mail them to MacDonald Briar and they would send you a deck of playing cards in exchange.

Remember when you would listen to Lux Radio Theatre on the air every Monday evening at 7 p.m. (We hadn't even visualized television yet). You had to buy a license for your radio every year from the Department of Transport?

Do you recall buying a threshermen's license each fall before you could do custom threshing?

If you remember these things and prices you will soon be a senior citizen or already are one.



Elwood and Isabelle Boyd with granddaughter, Leslie.

George and Jessie Boyd written by their children

William George Boyd was born on April 3, 1886, the third of six sons and two daughters born to William and Annie Boyd, at Randolph, Sangamon County, Illinois, U.S.A. His parents moved west to Independence, Iowa about 1900.

Jessica Louise Bell was born on July 31st., 1886, one of six daughters and four sons born to George W. and Sara Jane Bell, at Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

Father received his schooling at Shirley and Randolph, Illinois. Dad worked at the State Hospital, as an orderly, in Independence, Iowa.

Mother received her schooling at Summerside, P.E.I. then decided to be a nurse. She trained at Boston, Massachusetts and Rochester, Minnesota. After her graduation, she went to Independence, Iowa, where she met our father, William George, known as George.

They were married on December 4th., 1912 and settled down to farm. The State hospital was a mile back across the fields and dad continued to work there.

Elwood remembers a grove of plum trees south of the buidings and a walnut tree in the yard. He also remembers a small airplane landing in their field in Iowa.

On June 20, 1916, Elwood Anderson, and Herbert Charles, identical twin boys, were born to George and Jessie Boyd. Herbert Charles lived only two days and is buried in Independence Iowa. Zelpha Belle was born January 14, 1918 and Zula Mae was born on August 26, 1920, also in Iowa.

When Uncle Herbert Bell came back from overseas duty, following World War one, he came to Independence to see his sister, our mother. Mother, being born in Canada, longed to live there once again. Uncle Herb had trapped west of Fawcett, on the Athabasca river, before he had enlisted and gone

to war. When he returned to Fawcett and located land for himself, he found a quarter section for sale by Mrs. Martinier. Her husband, Claude had homesteaded the N.W.-10-64-1-W5 before he went overseas to the war, and he never returned. Uncle Herb wrote and told my parents about the place, the price being \$1200.00.

Father and mother were renting land in Iowa, as prices were very high there. They sent the money to Uncle Herb, and he bought the place for them. Sometime in April, Dad loaded the household furniture and his machinery into a boxcar and shipped it to Fawcett. We came by passenger train north to Winnipeg, Manitoba, then to Edmonton and last to Fawcett; arriving the evening of April 21, 1921. We were greeted at the station in Fawcett by Uncle Herb Bell, Miss Kathleen Major and her brother, Cliff Major.

Grandmother Bell was keeping house for Uncle Herb. We lived with them until dad built a house on our place. The existing house was too small for a family of five. Uncle Herb and Kathy Major were married in August of 1921. Grandmother Bell passed away December the 10th, 1921. We moved to the new house on our farm the spring of 1922.



Jessie and George Boyd.



George Boyd and children just after arriving from Iowa, 1921.

Our youngest sister, Wilma Alberta, was born on December 4th, 1922, the tenth wedding anniversary of our father and mother. When she was just three years old, Wilma said her name was "Billy Joe" after Bill Llewellyn and Joe Dawkins. She has been known as Billy Joe ever since.

Mother was raised by the sea and a very good swimmer. She taught all of us to swim in French Creek, which flows across the northeast corner of our farm. Father could swim too, but didn't care for the cold creek water.

Dad homesteaded the portion, south of the Pembina river, of S.E.-64-1-W5, which had a lot of good spruce timber on it. Throughout the years we have cut about 100,000 feet from it. Elwood bought this fraction from dad and included it with the rest of the east half of section three.

Mother was a registered nurse and father was a hospital orderly, both with experience. With their combined knowledge and diligence they operated a nursing home in Fawcett. Expectant mothers travelled from the surrounding area to await labour and birth at the Boyd farm. Although comprehensive records were not kept, we know that quite a few babies were born at our place. The oldest of these babies would be nearing fifty years of age by now. Elwood recalls building himself a little shack away from the house to escape the crying of the newborn babies. Many other patients with all types of ailments were cared for by our father and mother. Often Dad would be called upon to fetch the district nurse during the wee small hours of the morning.

Our nearest neighbours were; Alex Teha to the north, Sam Lehner and Mr. and Mrs. Rau to the southeast, Mr. and Mrs. August Fauque and Henri Devin to the south and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gallasch to the west. Mr. and Mrs. Rau sold their place to Mr.

and Mrs. Gustave Stedel in the late twenties. Stedels sold to Werner Radloff and he sold to Carl Miller.

We recall walking with mother, once every summer, to the cemetery to tend grandmother Bell's grave.

Elwood bought dad and mom's place in 1946. Mother had gone back to nursing in Edmonton. She was in charge of the second floor, the T.B. unit, in the General Hospital until she retired about 1955. Father was an orderly at the University Hospital until he retired at the age of 73 years. They bought a house in west Edmonton and lived there the rest of their lives, enjoying visits from their children and grandchildren. They were able to travel some after they retired, to visit their daughters.

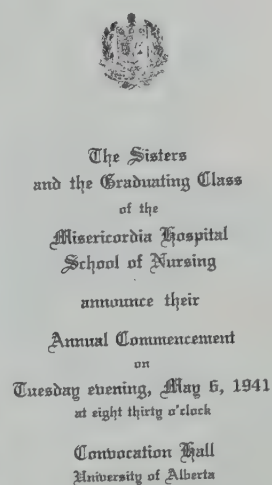
Elwood married Isabelle Bruce of Minburn, Alberta in 1940. They have three children, Roberta Sutherland of Olds, Alta., Barbara McCrimmon of Morinville, Alberta, and Bruce at home.

Zelpha became a registered nurse. She received her training at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton. Zelpha married John Brendon and lives in Burnaby B.C. They have two married daughters, Margaret and Lorraine and four grandchildren. John is an electrician for Shell Oil Co. Zula Mae married Davis Finger, at that time an R.C.M.P. in Ontario. They now live in Lanigan, Saskatchewan. Davis is paymaster at the Lanigan Potash mine. Zula Mae is first assistant to the post master at Lanigan. They have a son, Boyd, who is a fire-fighter and lives in a suburb of Toronto, and a daughter, Janet, who skated in the American Ice Follies for three years. She is married now and lives in North Bay, Ontario. Davis and Zula Mae have four grandchildren.

Wilma (Billy Joe) enlisted in the Air Force during the Second World War and served with the Women's Air Corps. She married Norman Gainor and they farmed at Hazlet, Saskatchewan until a few years ago. They now live in Langley B.C., close to their two daughters, Holly Lee and Dixie Lee. Both girls



Zelpha Boyd's nursing graduation, 1941.



Three Boyd girls, 1937.

are married. Wilma and Norm have two grandchildren.

Jessie Louise Boyd passed away on December 10th., 1963 at the age of 77 years. William George Boyd passed away February 1st., 1973 at the age of 86 years. They rest side by side in Westlawn Memorial Park in Edmonton, Alberta.

Former Postmaster Reminisces

by Isabell Boyd

(Ed. Note: Mrs. Isabell Boyd, who recently retired as a postmaster at Fawcett, has indeed been thoughtful in providing The Hub with a capsule of her reminiscences in that service.)

Mr. W. H. Cannon was the postmaster here at Fawcett when I came to visit my sister, Ella Anderson, in 1939.

The post office was a small room off the hotel at that time. It was later moved into the building which is directly west of the C&A Grocers.

In 1956 Mr. Cannon asked me if I would be interested in taking over if he retired. I was very interested. Money was scarce, and we had four growing children so I was anxious to help out. I started on August 1, 1956, and with the help of my husband, Elwood, have been postmaster ever since.

There have been a few changes. My first month's salary was \$84.00. A cash account had to be done four times a month then. (Now we do it once a month.)

The out going mail had to be made up, put into mail bags, taken to the north-bound passenger train, and put into the mail car every night of the week except Sunday. The train never came at the same time two nights in a row. It was usually late; sometimes by hours, but occasionally it was on time, so we had to be there on time. We would receive the "incoming" mail on the same train, would take it to the Post Office and sort it that same night, regardless of the time.

I remember one night that Elwood sat by the train track all night waiting to put our mail on the train and to receive the incoming mail. The station agent was waiting, too. He received a train message saying the train would be nine hours late, so he went home to bed, forgetting to tell Elwood. The train finally arrived at 6 a.m.

Whenever I had to meet the train myself, I would usually work around home until the last possible moment, then make a mad dash for the train. I well remember one night when the train was right on time; in fact, I think it was a few minutes early. Everything went well to start with. I found my keys, started the car, and rushed down to the Post Office to get the bags of mail which I had previously prepared for dispatch.

The train was just pulling into the station as I roared along beside it right up on top of one of Vic Yancey's gas barrels that someone had dropped off in the grass for him to pick up. I was perfectly balanced on top of the barrel and couldn't go ahead or back with the wheels going around at sixty miles an hour. Finally, when a group of young fellows, who were waiting at the station for the train to come in, could quit laughing, they helped me get the car on the ground and then wanted me to try to do it again.

Another incident that stands out in my memory, (when the mail was being carried by truck). It was Lodge night for Elwood at Westlock, and he reminded us all, several times, not to forget to put the mail out. We assured him that we would remember. Somehow we all forgot, I happened to glance out the living room window just as the mail truck went by. Ellen our daughter, was the fastest runner; she grabbed the Post Office keys and her coat, and took out after it. The truck's tail lights were out of sight by this time and I was ready to kiss my job goodbye. It seemed like only seconds until Ellen was back at the door. "Did you catch him?" I enquired. "Huh," Ellen replied, "I passed him at Norman's oil shed."

When the N.A.R. cut its passenger service to two days a week, the Postal Department advertised for courier service. The out going mail was locked in the lobby at 8 p.m. The courier had keys for the lobby; he picked up the out going mail and left the incoming mail. Meeting the train for that purpose became a thing of the past.

When I started in the Post Office we used denominative money orders, which could be issued for any amount between one cent and \$15.99. The money orders were for even money, the extra cents were put on in the form of script. For money orders over \$15.99 we used what we called "notched order." It was written for the exact amount by hand. The fee charged on all money orders was different — the higher the money order the higher the fee. In October of 1970 we were issued a money order writing machine. This machine wrote money orders from one cent to two hundred dollars, and the fee was forty cents across the board. We also had to order and sell Unemployment Insurance stamps. Now that is a thing of the past.

My years as postmaster at Fawcett have been pleasant ones — I have enjoyed working with the public. I have made a lot of good friends, and I know I am going to miss seeing them all.

Albert and Rosa Bratt and family

written by Jean Bratt

Maggie, Nellie, Gertie, Matthew, Walter, Arthur, Gladys, Phyllis, and Rosie Bratt resided in Broms-



Albert and Rosa Bratt.

grove, England during the First World War. Nellie and Gertie decided to chance those huge waves and strong winds and come to Canada, so they each bought a one way ticket on the ship, Melita. Thank God they arrived safely in Canada. On her way back the Melita struck an iceberg and sank, taking most of the passengers and crew to a cruel, cold, watery grave.

The girls were very taken with the New World, the green pastures and the ten dollar homesteads that the people talked about. They wrote home and told their folks about it. The folks at home in England decided they had had enough of the war; running to the end of the garden in their barefeet and nightgowns when the sirens blew. In 1919 they decided to immigrate also. It was hard to leave England as Dad had a job which he was equipped for and the boys were just learning a trade in the big factory. Mother Bratt wanted to come and Dad said it would be a great country for the kids to grow up. They knew it meant leaving their lovely home, their relatives, and a way of life that they wouldn't find in Canada.

They arrived at Fawcett on March 13th, 1922 from Belcaris, Saskatchewan where they had bought land upon their arrival from England. They didn't like it in Saskatchewan so they moved to Fawcett. Mom, Rosie, and Phyllis stayed with Uncle Sam where they worked.



Horace Bratt and sister, Phyllis.

Albert Bratt and George Thompson (Gladys Bratt's husband) got freight cars and brought six horses and six cows. Albert Bratt also bought some new machinery; a new wagon, a box, a disc, and a one bottom plow. Other valuable possessions were a saw, an axe, and a shovel. What a blessing they were. Artie and Horace rode, as stowaways, in the box car with the cattle and horses. They were five days coming. When they got here they found trails through the bush, mud, and water. They arrived at Jim Ruxton's for supper, and were made to feel very welcome. They all enjoyed a delicious rabbit supper, good home-made bread and butter, and the nourishing fresh vegetables; a meal which they never forgot and still talk about.

They used their newly purchased axe to make a building site. The land was all bush so it was hard work, but everyone was excited and happy. There was very little money, but nearly everyone had a twenty-two and a rifle which they depended upon for meat. There was an abundance of wild game such as moose, deer, partridge, and prairie chicken. The pioneers shared these goodies, along with the tears and the sorrows, like one big family. There was lots of wild fruit to make jam and preserves. The women were handy; they salted the meat, made home-made soap, and made rugs out of discarded clothing.

Most farmers had small log cabins and so did the



Horace Bratt, Murray Thompson, Grandmother Bratt, Arthur Bratt with prize Holstein bull.

Bratts. They moved one and fixed it up to do until they got out long logs. They peeled and dovetailed the corners. That year they put up a lovely log house with windows, a front and back door, shelves, and a cupboard. The house had a kitchen, dining room and two bedrooms. When this house was completed, Mom and the girls came from Saskatchewan to the homestead. The boys and Dad took out more logs and built a barn and other outbuildings, one with a bench in it for Dad's tools. They also built a chicken house with a straw roof. They dug a well by hand and used a rope and pulley to bring up the water. They got out a wood pile, and cleared and broke land for a garden and flower beds. With all this done, they were happy and secure.

Dad and Arthur went to the logging camps at Chisholm, Alberta and another camp west of Jarvie and worked for one dollar a day. They put their packs over their shoulder and walked many miles looking for work. Once in a while they were lucky and got the use of a hand car from the railroad gang. They always got the handcar back in time.

The money went for horses, grain, flour, soap, sugar, salt, tea, yeast, coffee and tobacco, fine cut, and plug for the pipe. We sometimes bought a can of jam or Rogers Golden Syrup.

When the men came home from the camps, they were quite lousy. Mother put the sad iron on the stove and ironed their clothes real well before washing them. They were proud, happy people.

The pioneer neighbours were Jim Ruxtons, the Turners, Jim and Bill McKay, the Jim Forbes, Thorn-ton, Frank Smiths, the Rochats, Bob Simpsons, Iampens, Harpers, Wheelers and the Suttons.

One morning just before Christmas our house burned to the ground. Back to the bush we went to get logs for lumber to build another.

One very cold night we heard tramping and bang-ing at the door. In the rush to answer the door, we couldn't find the lighter to light the coal oil light. I

told Artie to be careful, so he got a stick of wood and opened the door. The fellow said, "Archie", and fell in the door. Artie saw it was Mr. Rolson. He had been falling and crawling since five in the afternoon, and now it was midnight. His feet and legs were frozen solid. We cut his shoes and socks off. I boiled coffee and he drank it down, piping hot, by the cups full. We rubbed snow on his feet and legs and the ice came off in sheets. For hours we kept rubbing snow on his legs, giving him coffee and talking to him to keep him awake. Rolson didn't speak English very well. He said, "Archie, you get other man." Artie said, "Who?" Rolson said, "Iampen!" and told us he was back in the shack. Artie put his heavy clothes on, hitched up the horses and went to get Iampen. When he got there, Iampen was down in a hole under the heater, with one shoe off and two barrels of moon-shine. Iampen was scared; he thought it was the police coming for him. He said to Artie, "I am froze till here". Artie took Iampen home and he gave Artie a gallon of moonshine. It would burn with a blue flame. Artie took Rolson in to see the district nurse and to catch the train to Edmonton. While the nurse poured alcohol on Mr. Rolson's legs and feet, he kept saying, "Those are lovely feet."

The doctor amputated both his legs at the knee. When he came back he wanted to give Artie a large roll of money. Artie said, "No, thank You." Mr. Rolson said, "Archie, you a good fellow."

The weather seemed a lot colder then; it was always between 40 and 70 below. The snow was as high as a fence post. The railroad had only been in about seven years when the Bratts moved to the homestead. There were no schools and no elevators at Fawcett. Joe Dawkins looked after the west ferry. There were three stores in Fawcett, run by Mr. Flou-quet, Mr. Kaliel and Mr. Carlson. Later on Fawcett had a district nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd were a Godsend. We could go to their place when the babies were arriving,



Jimmy Sutton, Gaston Rochat and Artie Bratt.



Lavern, Victor, Norris and Joyce Bratt with little fawn, "Bambi".

and they did everything they knew to help us. Mr. and Mrs. George Thomson had the cafe in Fawcett; he was the one who drove the district nurse to her duties, by car in summer and team and cutter in the winter.

Artie Bratt and I, Jean Harris, were married in the Fawcett Hotel. There was so much mud the preacher was lucky to get there. Dear Ma Boyd sent a lovely carrot top and sweet pea bouquet for me; how nice of her. Bill and Florence Byers brought me a lovely veil. Deeds like this you don't often see in these modern times. After our wedding, Artie and I came out to the farm in a two wheeled Bennet buggy. We were blessed with seven lovely children; Lorne, Pearl, Vic, Norris, Maxine, Joyce and LaVerne.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bratt are at rest in the Fawcett Cemetery, as are many of the pioneers in this year of 1980.

My Early Memories

written by Jean Bratt

This is Alberta with the promise of opportunities for all who have a vision for the future. No one promised us a rose garden. But with determination and hardwork the pioneers made this great land what it is today.

The Indians would come by and the odd time the children would shoot rocks at us with their sling shots; they were quite accurate. They only did this because they didn't know us well. The babies were wrapped in rabbit fur inside a neat warm blanket. Once a year they would travel through on horses and wagons to get their supplies from the government.

They would erect many tents and take pails to the river for water. The women would cut sticks with a Y on one end and pound the other end into the ground near their fires. They put a pole across the top and

from this would hang their stew pots or a carcass of meat. The Indian men would hunt for the meat and the women would pick berries. They lived with and by nature; they needed very little money.

We would find the odd clay pipe or arrow heads where they use to camp. They were great people and I hope we will always take pride in our natives.

My folks lived near the river and it became sort of a stopping place where the mailman would leave the mail and exchanged horses. There were two teams of horses; one set would be in the barn and the other set would pull his Democrat. He often carried passengers as well as mail. Mom did the cooking for whoever stopped.

My folks would milk the cows and then churn it in the crocks. Mom would save huge crocks of buttermilk. Many a person even the Indians had one of these cold, freshening drinks of buttermilk.

There were good days and sad days. One morning we went to school and our teacher told us that a lady in the area had passed away with cancer and that all of us could go and see her. So we traipsed off to the house and saw the lady a very frail, little thing, lying on the bed. We all went to the funeral. The men made a homemade casket which they put in the back of a horse drawn Democrat. The funeral procession stopped a couple of times and had a little service on the way to the church. When we got to the church, the casket was placed up at the front of the church with the lid open. The priest waved incense all around the casket, burnt some candles and gave a service. We left her there; later she was placed in the graveyard out back. This was our first funeral and one never forgets things like that.

We would walk four miles to school. The schools were often log shacks or small frame buildings with windows on both sides. There was a blackboard at one end with all the alphabet written across the top and a ledge along the bottom to hold the chalk and eraser. At the other end of the room would be a pot belly stove that not only heated the place but dried out our clothing and was used to make hot chocolate for lunch.

One morning we were going to school when I'm sure it was -50 below out. Our feet were freezing so we stopped at the trapper's cabin to get warm. He took off our shoes and put them on the stove, then he wrapped our feet with some fur. While our shoes and feet were getting warm, he gave us a cup of hot coffee laced with lots of honey and milk. When it was time to go again he helped us with our shoes then put the fur around the outside of the boot. Then he put a gunny sack on each foot and tied it up with some rawhide strips. We carried onto school and had warm feet all the way.

All of us children used to look forward to threshing time. There was no school; the boys would help on the field and the girls would help make the meals. This was a big event each year when the crew arrived at your place.

The men and boys would work from 4:30 in the morning till late at night. They were really hungry and would eat three meals and lunch in between.

When the men got up at 4:30 a.m. they would get the horses and wagons ready for the field. While they were gone out to the barn, the women would be making breakfast in the house. This would be bacon and/or sausages, eggs, porridge, fried potatoes, toast jam and jellies and coffee. The men would take about an hour to eat and talk, then leave for the field. We would start doing the dishes while the women started baking bread, making pies and getting a roast ready for dinner. (You never wished for rain when it was threshing time as the meat would only keep for a few days—no freezer. If it did rain the family would have to eat all the meat somehow).

The men would come in for dinner which was huge roasts of beef, chicken and dumplings, always mashed potatoes, cabbage salad, homemade mustard pickles, two kinds of vegetables, fresh bread and butter, tea and pie. The women would make at least six different pies a day; apple, raisin, custard and berries.

Around 4:00 p.m. in the afternoon we would take lunch which consisted of meat sandwiches, cookies, cakes, lemonade, tea and coffee out to the field.

Then while the men were finishing for the day we would go home and make sure the chores were done and get supper ready for 7:30 in the evening.

Supper was pretty well a repeat of what we had for dinner. Afterwards the dishes would be washed, the dough set on the back of the stove for bread in the morning, butter made and then off to bed so you could do it all again the next morning. Sometimes you would feed eight to ten men, all in a little kitchen area.

As children we used to enjoy all the seasons. In the summer we would fish and swim in the river that flowed just down past the house. We had many a great game of jumping into the water and trying out our rafts. Our imagination would take us on some terrific trips. I loved going with Mother to pick berries in the fall—blueberries, cranberries and wild strawberries. Even in the severe winter we would bundle up in warm clothing and go ice fishing. We would take along some egg sandwiches and a lard pail in which we made coffee. It was a real thrill when one of us would be lucky enough to pull out a dandy jack fish. We would fry what we could eat and then take the rest home for our mother to can.

We never needed a barometer or newspaper to tell us what the weather was going to be — we had nature to look at: the color of the rabbits, leaves on the trees, position of the moon and the call of the coyotes or the occasional wolf. In spring and fall we would anxiously wait for the flight of the ducks, geese and sandhill cranes.

We would always make our own entertainment. Neighbors would come and visit or your family would go and someone in the crowd would have a mouth organ or some musical instrument to start the evening going. We would square dance, tap dance and the odd person would have a poem to recite. All of us would sing songs and have a good lunch at the end. Everyone would have a good time and could hardly wait for the next visit.

When one looks back to the early years one wonders how we ever did it — but that was the strength and determination of the pioneers who homesteaded here. At times the rose garden wasn't so rosy but it still grew and would be in bloom again.

Walter Bratt Family **written by Ken Richardson**

Nearly 60 years ago, a young man from the Midlands of England immigrated to Alberta, spurred on by tales of free land and opportunity on the frontiers of the young and lusty land of Canada.

Those many years of braving toil, time and weather are indelibly etched upon the features of Walter and Evelyn Bratt, the former Evelyn Ruxton, daughter of another homesteading pioneer in the Fawcett area, James Ruxton. They are also visibly reflected in the neat and well-cared for farm nestled amid the wooded vales and rolling hills near Fawcett.

Most of this interesting story about the homestead, house and the Bratts who built them is now a part of history. The old log house, so snug and warm, built by Walter Bratt's strong, resilient and resourceful hands in the early 1930's, has for some years served as a blacksmith shop. This aging building is a splendid example of the skill, pride and persistence which were the trademarks of those hardy pioneers from the British Isles. The Fawcett Hotel, Curling Rink, and Thorntonville Public School are other examples of his ability with saw and hammer.

No longer do the sleek, sturdy and well-fed Shorthorn-Hereford herd of cattle, of which the Bratts were so proud, graze upon the farm's grassy, gentle slopes. Nor do those rugged horses, with names like Paddy, Prince, Dot and Barney, who pulled, tugged and tore trees, stumps and stones from the woods and soil, cavort and play in the pasture after a hard day's toil.

Yes, they are gone, and gone too, are the Bratt



Walter Bratt, as a young man.



Walter and Evelyn Bratt.

children, for young women do marry and move away, and young men have ambitions of their own. Matthew Bratt supervises road operations for the Alberta Transportation department in the Fawcett area; Beatrice is employed in Spruce Grove as a teacher-specialist for children with learning disabilities; Elnor serves as a dental technician in Milton, Ontario, and Douglas is employed at a logging complex in Chisholm.

The Bratts, who invested a lifetime of toil, sweat and tears to build something permanent for their children, now have the farm to themselves, and are learning to cope with abundance of time which is something entirely new and foreign to them. They also have the frequent visits of their children, and grandchildren, to brighten their years of retirement.

But the story of the house that the Bratts built lives on, carefully and cautiously narrated by Walter on occasion, lest Evelyn or someone hasten to correct him about a wrong name or date. Those stirring tales of yesteryear would intrigue the youngest of listeners — crossing raging rivers turned into swirling, whirling waters waiting to swallow man and beast both; working all winter long at the back-breaking job of cutting railroad ties and winding up with a hundred dollars for your efforts, and a ninety-dollar grocery bill at the general store. Shades of a reduced work week, with 20 hours a day, seven days a week, trying to homestead, keep another job, and raise a family!

Their story is one of toil, trouble and a persistent effort to combat privation, hunger, and wage a never-ending struggle against Mother Nature, who sought to reclaim the land so dearly won from her.

It's probably best pictured in the rugged log structures so skillfully and patiently fashioned by Walter Bratt from trees felled in the nearby forest. They were built with the most limited tools available at the time, yet each corner on the cabin fits snugly and tightly; each log laying against and upon its partner above and below so tightly the wildest of wintery winds could not penetrate the interior. House, barn and out-buildings are well over 50 years old, but are just as good today as the day Walter Bratt put them together.

The Bratt story is also pictured by the dust-covered harness hanging in the garage; sleigh, wagon and other implements and conveyances lying listless and forlorn, with no hands needed to hitch them or horses to haul them — retired, too, and aging and rusting, after years of tilling the soil and reaping the rewards of Walter and Evelyn's toil.

Their story — “The House That Bratts Built” — is now a part of history. But its subjects are still with us, proud, patient and persevering examples of the pioneers whose sacrifice and service helped to make this part of our Alberta what it is today!

Paul Brenner **written by E. Boyd**

Paul was born in Berg, Switzerland in 1904. He left his native land in 1927 and came to Canada. He worked in Saskatchewan the first year and came to Alberta in 1928. Paul and a friend by the name of Alf Brew came to Fawcett in 1929. Paul decided to take a homestead so he filed on SW7-64-1-W5.

This quarter had been filed on by Dave Major. Dave was married and worked in southern Alberta



Breaking land on one of Alex Kaliel's farms; Paul Brenner, Harry Holand, Cecil Carter and Archie MacGillivray.

and wasn't able to put in his residence duties. The government gave Dave until 1932, however, times being very hard, he wasn't able to fulfill the requirements. The government cancelled Dave's file and accepted Paul's application to file.

As there were only twelve acres broken, a log barn and house, Paul had to pay for improvements. One day Paul came home and the buildings were burnt to the ground; even the barbed wire was gone from the fence. Paul worked out in the winter to earn money to build, and buy horses and some machinery. He told me he had cleared the land twice in places before he had earned enough money to have it broke. Hard work and perseverance wins through and in 1946 Paul got title to his quarter section of land.

Paul farmed with horses until 1954. He bought a V Case tractor and a new two-bottom plow then, which made farming easier. Now without horses to feed, he could go to work in the winter again. Paul bought a new, one ton, red, International truck in 1952. It was his pride and joy.

Paul would haul his grain to the elevator and pulp wood to the side track at Fawcett with his truck. It served him well and was running good as new when he sold lock, stock and barrel to his neighbor, Heinz Duesterhoeft.

Paul worked cutting pulp wood for the mill at Hinton two or three winters. Paul never married, was a bachelor all his life.

He grew wonderful crops of oats on his farm. I combined for him one fall and took off over seven thousand bushels of oats and some wheat from 110 acres of land.

Paul's health began to fail about 1971. He laid for three days on the floor of his house that spring. He thought he had had a stroke. His neighbor, Ed Dul, took him to the hospital. The doctors found that he had sugar diabetes and he had been in insulin shock. He couldn't stay alone after that so he sold everything to Heinz Duesterhoeft. Paul has since lost both of his feet below the knee to the diabetes. He now lives in the Pembina Lodge at Westlock.

I have known Paul since 1929 and have done a lot of custom work for him. He was always cheerful and is a very honest individual. He has made three trips back to his native Switzerland, the most recent just two years ago, even though he has two wooden legs.

Paul came to Canada when he was twenty-three years old, he is now seventy-six. His hard working days are behind him and he is enjoying life. Whenever you see Paul on the streets of Westlock, he always has a minute to visit. He still keeps an active interest in the happenings around Fawcett.

A Vanishing Breed of Man written by Mrs. Ernest Browning

Carl Browning, a long time resident of the Cross Lake area, was a giant of a man. He attained the love of all who knew him because of his respect for all people and also his respect for the wonders of nature. He read nature like a book, deriving deep pleasure from observing animals and plants in the woods and fields. His swift powers of observation would tell him at a glance which creatures were in a certain area. He possessed a great skill at stalking game, taking meat only as needed. His love and knowledge of nature he passed on to his children and grandchildren.

In the year 1911, Carl, a tall, mature lad of eighteen, with an insatiable hunger for the wilderness, set



Carl Browning with lynx pelts caught at Cross Lake.

out from his home in Kansas and journeyed to Alberta, hoping to operate a trapline. On arrival he obtained work at a dairy farm in north Edmonton where he stayed for only a short while, as this did not appeal to his love of nature. He moved to Sedgewick and was engaged in farming a few years more before moving to Busby. He undertook trapping muskrats with crude pens set up on Dead Man Lake.

It was here that he met Alice Kelly, a twin daughter of Rev. and Mrs. James Kelly. They were married in a quiet ceremony in Morinville in 1914. They resided at Dead Man Lake for the next twenty years, being blessed with five children, Earl, Ruth, Alice, Edna and Ernest.

It was during the time they lived here that Carl's family raised and sheltered an orphaned fawn. It soon became a family pet, running out to meet the children on their way home from school. It was never penned up, but was allowed to roam at will. However, it preferred the sanctuary of the Browning place.

In 1934, Carl Browning went to Cross Lake, and after exploring the region, decided that this was the ideal place to bring his family to live in the peaceful tranquility of the lake, far from the relentless spread of civilization.

A small ten by ten dwelling of railroad ties standing on end was erected and the family moved into these close quarters in 1935. Since there were no roads to their homesite, the Model T Ford, in which they arrived, had to be left behind at Mrs. Allen's which was five miles away. The remainder of the journey was made on foot, wading knee-deep through French Creek.

The following year a corrugated bridge of spruce trees was built to span the creek and it was another year before the bridge was planked and a rough road was built, enabling Carl to drive his Model T home.

Timber wolves and black bears abounded in the area. It was necessary to set out snares and traps in order to rid the family of the persistent nuisance and danger. The bears were continually destroying their food supplies. This also proved to be a fair source of income from the sale of the pelts.

The following summer, with the aid of a neighbor, Steve Turner, two additional rooms were added to their dwelling, making living accommodation more comfortable and convenient. They had little wealth, and more than their share of hardships, but they managed to live a modest life on basic meals derived from hunting, fishing, gardening and milking the



The Carl Browning homeplace at Cross Lake.

twelve cows they brought with them. The few necessary staples such as flour and sugar were purchased in Fawcett or Jarvie when needed. Once when times were most difficult, one of the cows were sold for \$18.00 in order to buy supplies. Entertainment for the family was provided by a gramophone which had been brought with them, plus the tunes of Carl's accordion, a skill he acquired by his own determination.

In the beginning trapping was confined mostly to coyotes and wolves. Old horses were purchased from a settlement in the Thortonville area and were used as bait.

On one occasion, a wolf was caught in a trap and managed to escape by breaking the chain. Carl trailed the wounded animal, for three days on snowshoes, through underbrush and dense spruce. By this time the wolf was leaving a track in the snow that appeared as though it was dragging a cumbersome log. Carl continued to trail it with the aid of the family dog, "Snappy". Upon encounter, Snappy and the wolf were soon engaged in a deadly battle. During the struggle, a large chunk of ice which had accumulated on the trap, which the wolf was dragging, became disengaged. The wolf, relieved of his burden, fled for freedom. (Carl carried the ice ball back home and found it weighed eight pounds.) The wolf, however, continued to feed on the horse meat and was eventually killed.

Carl started mink farming and so fishing daily became a necessity in order to supply feed for these animals. The family soon became skilled oarsmen, fishermen, and hunters. The mink provided the family with their main source of income — a good mink pelt bringing in about \$8.00. Additional income came from trapping the animals of the vicinity on a trapline which extended from Cross Lake to Francis Lake.

Squirrel pelts at the time averaged 9¢ a pelt, weasel were 90¢ to \$1.00, and muskrat brought 75¢ per pelt. No beaver were prevalent in the area at the time, but with their arrival in 1939, and with a fair increase in fur prices from Hans Burkett of Athabasca to whom the pelts were sold, standards of living improved.

During the war years, when the family had grown up and left home, Carl opened his home to the many Americans who were stationed at the Repeater station in Fawcett. His door was always open to anyone who came to Cross Lake to fish.

In 1956, due to a decision by the Provincial Government that Carl's homesite was a picturesque setting for a provincial park, he was forced to move back and settle near French Creek. Carl gave up trapping and took over the concession and care of



Beaver pelts that Carl Browning stretched out.



Browning family. Clockwise; Edna, Ruth, Carl, Earl, Alice and Ernest.

boats for the Park for a couple of years, until he was employed by the Games Branch as a Game Guardian. He returned to the life he adored with the animals. With this job he travelled to different parts of Alberta, live-trapping beaver that were proving themselves detrimental in certain areas, and transporting them to other areas within the province. It was during this time that a huge gray wolf was captured by Carl and taken to Al Oeming's Game Farm. Dr. Oeming named the wolf "Carl" in his honor. Other animals, in addition to the pre-mentioned fawn that Carl tamed, included two coyotes, a badger and some beaver kits.

In the last years of his life, he was employed by the American Wildlife Research Branch, under the direction of Dr. Lloyd Keith, at Rochester. Here they

captured and studied the habits of coyotes, rabbits, lynx and other small animals in the area.

In 1966, Carl Browning passed away with the same quiet dignity he had exhibited all his life.

Campbell Family

written by E. Boyd

Gordon and Joan Campbell with their children, Verline, Billy and Beatrice moved to Fawcett in 1939 to try farming. There wasn't work in Edmonton so the city helped families get started farming with a grant of \$500.00.

Gordon's brother, Colin, came at the same time with his family. Colin moved on to one of the Ed Albert farms.

Gordon moved on to the Ole Edin farm. Ole was brother of Mrs. Roy Nelson. Gordon stayed on this farm for a year then moved to Andrew Odden's farm where he stayed for a year. From there they moved to Ernie Orr's place and then to Fred Johnstone's farm until 1945. They moved to the Card or Vennard place lastly. In 1952 they sold out and returned to the city.

Gordon was quite active in community affairs. Minutes of the school meetings reveal that he attended and took part in the meetings. He was on the curling rink committee when the rink was first started.

Gordon was a horse trader. He dearly loved to trade horses and always had a few dollars more than the original price of the animal.

Joan Campbell was more of a home body. I don't recall her ever being at a dance although Gordon came to most of them. Joan's two brothers came to Fawcett while they were here. They were Gunner and Levi Thorlieson.

Levi worked at barge building and would come to visit Joan in the slack season. Gunner came and found himself a farm, the Risto Maki place, and stayed on it until he retired to the Pembina Lodge at Westlock. While farming, Gunner had a bad tractor

accident — while backing up his B.R. John Deere tractor to a disk, he got off to hook it up and found he wasn't close enough. He touched the hand clutch to bring the tractor back and it pinned Gunner to the disk. He was found the next day by a neighbor, not hurt too badly, but was hospitalized for a few days.

Gordon, like the rest of us, went to Fawcett every evening to meet neighbors and visit while waiting for the evening train to come in.

After moving back to the city, Gordon worked for several years, then passed away in 1974.

Joan lives with her son, Billy, who didn't marry and works for the Provincial Government.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon

written by E. Boyd

Harry and Elizabeth Cannon came to Fawcett in 1914. They had homesteaded on the Smokey River before this, but gave it up and came here. They took for their homestead NW8-64-1-W5 and NE7-64-1-W5. Their first trip to Fawcett, when looking for land, was on a hand-cart on the railway. I remember Mr. Cannon telling me that they had to throw the hand-cart off the tracks whenever a train was coming.

While farming, Mr. Cannon used only horses and never owned a tractor. A thresherman told of threshing wheat for Harry that went 60 bushels to the acre.



Gordon Campbell, Mary and Bud Kaliel.



Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon, 1957. Ready to leave for England for retirement.

It is likely that there were only a few acres, as not many fields were over 30 acres in the early '30s.

Mr. Cannon became postmaster in 1934, taking over from George Thompson. From 1934 to 1940 they lived on the farm and walked to Fawcett three times a day, to look after the Post Office, 1¼ miles away. They met the train at 9 p.m., for the incoming mail and again at 3 a.m., to dispatch the outgoing mail, then opened the Post Office at 9 a.m. for business til 5 p.m. In 1940 they had a post office and living quarters built in Fawcett. Mr. Cannon was postmaster until 1956, when he retired and was succeeded by Isabelle Boyd. They had gone back to England for a visit about 1947 and Mrs. Frank Smith of Thortonville looked after the post office for them.

Harry McCann rented Mr. Cannon's land and farmed it for him until he sold it to Mr. Kaliel in 1947. Mr. Kaliel sold the Cannon half section to Edward Dul in 1962. The old buildings are gone now. Nick Rozak bought the house on the farm. I, with my D2 cat and Cecil Carter, with his TD6 moved the house for Mr. Rozak.

Mr. and Mrs. Cannon lived on in their house in Fawcett after retiring from the post office until Sept., 1962, when they had a sale of their household belongings. They sold the building to Sid Featherstone and returned to England where they lived up to the time of their passing away.

While living in Fawcett, Mr. Cannon served on the local school board and was one of the old-timers

on the cemetery committee. Harry served in the Canadian Army during World War I. Harry also worked for awhile on the Waterways Railroad. While on the farm Harry raised some fine horses.

Mrs. Cannon passed away on Dec. 9, 1970. Harry passed away on Dec. 19, 1970; ten days later.

Richard Carlson

written by E. Boyd

R. G. Carlson came to Fawcett with Frank Rice in October, 1919 and a partner by the name of Miller. The partner stayed about a year and then left.

Richard had SW8-64-1-W5 but I am not sure whether he homesteaded this land or bought it. Through the years he raised horses and grew hay on the farm. He sold alot of hay and was known as "Timothy Carlson". Richard sold the farm in 1964 to Hugo Schimke, who had possession of it until 1971 when he sold it to W. G. McCann.

Carlson bought a store from Herman Ehmler that was located on the north side of the tracks on the Jim Russell place. The store was in this location for about two years, when he moved it to its present site around 1925. Carlson kept his hardware store until his death in July, 1967. Mr. Kaliel bought the store and contents from the estate. He moved all the hardware to his own store and remodeled the interior of the building into a bank for the Bank of Montreal.

Carlson had a two-stall barn on the back of his lot,



Standing: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon. Seated: Mrs. Thecla lampen, England, 1964.



Carlson's hardware store.

sort of a small livery stable. People that came some distance with horses could stable the team for a small fee and feed them. He also had some rooms above the store that served as a rooming house before Fawcett had a hotel.

He used to keep a cow to milk. I don't know how she did it, but she kept all the grass mowed in town as well as alot of the gardens. She also kept the grain that spilled around the elevator cleaned up. Carlson was able to sell two or three quarts of milk a day, throughout one summer months.

Through the years Richard Carlson had many housekeepers. Some of them were Mrs. Molly Avery, who later married James MacLachlan, Alma McQuire (Mrs. Alec Peterson), Kathleen Henry (Mrs. George Smith), and Germaine Iampen (Mrs. Harry McCann).

A brother of Richard's came from St. Louis, Missouri and stayed with him one summer. The brother, Oscar Carlson, was older than Richard.

In the early years Carlson served on the local School Board. He was also Fawcett's first and only John Deere machinery agent. Richard was sadly missed when he passed away in 1967. We all miss the hardware store where he had a good stock of things that were needed in the early years.

The Carter Family **written by Cecil Carter**

I was born at Fenner, Alberta, on the dry prairie between Cornation and Veteran, Alta., where my parents had a homestead. I was the third child in a family of six.

In 1932 I came to the Fawcett area with my uncle, Len Norris, for a visit. After returning to the Castor area where my family had moved to, I decided to go back to Fawcett in 1936.

Fawcett, at that time, consisted of the hotel which also housed the post office, Farmer's Supply Store owned by Alex Kaliel, a Searle grain elevator which was run by Norman Cochrane, a hardware store owned by R. G. Carlson, and a small general store owned by Mr. Flouquet. The two-roomed schoolhouse that was used then is still standing in Fawcett. This same building served as our dance hall, church, meeting hall, and a place for many other community gatherings.

At this time alot of community entertainment consisted of family dances held in the different school houses throughout the different districts. The only halls at the time were the newly built ones at Flatbush, Athabina, Jarvie, and one old hall at Thorntonville. Manys the time we had to walk to the different halls or school houses, to play music for the different gatherings, as the roads were usually im-

passable. We usually played until 4 a.m. or later for a collection of one dollar or slightly more. The admission to the dances were 25¢ — for those who could afford it; for those who couldn't — they danced anyways. We had no regular band, it was usually a pick-up orchestra. A number of the old timers that took part in this endeavor where George and Armand Houle, Ken Landvetter, the Bjornson family, Dan Schlicht, Mrs. Dwight Anderson, Henry Rochat, Anchor Olson, Mrs. Neil Thornton, Bruce Richardson, Norman Sinclair, Buddy Kaliel, Elwood Little, the Zausiel brothers, the Tobor brothers, the Kochan brothers, Jimmy and Ed Evans, Nellie Richey, Charlie and Harold Ledgerwood, George Speechley, Art Newnham, Etienne Allarie, Ken Towns and myself. We were never short of music as we always had lots of help.

The transportation situation was limited mostly to horses or walking on foot. The only motor vehicles I remember belonged to Karl Nelson and Mr. Kaliel. Karl, who was a section foreman, owned a Model A Ford and did a lot of driving for the community. He took the nurse on her rounds and helped with any other emergencies of the district. Mr. Kaliel owned a Mormon which was used by many of the people in the district.

Fawcett had two livery teams owned by George Thompson and George Burke. They did most of the livery work such as hauling mail to Thorntonville, transporting game wardens, timber inspectors, R.C.M.P. (looking for stills), and various government officials.

I started farming at Fawcett in 1940, renting Mr. Herb Bell's farm for four years. At that time Mrs. Mary Sinclair kept house for me while her two sons, Verner and Jack, were in the armed forces. I built a bungalow on this rented quarter which I moved to its present location beside the old schoolhouse in Fawcett. The moving operation was done by Cliff Major using his steamer. It took us a total of two days and two nights to move the house a mile and a half and took care of my whole winter's wood pile to keep up the steam. My parents, Burt and Fanny Carter, joined me in Fawcett in 1946 and resided in this house until the time of their passing.

In 1944 I purchased the half section then known as the old Russell place, a half mile west of Fawcett. In the fall of 1944 I married Elsie Altman; having first met her at a dance in Flatbush in 1938.

Elsie was born and raised in Moosehorn, Manitoba where her parents took a homestead in 1913. After being an assistant postmistress in Moosehorn for seven years, she put an ad in the Postmaster's Magazine looking for employment. It was answered by Mr. T. Block at Flatbush, who was the storekeeper

and postmaster. As it was always her desire to come west, she mustered all her courage to go so far from home and accepted the job. She arrived at Flatbush in May, 1938. She worked for a year and a half for Mr. Block and then went to work for Swanson Lumber Co. in the store and post office at Chisholm. When the business at Chisholm slackened, she came to work for Mr. Kaliel at Fawcett. Here she stayed until our marriage in 1944.

We have six children born to our marriage. Verner Lind was born in 1945 and is married to Susan King and has three children. Verner and Susan have their own farm here at Fawcett.

Victor Gary was born in 1946 and is married to Romona Reddinger and has four children. Gary and his family are now residing to Saudi, Arabia where Gary is employed for an oil company.

Donna Mae was born in 1947 and is married to Walter Elgert and has three children. Donna and Walter have their own farm at Fawcett.

Sharon Louise was born in 1949 and is married to James Dick and has four children. Sharon and Jim have their own farming operation at Linaria, Alta.

Elaine was born in 1951 and is married to James Doke and has two children. Elaine and Jim own and operate the Sportsman's Service and Inn at Fawcett.

David Ray was born in 1953 and is married to Eva Stockman and has one child. David and Eva reside at Westlock.

Elsie and I have seventeen grandchildren whom all come to see us and sometimes stay for their holidays which we enjoy very much. We have always enjoyed our many friends and neighbors in Fawcett and district and expect this is where we shall remain. We have seen the ups and downs, as many other people have in this homesteading district, but given the choice we would more than likely chose the same again.

John Christoffel Family

written by E. Boyd

John Christoffel was a baker in Switzerland. In 1915 he sold his bakery and with his wife and two sons Henry and Max, they set sail for Canada. They landed in New York City then came on to Winnipeg, Man. and stayed there a short while before moving to Edmonton.

They decided to go homesteading. On March 29, 1915 Henry and Max filed on individual quarters — Henry filed on NW3-65-1-W5 and Max filed on NE4-65-1-W5. Then in 1917 John Jr. came to Fawcett from Switzerland and field on SW3-65-1-W5.

John Jr. stayed on the homestead long enough to get title. He was a professional cook and left the homestead to work at the MacDonald Hotel in Ed-



Mrs. Christoffel, Sr. and Mrs. Paravicini, Erica and Ruth Paravicini, John Paravicini and John Christoffel, Sr.

monton as a chef. A couple years later he and two other men bought the Shasta Cafe in Edmonton. John Jr. was married in 1920. In 1923 he sold his interest in the cafe and moved to Vancouver. He passed away in 1940 and is buried out in Vancouver, B.C.

In 1920 Henry left the homestead and went to work for the Northern Alberta Railway. Henry married in 1924. Him and his wife have three children, Donald, Gladys and Helen. Henry was a section foreman for many years. He worked for the railroad until his retirement in 1958. He and his wife live in Edmonton.

Max stayed and farmed his homestead plus his two brothers' land. Max married Erika Radloff in 1930. They farmed here until 1955. He sold his land to Alex Kaliel and moved to Vernon, B.C. Max passed away in 1964 and is buried at Vernon.

Mrs. John Christoffel Sr. passed away in 1940 and is buried here in the Fawcett Cemetery. John Sr. passed away in Vernon, B.C. in 1960 at the age of 90 years and is buried there.

Mrs. M. Paravicini was a sister to the Christoffel boys.

The Christoffel quarters are now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Julius Zittlau.

Claeys Family

written by E. Boyd

Joe Claeys came from Erskin, Alta. to the Thorn-tonville area and homesteaded the NW28-64-26-W4



Joseph Claeys, 1940.



Joseph and Mildred Claeys, 1937.

on April 12, 1926. He had training in blacksmithing so he built a house and blacksmith shop on his homestead. Joe proved his homestead and got his patent. He didn't do much farming as his shop was kept busy. He had learned his trade well and was an excellent blacksmith. I recall taking two wagon wheels to him in 1942 and asked him to cut them down as they were too high for a bundle wagon. Joe did a first rate job on them. Joe dearly loved a joke and always had a couple of new ones to tell.

In 1937 Miss Mildred Pugh came to teach at the Cross Lake School. Joe wooed and won Mildred's hand and her heart and on July 2, 1938 they were married. Joe was through cooking his own meals! Mildred came from Warwick, Alberta, ten miles north of Vegreville.

Three children were born to them while they lived



Joanne Claeys.

on the farm, Joann, Louise, and Charlie.

Joe was older than Mildred and his health began to fail. He had to quit his blacksmith work. In 1953 Joe, Mildred, and the children moved to Fawcett to live in the school teacherage and Mildred went back to teaching again. She taught at Fawcett School until 1958. While Mildred was teaching here at Fawcett, Joe passed away on August 9, 1956.

After Mildred left Fawcett in 1958 she married Joe Bouchard. They owned and operated the corner store at Dapp for a number of years, then sold and moved to Edmonton.

Joann married Dan Schmode and they live at Kinuso, Alta.; Louise married Malcolm Adams and they live at Amisk, Alta. and Charlie is married and lives at Clyde, Alta.

Joe and Mildred sold the farm to Martin Larson of Jarvie when they left it. Martin sold to Joe Borle when he left Thorntonville.

Norman Cochrane Family written by Jack Cochrane

My father, Norman Cochrane, was born at Lettermire, County Londonderry, Northern Ireland on January 28, 1903. After he finished his basic education he decided to go into medicine and become a doctor. When he had finished his first year of university in Belfast, he went back home to help his father through a rough time on the farm. During the year of 1924 Dad and four of his pals decided to come to Canada and look for new opportunities. On the big day of departure, Dad found only himself on the dock as the other four backed out for various reasons. Dad figured, seeing as he had his ticket, he might as well carry on and arrived at Westlock, Alta. on May 6, 1925.

While Dad was in Westlock he stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Gillfillian, who had been good farm neigh-

bors of the Cochranes in Ireland. During 1925 Dad was a labourer for a carpenter outfit that built the old R.C.M.P. barracks in Westlock. He then worked for Mr. Gillfillian as a second man in the elevator for Home Grain Co. in the fall of 1926 he came to Fawcett as a grain buyer for Home Grain, which sold to the Searle Grain in 1930. Dad stayed buying grain until 1936.

Dad met and married Roseanne Henry (better known as Rosie) on April 9, 1928. They had two sons; my older brother, James Norman who was born on Oct. 13, 1928, and myself, John Ross who was born (much to the surprise of everyone) on March 8, 1946. For reasons unknown to me, we were always known by our nicknames. James was known throughout his life as "Tunney". I have heard that he was named after the famous boxer, Gene Tunney, but this isn't a fact. I am known as "Jackie" by the older people still around, "Jack" by the younger generation, and "Jackson" by my wife when she wants to get a point across!

In 1928-31 my parents lived in an addition built onto the grain buying office. In 1931 they moved into Flouquet's store up on "Spruce Ave." for another two years. In 1932 Dad bought two acres from Henri Flouquet. The story behind this was that Flouquet took a shine to a crystal radio that Dad had in his possession, so they swapped two acres of land for the crystal radio with \$5.00 thrown in to boot for Dad!

Dad, along with my uncle Bill Godwin, built our house on the acreage in 1933. They built it out of rough lumber (no two boards the same thickness) and many rolls of boxcar paper for insulation. Dad would tack one end of the roll on the house and walk along the sides until the rolls were done; then later they would cut out the windows and doors. Inside they lined the walls with laths and Sam Alberts came and plastered them — so smooth you would think it was plasterboard. The house is now in the process of being torn down. I was born in one of the bedrooms.

Dad bought grain for a few years then quit in 1938 and decided to do something else. While he was in the grain business, during the slack times he would go with the paint crew throughout Alberta and Saskatchewan fixing and painting elevators. He enjoyed this and even in his later years, he could wield a paint brush quicker than I could.

In the summer of 1938 he packed up Mom, Tunney and Mom's brother and sister, Bernard and Annie, into a home-made trailer and a Grey Dort car and headed for the West Coast. They had sold most of their furniture and rented the house to Mr. Chegwyn, who had taken over the elevator. They had travelled through B.C. and the upper part of the States for a few months but when hearsay became fact that every-



Norman Cochrane, 1928.

one else was looking for a job, they turned around and came back to Fawcett that fall.

Dad went into trucking with a 1932 1½ ton Model B Ford. This proved too small for custom hauling so he traded it in and bought a two ton G.M.C. in late 1938. He hauled everything that was moveable near and far in the area. He would tell of the time when he made trips to Westlock and take moonshine there for different homesteaders around Fawcett and drop it off at various places. One trip he brought a man back to Fawcett who said he wanted to look for a homestead. Dad told him of different homesteads that were up for sale and also that if the man wanted a ride back to Westlock that Dad was going in a couple of days. A couple of days passed and the man was waiting at Kaliel's store for a ride. In the meantime Dad had picked up a load of grain for some farmers out east and some moonshine. The man asked Dad a lot of questions about moonshine and if there was any activity in the area. Of course Dad acted innocent and told him there wasn't any. He also told the man that if he was thinking of coming in this area that if he started a still that he would do all right. Dad found out before they got to Westlock that the man wasn't interested in starting a still as he was a Revenue agent. Little did the man know he was riding on a load of moonshine! Often Dad told about that incident and still got a chuckle out of it.

Dad had many vehicles in his time, starting with the grey Dort and 1932 1½ ton Model B Ford. One vehicle that remained very vivid in his mind was the first brand new truck he had ever bought — 1943 Fargo which he ended up putting in the Pembina River! He had travelled the ice and broke through with a load of grain on the truck. With a lot of help from his friends they unloaded the grain and man-



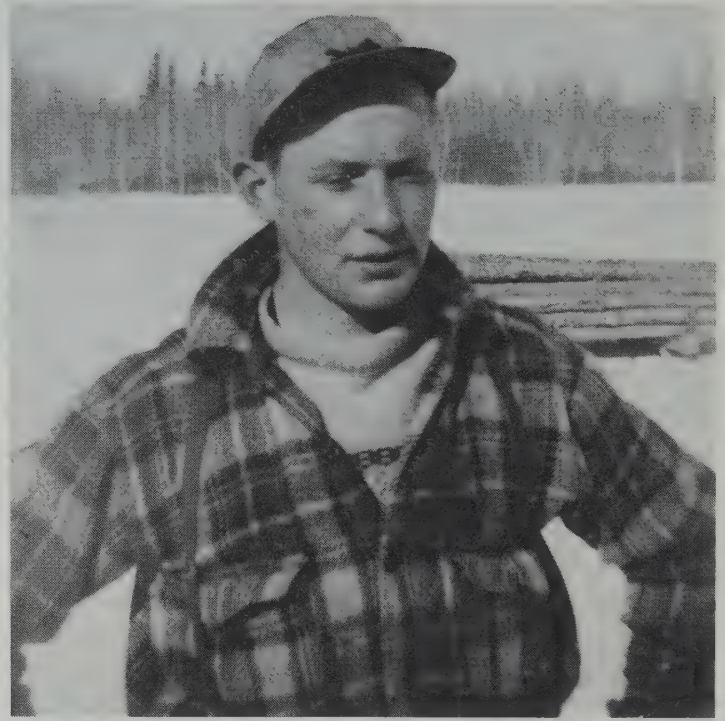
Norman Cochrane's truck in the Pembina.

aged to retrieve the truck before it went under the ice completely.

In the early '40s dad became friends with Dick Ponting of Westlock. They bought trucks and started to haul bulk fuel for Maple Leaf Petroleum in 1946. Tunney was old enough to drive then so he hauled out of Edmonton and sometimes from Calgary.

Dad started an agency for Maple Leaf in Fawcett in August, 1946. They built a warehouse for the drums of gas and oil. Those years it wasn't very busy like it is today as there wasn't the amount of machinery around. I remember Dad telling me about him and Vic Yancey, who was the Imperial agent, sitting in the Co-op store and waiting for someone to phone in an order. If they were gone somewhere Mrs. Watt would take their messages for them. The gas was sold by the barrels. Dad also sold machinery for Frank Merriweather of Westlock for many years.

Maple Leaf Petroleum was bought out by UFA Co-operative in January, 1957. UFA then put in underground tanks, meters and bought an office. I can remember many barrels of gas being sold that had to be filled and weighed. You used to pump it by hand in the winter and use a motor on the pump in the summer; the old pump is still here in the garage. A



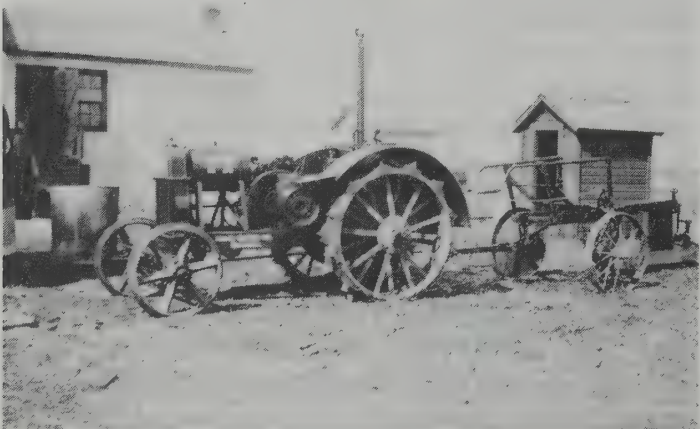
Tunney Cochrane, 1948.

barrel of tractor gas sold for \$9.90, today it sells for \$35.24 — 25 years difference. The bulk business was Dad's life right up to August, 1976.

On January 1, 1949 Tunney, at the young age of 21, died a tragic death of asphyxiation along with Annie Niawchuk. There are many today who remember Tunney being of the same disposition as Dad. (I was three years old at the time of Tunney's death.)

Throughout his years Dad was well-known for his love of sports; curling was one of them which he did every winter while the curling rink operated. He went to the hockey games when the teams played here and would look after the penalty box. He seldom missed a baseball game: from when Dalton Harper played, right up to watching (with much amusement) his grandson, Michael play little league. Dad was a good friend to all; everyone recalls him giving candies to the children and telling their parents to send him the dental bill. He was always known for his big Irish smile and never failing to have a joke to tell. There were not too many St Patrick's Days that passed without a wee bit of cheer being exchanged at the oil shed. Dad took part in all the community affairs and helped build on all community buildings. He belonged to the Masonic Lodge at Westlock of which he became a life member.

At one time he had a homestead out across the river which he let go as he did not want to live on it. This was bought from Harry Burchette by Harry Hutchison. It is now owned by Richard Cochrane (no relation).



An Oliver tractor and breaking plow sold by Norman Cochrane, Searle agent.

Mom passed away on August 22, 1974 at the age of 63. She fought a long battle with cancer and lost.

Dad went back to Ireland twice, once in the winter of 1961 and again in May of 1975, but to him Fawcett was always home. Dad passed away on Sept. 1, 1976 from lung cancer. Both of my parents and brother are buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Fawcett.

Uncle Bill Godwin many a time used to say I was one of the genuine 3B'ers — bred, born and brought up, of Fawcett. I started school in 1952 in the basement of the High School. When I was in Gr. 3 the new school burned down on Valentine's night and we were transferred to the repeater station. From there I went to Grades 4, 5 and 6 at the old school that is now owned by Bud Kaliel. We moved back to the present school and I stayed until grade eleven when the lure of money looked better than books.

I went to work in seismic drilling and in the summer of 1965 I met Marianne on one of my seismic journeys to Sask.; her maiden name is Eby. She was in nursing at Red Deer in '65 and was home for her holidays when I met her. We have two children, Michael, the shadow of his grandfather, and Charlotte, the apple of her grandmother's eye.

I quit the oilfield business and moved back to



Charlotte and Michael Cochrane, 1973.

Fawcett to join Dad in the bulk fuel business in September, 1969. I still run the agency and have a school bus route — Chain to Fawcett. Both Marianne and I are involved in the different community clubs. We live today in a new home on that great little acreage that was bought with a crystal radio and \$5.00 thrown in!

My roots started here in this hamlet and I guess, they will end here too.

The Cole Family

written by E. Boyd

John Cole, his wife, Pearl and son, Arthur, came to Fawcett from the Vermillion district, April 1, 1938. They rented the Dad Tyerman farm which was NW ¼-Sec. 33-T63-R1-W5. While living on this farm, they bought the land, SE ¼-Sec. 8-T64-R1-W5 from Roy MacLachlan. They built a new house on this place and moved on it the spring of 1944.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole's oldest son, Joe, stayed at Vermillion for a year then moved to Fawcett, the fall of 1939. He and his brother, Arthur, worked for Sam McCann the winter of 1939-40, in a lumber camp at the Athabasca River. Joe enlisted with the Edmonton Fusiliers, the fall of 1940, and was stationed at Nanamio, B.C. Joe was shipped north of Kiska Island, part of the Aleutian Island chain and served with the American Army. When Joe was discharged from the Army, he married and lived in Edmonton.

Art stayed and farmed with his parents, putting up the necessary buildings. Art turned out to be a good carpenter and built several buildings around Fawcett. He and his brother, Joe, built Henry Wagner's pool hall and barber shop. Art helped build a new barn for Jim MacLachlan. One of the last buildings he built at Fawcett was the new home for Avalt and Barbara Hensch.

John Cole passed away, Nov. 8, 1952, at his home in Fawcett and is buried in the Westlock cemetery.



Jack and Marianne Cochrane, 1967.



John Cole and George Birosh sawing lumber.

Art farmed for a few years then rented the land out. He and his mother still lived on the farm and Art did carpenter work at Westlock and surrounding districts. Art and Joe built two homes in East Glen, division of the town of Westlock. They sold one of these and kept one for Art and his mother. In 1973, they rented and then sold their farm to Robert and Anna Kaliel, then moved to their home in Westlock in April.

Mrs. Cole wasn't to be retired for very long. After a lifetime of work, she passed away on Aug. 27, 1973 and laid to rest beside her husband. Pearl Cole was an accomplished piano player. We and other people went to visit her many times in the evening. She dearly loved company and to play the piano for her company, with them singing hymns and other songs. Mrs. Cole grew a wonderful garden and every year raised a flock of turkeys and chickens.

Art sold the house in Westlock, after his mother's passing and bought a mobile home. He continued doing carpenter work until the fall of 1977 when his health failed. He spent some time in the Immaculata Hospital and the Auxiliary. He is now 65 years of age and at the time of this writing, he now resides in the Pembina Lodge in Westlock.

Pete Czekanski

written by Betty Kerik

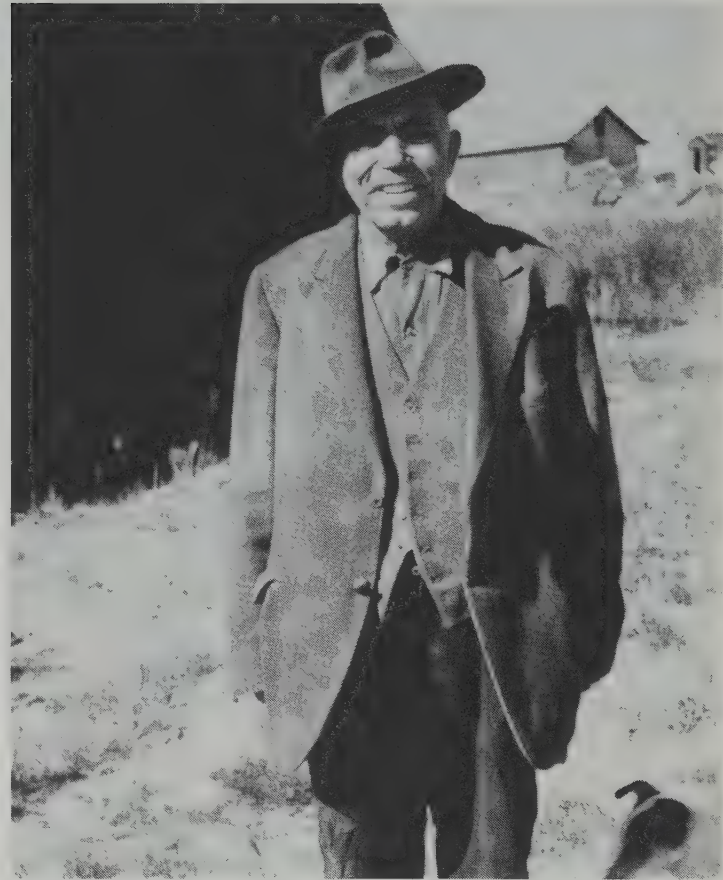
When Jack and I came back from Bashaw in the spring of 1934, Pete was already in the French Creek district and our closest neighbor at the time.

Pete was a harness maker by trade and used to travel from home to Javie, Fawcett and Flatbush to mend harnesses for farmers.

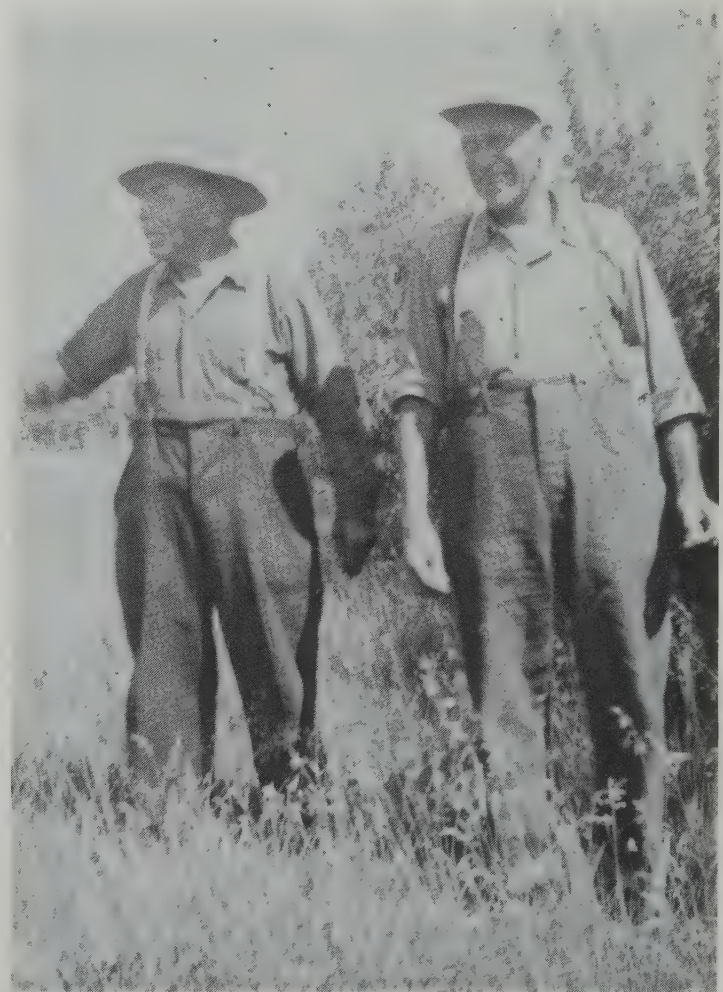
As his last name seemed hard to pronounce he was better known as 'Pete the Harness-maker'.

There are many stories told about Pete which will not be forgotten. He had come from Poland and had a hard time getting used to the Canadian ways. One of the stories sticks in my mind even today.

One early morning he had come over to our place



Peter Czekanski.



Pete Czekanski and Gunnar Thorlefson, 1952.

and Jack could see that something was bothering him. So Jack asked him what the problem was. Pete proceeded to tell him.

"Holy Gosh! Holy Gosh, I holded the hands and danced with the Jesus last night". So Jack asked what he meant by this and he replied, "I have it a rash on my body which is ringle worms and my neighbor (A bachelor) told to me to put on some mustard ointment. I put it on and danced with the Jesus all of the night".

We did what we could to ease his misery, got some coffee and food into the poor man and saw him off to his home.

This poor man had other tricks pulled on him as he was a trusting man and never distrusted anyone in that way.

He spent the last ten or twelve years of his life on a fraction of land across the river from Fawcett. Then, finally he lived a year or two right in the hamlet of Fawcett. He was sent to the hospital in Athabasca where he passed away.

Charlie Davison

written by E. Boyd

Charlie Davison left his wife and family in San Fransisco and came to Fawcett about 1914 or 1915. He homesteaded the NE4-64-1-W5 and built his buildings in the centre of the quarter. Charlie was an Irishman and a fiery one at that; he had quite a temper.

In the '20s Charlie had a housekeepr by the name of Mrs. Gosling. She had two grown sons who stayed part of the time with them. They were Alfred and Charlie Gosling.

Charlie Davison got a few acres under cultivation, enough to get his title. He sold the place to John L. Pumphrey about 1927. After selling the place, he bought SW21-64-1-W5 from Fank Hellerstad. He built a few out buildings and a house. French Greek ran across the corner of the place. A bridge was built on the creek and the road went in to his buildings from the south-east corner.

Charlie wasn't a very big man but had been a ball player and a boxer in his younger days.

He raised a few sheep, kept a cow or two and had a team of horses. Charlie farmed there until 1932 when he sold to Ernie Baldry. Charlie went to Vancouver where he passed away at the age of 86 years, around 1960.

Joseph Dawkins

Joseph Dawkins was born in England and served in the Boer War in South Africa. After the Boer War, he came to Canada and worked for awhile at Gib-



Joe Dawkins at the west ferry house.

bons, Alta. Later he moved to Legal where he did some farming.

At Fawcett, on June 14, 1915 Joe homesteaded NW¼-Sec. 17-T64-R1-W5, getting his title September 29, 1919. On October 31, 1929 Joe filed on NE¼, SE¼, and SW¼ of Sec. 29-T64-R1-W5. He got his patent on the three quarters December 7, 1933.

Joe farmed until his brother-in-law, Jim Russell, came back to Canada and started farming again. Joe's home was a stopping place for younger men that came to the district. I remember Clarence Whitelock stayed with Joe, along with his big St. Bernard dog. Bob Robinson and his two hounds, Turk and Lady, stayed there too. Uncle Herb Bell thought of Joe as "Uncle" as long as Joe lived. Joe was a blacksmith of sorts; he could pound plow shares. I recall a high windlass in the yard that was used for butchering or lifting heavy things.

The west ferry was put into service about the time the Russells returned to Fawcett. Joe took over the running of the ferry the year it went into operation and was the ferryman for about twenty years. The government supplied a very nice little cottage. Joe kept the cottage and the yard spotless. He caught fish in the river and smoked them, a real treat as he usually gave them to his friends. I remember my mother cooking some of these fish with a white sauce. My, they were good!

There usually was a picnic of some kind or another, every Sunday at the Dawkin's ferry, a nice place to swim with the ferry to jump or dive off. Some Sundays, a bunch of us would buy an eight gallon keg of beer, two or three pounds of cheese and some crackers and then gather at the Dawkin's ferry. Joe enjoyed these Sundays too.

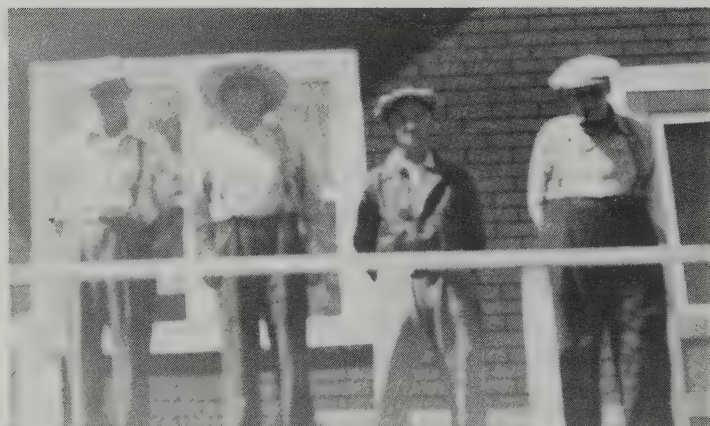
In 1945 Joe retired from the ferry as he was ready for his old age pension. His cousin, William Stret-



Herb Bell and Joe Dawkins with a fish, caught at the west ferry.

ton, came to live with him. They lived on the Floystadt place which is now owned by William Clark. Then they bought a partly built house near the nurse's cottage and finished building the house themselves. In just a year or two, Joe took sick, he went to different doctors but didn't get much help.

Dan Llewellyn, an old friend of Joe's, came to take care of him in his last years. Joe had arthritis quite badly and was confined to his bed the last two years of his life. Dan took wonderful care of Joe; cooked his meals, even fed him the last while and did the housekeeping. The house and beds were as clean as if a woman was there. Joe appreciated his friend's help and when he passed away, he left the house to Dan Llewellyn.



Harry McCann, Joe Dawkins, Dan Llewellyn and Bill Stretton.

Joe passed away May 1, 1954 at the age of 82. Dan stayed on and took care of Joe's cousin, Bill Stretton, until he took sick and passed away in an Edmonton hospital. Dan lived another nine years, passing away on May 24, 1963. Joe and Dan are both buried in the Fawcett Cemetery, as is Dan's brother, Bill Llewellyn.

Deray, Jules and Louise by Joan Dunford

Jules and Louise Deray were one of the early homesteaders who settled in the Fawcett area during the early 1900's. They emigrated from Montby, France in 1911. Whatever their reason for leaving France and breaking familiar family ties, one can only speculate. It was said that one of the reasons they decided to come to Canada was because Jules came from a large family and when the land was being divided among the sons, Jules, being one of the youngest, didn't get a very large portion of land. Perhaps at the time "free land" in Canada was something widely publicized. A whole quarter of land available for anyone who wanted to work for it looked very attractive. Their family could have a better opportunity in life. At this time Jules and Louise already had a growing family. There were three girls, Aline, Marie, Elise, and one son, Julian. Three more sons were born in France, but died in infancy.

Not much is known now about how Jules earned a livelihood in France. He was raised on a farm and the official documents that he possessed stated his profession as a "cultivator", so he must have earned his livelihood basically as a farmer. During his time in the French army he became a Corporal. At one time he also taught school.

When they left France in the spring of 1911 Jules



Louise and Jules Deray with children, Aline, Julian, Marie and Elise in France, 1911.

was 31 and Louise 29. Aline was 7, Marie 6, Elise 5, and Julian 4. It was probably heartbreaking for them to leave behind their families and those three little graves. Both of them knew well enough in the back of their minds that they would never return and they'd never see their home land or loved ones again. However, they didn't look back for long. They set their eyes on this new land called "Canada" and became determined to make it their home.

After arriving in Montreal they stayed there for a month or two. The language and people were familiar to them and they probably felt quite comfortable. However, eastern Canada was already quite thickly populated at this time and city life was not what they were looking for. There was the west, the wide open spaces and land, beckoning them. They left Montreal and arrived in St. Boniface, Manitoba in the fall of 1911. It's not known exactly how long they stayed there. They must have stayed at least through the winter of 1911-12. After Winnipeg they moved west once again, this time to Edmonton. Louise secured a job in order to support the family while Jules went scouting for land. It seems that Jules had become acquainted with three other French men in Edmonton by the names of Devin, Accaris, and Flouquet. Apparently they knew of a French settlement about a hundred miles north of Edmonton known at that time as French Creek. Jules went there with them to look for land. He must have liked what he saw because he made a claim on a quarter just south of where the town is today and this was where he and Louise lived for the rest of their lives. According to the homestead file, Jules applied for his quarter of land on August 9, 1913. At this time his address was still given as Edmonton. Jules then went on to Fawcett. The homestead file also states he had a log house built by Feb. 20, 1914, and that was the date that he "commenced

actual residence". It's also interesting to note that Louise and the children were also listed as a resident of the land on the same date. It's not exactly known when Louise and the children joined Jules in Fawcett. If they stayed with him during the winter of 1913-14 they were probably living with friends because the house wasn't completed until almost the end of the winter.

Fawcett, at that time probably wasn't a very friendly looking place, especially for women and children. There was really nothing in the way of a town. There were no stores, no church, no school, and the nearest hospital was in Edmonton. Edmonton was probably a two day journey on the train at that time. It's not known exactly when Fawcett got rail service. According to N.A.R.'s files the railroad (then known as the Edmonton Dunvegan and B.C. Railway) was built as far as Smith by the end of 1913. The exact date it came through Fawcett is not known. The line was "officially" put into use on March 27, 1915 but it is not known whether the passenger service was authorized to be carried before that date. Probably by the winter of 1913-14 there was at least freight service. At this time the rail service would have been a very significant event in this town. It was about the only contact they had with the outside world.

No doubt Louise and perhaps even Julian had second thoughts about living in a place like this with four small children. However, if Louise was slightly discouraged at that time it probably wasn't for long. She worked just as hard as Jules making a home for themselves and a place for their children in this new country. For many years they didn't have much. Sometimes there was a shortage of food through the winter but everyone was in the same boat so they didn't feel so bad. According to the homestead file Jules started out with one cow in 1915 and by 1918 he had seven cattle. During this time they never had any horses or hogs. In 1914 he broke and cropped one acre and by 1918 he had broke 19 acres and cropped 16. It was a very slow process in those days.

Jules obviously didn't intend to have his family living in a rough, little log cabin all their lives. He built a 3 storey house. It was a grand looking house. He finished building it before 1919. Their home was always open to company. They sometimes took in school teachers to board at their place. Louise had a reputation for being a fine cook. Eating Christmas dinner at their place was an experience one would not forget. When the food was abundant, the spread she put on at Christmas was nothing less than a feast. Wine accompanied every meal.

Jules was also talented in many respects. Besides being a farmer he was also adequate in a great many



Mr. Jules Deray and daughter, Aline.

other areas. At one time he was a steam engineer and he was also competent as a mason. He was more than competent as a carpenter. He was very gifted in that area, especially considering the limited tools that a carpenter had in those days. He built everything from furniture and houses to spinning wheels and violins. As for being a farmer he was as good as any at that time. By the time he was finished he cleared 125 acres on his quarter. By the early 1930's he owned a Wallace tractor. He also owned a 22" Case threshing machine with which he did custom threshing. Jules officially gained title to his land in the spring of 1920.

During the first ten years when they lived in Fawcett the family grew up fast. They all married and moved away from home, although three of them settled close to home. Helen was the only one who moved far away. She married a fellow by the name of Alrieke Peterson and eventually moved to B.C.

Marie married a returned soldier by the name of Roy MacLachlan. Roy originally came from Ontario but he grew up in Hardisty (central Alberta). They settled on Roy's place about one and a half miles south of Jules and Louise. They have four children: Laura, James, Eileen, and Imogene.

Alice married Henri Rochat. They settled just south of her parents on the same quarter. They had three children: Sonny, Elwood and Juanita. Henri and Alice were later divorced. Alice continued living in her little house until well after the children were grown up and moved away.

Julian married Gwen Moser. She was the daughter of English immigrants who settled in Fawcett. They had five children: Charles, Louise, Louis, Jeannie, and Helen.



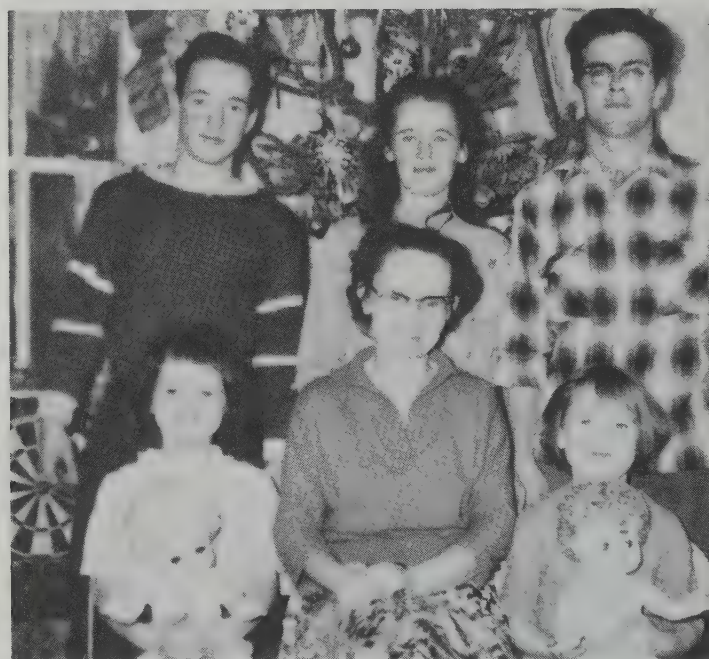
Julian Deray.

By this time of course Jules and Louise were known as Grandma and Grandpa Deray. They had 12 grandchildren.

Helen, who married Alrieke Peterson, predeceased her parents in 1939 at the early age of 36.



Alice Rochat, 1957.



Top Row: Lewis, Louise, Keith Kerik. Bottom Row: Jean, Gwen and Helen Deray.

She died in childbirth. Her body was sent back to Fawcett to be buried.

Louise passed away in 1950 at the age of 68. Jules followed her in 1954, dying at the age of 74. Julian died only two years later at the age of 48. His wife Gwen stayed in Fawcett until the children were grown up. Then she moved into Westlock.

Marie was the next member of the family to pass on. She died at the age of 65 in 1969. Her husband, Roy, still lives in their little house in Fawcett.

Alice, in her later years moved into the Pembina Lodge in Westlock. While in the Lodge she married a fellow by the name of Henry Mason. They were married for several years. She was predeceased by him and also by her daughter, Juanita, who died at the age of 25. Alice, the last remaining child in the Deray family died in '78 at the age of 73. Except for Juanita, all of Jules and Louise's grandchildren are living today.

Even though Jules and Louise are now gone and the children are also gone their story isn't finished. There is still much to be said for them. They were a definite asset to a young growing country. They contributed a rich heritage to this country. A lot of the carpenter work Jules did is still in existence. Many of the papers that Jules brought over from France and some that he acquired while he was in Canada are now possessions of the Provincial Archives. They are valued as some of the oldest papers existing in Alber-

ta. So even though they've been gone for 20 years their imprint is still here, even if it has faded with the years. After Grandpa Deray passed away an old neighbor and friend by the name of Herb Bell wrote an article about him. It was printed in the Westlock news. It was written not only to portray his impression of Jules but to express the feelings of all the friends and neighbors who knew Jules and Louise.



Mr. and Mrs. Jules Deray's home that he built himself.



Elise Rochat and father, Jules Deray.



Mr. and Mrs. Jules Deray and grandson, Charles.

To a man who was my neighbor, my friend. (contributed)

In the person of the late Jules Deray, Sr., who passed away on June 24, 1954, in his 74th year, the district of Fawcett, Alberta, has lost one more link with its early history.

Jules Deray's sudden death in the Westlock hospital was a sad shock to all in the area, for those who knew him as a near neighbor, had seldom known him to be in anything but robust health.

Mr. Deray, together with his wife, who preceeded him by four years to that other shore, and their four small children, emigrated from France in 1911.

Some months were spent in Winnipeg and more in Edmonton. But in 1913 the call of the soil, which down through the ages the sons of France have heeded, beckoned. Fawcett is now the richer for that heeding.

Like many of his countrymen he loved the simple life: walks in his fields, a chat with a neighbor over their line fence, a love for birds, trees and flowers coupled with the above his deep and abiding faith in his fellow man gave to his life a serenity that was good to look on.

By trade he was a builder, aye, more than a builder; one might say almost a genius in shaping wood, be it a moulding made out of a rough slab or some intricate design for home furnishing.

Our neighbor has passed on to better his handiwork in other spheres, but for us who remain in this vale for a time, and who knew him well, his work and ways will not soon be forgotten.

Henry Devin

written by E. Boyd

In 1913 Henry Devin came to French Creek looking for land to homestead. He decided on SW10-64-1-W5. He walked back to Clyde, then to



Henry Devin, 1913.

Edmonton by train to file on his homestead. There were several French Families in Edmonton who wanted to try homesteading. Henry didn't have much trouble persuading them to come and look at land at French Creek. The families that came were the Derays, Flouquets, the Albert brothers, Alexis, Jean and Eugene Roy and Mrs. Alexander Buffy (who was Henry's sister). Henry Devin wanted them to come and start a little France with him.

Henry lived in a tent until he got a small shack built. He had brought a yoke of oxen with him when he came to stay. August Fauque told me in later years, that when Henry wanted his oxen he would call, "Come Pet, come Dock", and they would come home if they heard him call, even though they were a mile away.

On December 28, 1914 Henry's daughter Henriette, came from Edmonton by train to help her father on the homestead. She was fifteen years old. She told me that she carried their water from the creek which was more than a half mile north of them. She drove the oxen and helped her father break new land. Henriette stayed with her father until she was eighteen years old then returned to Edmonton to find easier work.

When our family moved to the quarter north of the Devin place in 1922, Henry was quite well established; he had a good log house, a fair sized log barn and some out buildings. He was a good carpenter; there is a kitchen cabinet in the August Fauque house that Henry built for them in 1922. He also did blacksmith work — he had sharpened a plow shear for my father. My father gave me a fifty cent piece to take to Henry for the shear sharpening. On the way across the field I was tossing the coin up and catching it



Henriette Devin on her 16th birthday, 1916.



Henry Devin with team of oxen.



Henriette Devin breaking land with oxen, 1915.

when it came down. The last toss up I didn't catch it and it dissappeared into the freshly worked land. I never did find it although I have looked many, many times.

Henry made a little moonshine and he and Frank Hellerstadt would have a party, now and then. Frank dearly loved a drink.

Henriette worked for a few years then married Charlie Moon. They kept an eating place in Edmonton for a while then moved to Mundare where they had a restaurant for several years. It was here that their first three children were born, a daughter and two sons. Henriette brought her children each summer for a week or two to visit Grandpa Devin.

I remember seeing a home made affair at Henry's one time that he used to thresh a few oats for his oxen. It was like a big hand wringer with square wooden pegs in both rollers. The top roller was stationery and the bottom had a crank on it. When he held some grain up to it with one hand and turned the crank with the other, lo and behold, down fell some oats.

I had a big wart on my knee when I was ten years old. My father took it off with caustic acid and the knee had a scab for quite a while. When I met Henry on the creek hill, he asked me what was the matter with my knee. Was I praying too much?

Henry Devin took sick early in 1929. I don't think he went to a hospital. I do remember, though, that he



Jules Deray and Henry Devin, whip-sawing, 1913.

died in his home on August 10, 1929 and was buried on August 13 in the Fawcett Cemetery.

For several years after her father's death, Henriette rented her father's farm to neighbors in the district. Sometime in the thirties she sold the farm to an old friend and neighbor, C. T. Miller. Carl and son, Herb, cleared and broke the rest of the quarter. The land is onwed now by Raymond and Betty Smith. This fall of 1980, Raymond cleared the west fence line of trees and brush and took up the old fence that Henry Devin had built all of sixty years ago. None of the buildings that Henry built are there now. I can look back through the years, and in memory can see the buildings just as they were.

Duesterhoeft Family

written by Hienz Duesterhoeft

Our family came from East Germany as refugees in 1949. I was the youngest of the family and had two brothers and six sisters. One sister remained in Germany where she later married and still lives today. One brother died in a boating accident near Winnipeg in 1964.

The political climate in Germany after the war was such that my parents, August and Wanda, decided to emigrate to Canada and made application to do so. When the German authorities found out, however, an order for arrest went out and we had to flee by night, so to speak. I was seven years old and so remember only fragments of the experience. I was in school that day when some neighbors came and spirited me away so I could join the rest of the family who had already left the village. Two or three of my sisters were in bed with some kind of grip and had to be helped by other friends when our father was suddenly warned of the planned police raid on our house.

The destination now was Berlin and then across the border to refugee camps in West Germany. Here long months were spent waiting for immigration papers to be finalized. Bulletin boards were checked daily to see if our name was on the sailing list. Finally

the day arrived. Including a stopover in France to embark more passengers, the Atlantic crossing took fourteen days. Our ship was the British White Star liner by the name of 'Scythia' and docked at Quebec City on June 21, 1949.

From here was the long train ride to Winnipeg, and after a few days stopover, on to Lloydminster, Sask. A sister of mother's and her family had sponsored us and loaned the money for the boat passage. Five weeks were spent here with father and the older family members seeking work but with little success. At this time an uncle from Westlock, Alta., Ludwig Lehmann, came to see us and encouraged father to go with him and try the Westlock area, which he did.

He found a job there working for district farmers; first Arnold Fischbuck and then Richard Schmidt. He also chanced to acquire a small ten acre farm at Rossington and the family was able to come from Sask. and settle in their new home. Later father worked with the Dept. of Highways on a truck crew and in 1958 he decided to get into farming.

A quarter section farm was available at Hazel Bluff which we rented for three years. Here we were able to build a small herd of cattle and obtain some well-used equipment to go it on our own.

In late summer of 1960 we drove up to a place called Fawcett to look for a farm. I had some cousins living there, Adolf Lehmann and Mrs. Herb Galasch. It seemed to me like a wilderness at first but we looked around anyway and decided on a place near the Pembina River. The location of these fractions was NE and SE6-64-1-W5 and was owned by Wm. A. and Maggie Bell. After extensive repairs to the house we moved to Fawcett in October, 1961.

I took over the farm from father after a year's time. In 1971 the adjoining quarter, SE7-64-1-W5 was bought from our neighbor and good friend, Paul Brenner. A great deal of hard work and many long hours were spent by the family in building up the farm but the rewards were many, especially in the number of good neighbors and friends we got to know during our time at Fawcett. We knew sadness too, however, when father passed away in February, 1978 at home during a severe blizzard.

In the spring of 1979 I finally decided to sell the farm and did so, with our farm auction on June 23 winding up our residence at Fawcett. I must comment that in the eighteen years living in the community we saw a large number of people come and go and also a great many changes taking place in the countryside. We like to think that we had just a small part in those changes before we moved to Salmon Arm, B.C.

Early Homesteading of 1932

written in first person by John and Rose Dul

(John) Boarding a ship at Gdansk (Danzig) early in March, 1930. Two hundred young men of Polish and Ukrainian descent, sailed to Canada to the port of Halifax.

I left my homeland, Poland from the Krakow region at the age of twenty-two. Just as soon as I stepped inside the ship, my stomach felt ill from the smell of the freshly painted boat and of sea fish. I could not eat for seven days as the food just came back up. As the rough sea rocked the boat up and down, I held onto the bed, which was bolted to the floor, so as not to fall off. When the ship had but a few hours to reach the shore, freshland air entered the ship then my stomach. So I had my first meal on the seventh day.

At Halifax, we all boarded a train and were dropped off in numbers of five to seven men at every railway station and were picked up by farmers. My stop and that of five others, was in Saskatchewan, but I cannot remember the railway station. It was cold inside the station so a couple of us went to the bush to pick some dry branches to start a fire in the station heater. There were also some split logs in the station that we used for the fire. The other fellows went to a small store and bought some bread, bologna and a little pot to make coffee in. We waited for more than seven hours before some farmers came and picked us up. I was taken by a farmer who had a family of seven. He spoke a little Polish and he told me that I would work for room and board. My job was to feed and brush the horses, clean the barn, and haul hay stacks to the barn.

In the evenings, neighbors would come to visit and play cards. I listened to them but I could not



Mr. and Mrs. John Dul.

understand their language. After a few days I began to catch onto some words that sounded a little like Polish. So I thought to myself, "Maybe they are speaking English and it will not be hard to learn".

One day as I took a long walk on the road, a farmer, hauling hay home caught up to me. He stopped and asked me if I would like a ride. I spoke a few words in Polish and found that this farmer was Polish. I asked him, "What language do the people speak where I work?" "They are Ukranians", he said. I told this farmer that I never heard that language before and thought it was English.

When I went to town with my farmer, I saw men on freight trains travelling to different places. I told the farmer that since the spring work is far off, I was going to see some friends in Edmonton. So off I went by freight train to Joe Maciuba's, a friend of mine and who left Poland two years earlier and often wrote to me.

I stayed at their place and looked for a job but there was none to be found. One day I met some young fellows who were working with shovels, leveling the river banks. Their pay was 25¢ a day. This had to cover room and board. I tried to find a job everywhere. I even went to a government official and asked if he could send me back to Poland. He refused and said that lack of work was not enough to deport me to Poland, and I had no money for a return ticket.

Soon warm spring weather came. My friend, Maciuba, and I were picked up by a farmer from Opal. His name was Fred Wozney. Our job was to clear 40 acres of land by axe and grubhoe with the help of a team of horses and his son, Joe. It took us six weeks to clear the land. This farmer also had a daughter named, Rose. She helped her mother milk cows, do all kinds of chores and do the cooking. Maciuba and I earned \$250.00.

We went back to Edmonton and started to search for a job again. We met some young men who told us that railway rail, ranging from 60 to 80 pounds in weight, had to be installed from Edmonton to Fawcett. Joe and I went to an agent to apply for the job. We also had to pay a few dollars to sign the application. A couple weeks later, the Northern Railway informed their men to come to work with the extra gang. When the rails were installed up to Fawcett, the extra gang moved to Height. From there a railway was built up to Dawson Creek, B.C. this job went on till January; then all the men came back. The pay was 25¢ an hour and we worked 10 hours a day, 90¢ was taken off each day for meals. When we came back to Edmonton, we stayed in a rooming house. We were paying \$15.00 a month rent.

Seeing that money was disappearing quite fast in the city, five of us decided to move out to a farm in

Waskataneau. There was an abandoned log cabin with two small windows and a roof covered with sod. We thought that we should be able to stick it out till springtime. We bought a couple of frying pans, some pots and cutlery. There was an old stove in the cabin left by the previous occupants. We bought some groceries and eggs; eggs were only 5¢ a dozen then. We had a .22 rifle and our only supply of food was prairie chickens. Sometimes a farmer would bring us milk and cream. In return we would saw him some firewood.

We were getting restless as there were no jobs to be found. Finally, after a few long discussions, we decided to make moonshine, as it was our only opportunity to make money. At that time everyone knew how to make moonshine and lots of farmers made it. It was quite a dangerous business and the penalty was \$250.00 or six months in jail. Understandably, homesteaders did not like to take the risks. Prisons in those day were not like they are now.

We knew some Polish and Ukranian homesteaders who encouraged us to make moonshine. They brought us various agricultural products in exchange for moonshine. For instance, we traded one gallon, which was worth \$5.00, for a half of a pig. We took the surplus, which could not be sold on the spot, to Edmonton by rail. Once I was travelling with two suitcases full. In one suitcase I had two and in the other, three gallons of moonshine. It was heavy as a rock. I was terribly afraid that a policeman might stop me, but luckily it did not happen. I already had a place where buyers collected the goods. They gave me \$25.00. I came back by freight with my fortune.

The police were suspicious of us and came around several times. We did not keep the moonshine at home. It was hidden in various places throughout the forest. The equipment, vessels and tubes were also kept in the forest. Once a policeman took us by surprise at 1:00 a.m. He was in civilian clothes and wanted to buy a bottle of moonshine for his sick wife. Luckily, I realized it was a trap.

Next winter, 1931-32, my two friends and I moved to a log cabin which we built. It was much warmer and more comfortable. Our moonshine was known in the neighborhood for its high quality. It was extra clear without any alloy. Unfortunately visits from the police became too frequent.

In the summer of 1931, the five of us cleared land for a Waskataneau farmer. He broke the land and we picked the roots. In return we got half of the crop grown in 1932. The farmer gave us pork, potatoes, milk, eggs and cream during our hard work clearing. But when the land was about three-quarters cleared, he began tapering off the food and we had to buy some of our own. The crop was sown in spring of '32

and looked very promising, but unfortunately frost came and that was it.

Eventually the boys were going to leave Waskataneau and I decided to go to Opal. I wrote a letter before harvest time to the farm I had worked for before and I decided to go for harvest. I had got a prompt answer saying that I could come. Having the girl in mind and recognizing her writing, I assumed she was still single.

I went by freight train to Redwater and walked to Fred Wozney's, as I did not write when I was coming. I started work the next day, stooking oats, as wheat and barley were just cut a couple weeks earlier waiting for dry weather to start threshing. The odd farm work was caught up in that time. Joe and I built one new hayrack and repaired the other. The dry weather arrived and two other farmers came with their teams of horses, a wagon and a hayrack. In return the threshing was done for them. The threshing machines could be seen over three miles away, harvesting the most they could while the weather was good.

The women did the chores, morning and night. They also cooked for the threshing crew. The farmer's daughter, Rose, brought lunch at 10:00 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. while the men took turns eating, she was either pitching sheaves on the hayrack or into the threshing machine. Then she would go home and pack wood to the cook stove and help her mother.

Now that the threshing was done, I helped with some plowing and cultivating. It was time for me to move on, but I liked Rose and we married in October, 1932. Her brother, Joe, and his wife, a neighbor and his wife, along with Rose and me, decided to look for a homestead. I knew of a couple of fellows that bought homesteads at Flatbush. The three of us men drove there by car then walked five miles to see what the homesteads looked like. We were very surprised at the heavy spruce trees, from 30 to 42 inches in diameter and the white poplars, up to 30 inches. The land was very level, no hills and it had a perfect name 'Flatbush'.

On December 6, 1932, Joe, Steve (our neighbor), I and all our wives started the trip with Joe's team. We packed the sleds with belongings, feed for the horses and a tent in case of bad weather. There were about six inches of snow on the ground and the weather was quite mild. The first night's stay was at Clyde, as we started early from Opal. The horses were put in the livery barn. The owner took us in and we slept on the floor. Our second night was at two bachelors' place near Pibroch and the third stop was two miles northeast of Flatbush, at a homesteaders. From here there was no road to reach the homestead, so the three of us men took axes and saws and made a trail from left to right for clearer, larger spaces. It took us two days to

make the five miles. Rose was baking bread and doughnuts during the two days. She gave the homesteader some. The supper was ready when we came from the trail clearing.

We left early to the homestead, made something to eat, shovelled snow off and set the tent up. We also had a small box heater which we put in the corner. The four of us slept like sardines in a tin. We were laying feet meeting feet and the closest one to the heater was pretty warm. In two days time, we built a small barn for the team of horses. We also built a one-sided roof shack from hewn logs. We packed the cracks with moss gathered from around the spruce trees. One bed was made of boards (that was for the newlyweds' real honeymoon). Joe and Steve spread some hay in one corner and that was their bed. Snow was melted in a tub for us and the horses. The next day we started to dig a well in a lower spot. We reached water at a depth of 14 feet. Some poles were cut and peeled and the cribbing was installed. The water was very good.

Now we started to build a house for Steve. Rose was to bring lunch for the three men. She followed the footprints through the dense forest and stopped to listen where we were working. After a one mile walk she got there with the lunch. Rose went back to start supper. Looking in the bread box, she saw that there was only three loaves of bread left. We only had a tin stove and no oven.

There was a neighbor 2½ miles away. Her husband was away working and she had a small boy. Rose went to see her and asked if she could bake bread in her oven. The neighbor said that she could use the stove. I sawed and split some more wood that Rose would need for baking bread. That night she made a batch of dough so it could rise during the night. In the morning it was ready to be punched and kneaded well. When it started to rise, Rose wrapped the pail with towels and stuck it in a bag with some bread pans. Rose went to the neighbor's and set the pail near the stove so the dough would rise, while she kept the lady company. She made four loaves which she then put in the oven. It took over an hour to bake them and a half an hour to cool so she could bring them home. While going back home Rose saw a big deer staring at her and it never moved. She yelled and clapped her hands; the deer jumped and ran away. Oh! what a relief it was, because Rose was really scared. Rose went to bake bread there three more times. Then we decided to make a clay oven inside the shack. We were going to make it big enough to hold four loaves of bread and a pan of cinnamon buns.

(Rose) Some clay was laid on the floor, some pieces 24 inches and some 8 inches, so the oven

would be 30 inches only. Some clay was mixed with water and then plastered 6 inches thick. Willows that were 1¾ inches in diameter and about 4 feet long were bent into a bow and then some heavy blocks were placed on them to shape the willows. About the fifth day, the 6 inches of clay was firm enough to stick the bows in it. Then the bows were plastered very thick from inside and outside. They were placed 3 inches apart to form the roof of the oven. The back had to have some straight, strong willows also, pushed into the solid clay. Then it was plastered from both sides so the clay would stick together. A 4 inch hole was left at the top back to transfer the pipe from the camp stove to the clay oven. The first time a small fire was made with a few sticks of wood to dry the clay faster. Then a week later I baked my first bread. The front opening was covered with a heavy tin. Some red hot coals had to be scraped to the front. Then the loaves were put in. The coals were spread evenly in a narrow row at the front. Then this front was covered with a heavy tin (Doorlike) to have enough heat to bake. One Sunday, I made apple pies, as John had gone to Flatbush and had asked some bachelor homesteaders to visit us. We called them neighbors, even though they lived about five or seven miles away. They were amazed at my clay oven, I offered them apple pie and tea.

(John) One homesteader told us that he was shooting squirrels. He sold the pelts for 5¢ a piece. I had a .22 gun and decided to do the same. I would go early in the morning, into the heavy spruce timber, and come home when darkness fell. I usually brought from 25 to 42 squirrels. My wife would have supper ready. After I rested for awhile, we would both skin the tiny animals. I would look for a nice, soft, white poplar and cut it into blocks, then split it real thin to make boards to slide the pelts onto, to dry. The pelts, when dry, were wrapped in paper and sent to Hudson Bay in Edmonton. One box of cartridges was 25¢, so I aimed well. The homesteader who told me about the squirrels, was called Steve. He got a job somewhere and asked if he could leave his cow with us. It was great help to have milk, cream, and cottage cheese for two months. We thanked him when he came to get his cow.

(Rose) On the first of May, 1933 my brother, Joe, Steve and their wives had arrived from Opal, bringing two team of horses each and wagons. There were 13 head of cattle, two cows to milk including our two heifers, that were to calf in June. They brought us two baby bulls which we later sold to the Flatbush storekeeper. We got \$10.00 for the bulls, so we bought flour and a few groceries. Joe brought a cook stove so the clay oven went out. For a few days there were seven of us in the shack — Joe, his wife and daughter,

Steve and his wife, and John and I. Soon Steve's house was finished, so we helped them move by using a trail that was cut through the bush in Dec., 1932.

(John) There was no problem with meat, as there were many moose and deer. I was always lucky in hunting and gave the meat to the neighbors. I also salted down some for Joe and us, as in the summer there was no way of storing it.

We broke a spot of soil for a small garden. We never thought we would grow lettuce, carrots, onions and tomatoes that were started in March on a new broken spring soil.

In summer, Joe and I cleared 4 acres of land. The big trees were grubhoed at the roots, then chopped with an axe. Sometimes the wind came at night and the trees would fall; others were pulled down by a team of horses. One of the men would climb quite high and tie a cable to the tree and then it would fall. The land was then broken and harrowed to get the roots picked. Then it was disked and left for the next spring to be seeded into oats for the horses. Joe helped me to get two acres of land broken in a lighter forest area.

In summer, Joe helped me saw some logs which I had hewn with an axe and we built a one room house. We couldn't move in until I came back late in the fall from Opal. I would help harvest and make a little money. I cleared the trees around the house to make the place look neat. Joe and I left for Opal, as Joe had still owned a farm there and he just rented it out.

I was working on a contract, stooking. I was paid 20¢ an acre. At threshing time, I was paid \$2.00 a day. We were away for three weeks. Then came rain, so Joe and I decided to catch a freight train to see our wives. It was a seven mile walk to Flatbush. My wife was expecting, so I made arrangements that she could stay at one lady's and the nurse from Fawcett could come deliver the baby. But the baby was born in the homestead house with my sister-in-law as midwife. Now it was harder for Josie to watch the cattle until Rose got well.

We had to make smudges for the cattle, from May till the end of fall. We would gather some dry branches and all kinds of pieces of wood to make a fire. We would then cover it with sod so the smoke would last all day and night. In the daytime we would put on more wood and sod. The cattle would go grazing in the forest and when the mosquitoes, bull flies and sand flies attacked, they came running to the smoke which discouraged the pests. The udders and stomachs of the cows would be dripping with blood, as the sand flies drill tiny holes to suck the blood. When we fed the cattle, the flies would leave and the blood would show. They also fed on human being

and horses. If a person sat down to rest or even if he walked, there would be hundred of insects on his arms and legs. There always had to be a pail of smudge near the door of the house to keep the flies away. There was no fence for the cattle, as trees would fall and break it down, so we had to listen to the bells to tell which way the cows went. On windy days the flies were blown away so the cattle would go farther away from the house to feed on the grass.

(Rose) One night, our dog was barking fiercely, so Josie and I went outside to see. The bell of our neighbor's cow could be heard off in the distance. The dog was barking in the fence where we had our pigs locked up. The next morning when Josie went to feed the pigs, she came back and said, "Rose, someone wanted to steal our pigs". We went out and saw tracks like human being's. I told her that I heard that bear's hind feet have the shape of a human's bare foot. What would a barefooted man be doing here? We had a 30-30 rifle, that a homesteader had left us, plus our own .22 rifle. John had taught me how to shoot the rifle and Josie knew how to handle the .22.

It was late in September and darkness fell early. We both went to bed and were awakened by the barking of our dog. We put our clothes on and went outside and listened. Then there was a loud squeal from one of the pigs. We picked up the guns and sneaked out to the log pen. There was a bear. It had grabbed the pig from the top and it was eating its' back. Josie shot aiming at the head and I took a shot a little behind aiming at the spine. Josie then turned and started running and lost her shoe. I ran quickly because it was the only bullet for the rifle.

The next morning, Josie took her rifle that had one shell left and I took an axe, but the bear was dead. The pig had about 25 pounds of its back eaten. The chunk of meat taken out of its back left a hole 4 inches long and 12 inches wide. The pig lived but it grew very slowly.

A neighbor, four miles away, came over to see if everything was all right. We told him that Josie and I had shot a bear. Later on we showed him the skin nailed to the wall on the log building where we stored different items.

Everyday it was getting colder. Josie and I sawed and split wood to keep the shack warm, waiting for the men to come home.

(John) One cold day, Rose and Josie saw us coming home from Opal; the harvest was finally finished. I brought 15 chickens and 2 geese from our aunt. We were all anxious to get the windows and door in our house. I bought a cookstove, a bed and other household things. We moved in and it was nice to be in our own home.

I went moose hunting and got one the first day.

We gave some meat to Steve and Joe. Then we went to buy some potatoes, carrots and onions at one of the homesteaders, who had been selling vegetables for years. The following year we had our own vegetables.

Next year, 4 families and 2 bachelors took up homesteads. Our cows were milking and we gave them milk every second day, but they had no money to pay for it. POOR WERE FEEDING POOR!

There were no jobs to be found anywhere, except to wait for harvest and bring a few dollars home. One harvest season, I got a job in Westlock. The threshing crew worked for quite a few farmers. I was away three weeks as they threshed every day, even if it was raining. There were not very many cars to catch a ride home with. The people always stopped if someone on the road needed a ride, but not anymore.

When winter came, I started to shoot squirrels again. I sold them to the storekeeper at Flatbush for 5¢ a pelt. In the winter, the snow was 4½ feet deep as it was hanging on the tall grass when the first trail was broken through. Rose always helped me skin squirrels. Sometimes we would be up till midnight, as the next day the pelts would have been too stiff and too hard to skin. We always managed to get groceries for the money. A pair of overalls cost \$1.25 and a 100 lb. bag of flour was \$2.25.

About three years later a couple of sawmills moved in. I could not get a job as they had their own workmen with them. I went from one sawmill camp to another and talked to the men. Some asked if a person could buy anything to drink anywhere. I promised that I could get it for them but it would take a little while. I decided to start production again. I produced some moonshine at home, on the kitchen stove. I had to do something to support my wife and two kids. There was no such thing as 'Welfare' in those times.

Once, I walked through the forest and on the sawdust stacks, left by the sawmills, I saw some tracks left by deer and spots where they slept overnight. This puzzled me. I kicked the sawdust and then touched it with my hand and found it quite warm. I began leaving the mash there to ferment, digging a hole deep enough to set the barrel in.

(Rose) People suffered much during the depression. We had neighbors who had only one pair of shoes for a family of five. Mothers made dresses for their girls from flour sacks. I made two coats for our small boys from woolen, green, Hudson Bay blankets. I sewed them by hand. From John's underwear, which had long legs, I made underwear for the boys. However, those times were when people felt closer towards each other than now. They were friendly and helped each other.

(John) It happened to me, too. The owner of the store in Flatbush, a German, lent me \$250.00 to buy horses. I later paid my debt with boards which Rose and I cut from the spruce logs. We would cut them very early in the morning while the children were sleeping. The owner of the store paid \$8.00 for a 1000 square feet. Now people don't stick together. Everyone grinds his own axe. The 1930's were a period of friendships among men. I have no bad memories from those times. Even from moonshining, I only had good memories, because my work was flawless.

Now we had our own horses and we bought heavy sleds to haul logs. We both went early in the morning, (it was dark yet) to saw some spruce trees down and then come in for breakfast. Rose would do her job in the house and then saw some fire wood. I would bring a dry log with a team of horses and the children would stand by the window and watch their mother work. One winter, the sawmill was only 2 miles away so it was easy to make a few trips a day. It was very hard work for me when my logs were to be sawed into boards. I had to carry the boards away, pile them, throw the slabs on the fire and shovel the sawdust pit out. Then I had to sell the boards and pay for the help.

In the summer time, we cleared 3 to 4 acres of land. We were looking for spots with less forest, but hardly any place could be found. I had to harness a team of horses very early in the morning to pull the heavy trees to one side, with a logging chain. When the sun rose the mosquitoes, sand flies and bull flies were sucking blood out of the horses and then they would have to be taken to the barn. Then I would clear up the branches and pile them up to burn. During the hot, July days, the logs were crackling and burning well. In 9 years on the homestead we cleared 27 acres of land.

(Rose) The government got some men and made 3 miles of road, where it was surveyed. These 3 miles were sawn and the stumps were about 3 feet high. During 5 years, the rain came pouring down, every third day. The road was just deep ruts, full of water and the higher places were muddy.

One spring, my brother, Joe, had to seed his own place at Opal by himself, as he did not rent it that year. His wife also went with him, to his sister's place, as she was expecting and it would be closer to the hospital. When the baby was born, Josie wrote a letter, asking us to come and pick her up at the Flatbush train. Before the train arrived, we bought 100 lbs. of flour, 100 lbs. of nails and 50 lbs. of groceries. Then we went to the station to wait for Josie and the baby son. Now, we had the wagon loaded with three adults, three children, aged from three to five years old, (not counting the baby).

We were on our way home; the road, two miles northeast of Flatbush, was quite good up to a bachelor's homestead. Then there was three miles of this new road that the men had made for the homesteaders to drive on with a team and wagon. We went for about a mile when the horses stopped. They were in muddy water up to their bellies and the wheels on the wagon could not be seen. John started to take the flour, the nails and groceries off the wagon and put them on the sawed stumps. He then took the three children off the wagon and set them on some stumps. We left Josie and the baby on the wagon.

We got a long poplar rail and pushed it under one wheel which was wedged deep between two roots and spun when the horses were ordered to pull. After several tries the horses finally pulled the wagon free. John and I were covered in mud. You can imagine what I looked like as they did not have slacks for women in those days. John drove about another thirty feet further from the muddy spot and then carried the children, flour, nails and groceries back to the wagon. When we got home, we carried two pails of water into the house, heated them up and then washed ourselves.

(John) We lived at Flatbush for nine years and we had 27 acres of land. We decided to sell our place and look for a farm. We found a part of 108 acres; the rest was cut off by the Pembina River, near Fawcett. We moved to Fawcett in November, 1940. Here we had 23 acres of land in 3 pieces. The spring of '41 was early and so we planned to sow 10 acres of wheat. We were promised to get our seed early but it was two weeks later that it arrived. It was still early enough to plant. The crop looked very promising but unfortunately, the frost came on the second of August and took it all. It could have been such a help, as wheat prices were picking up.

We cleared more land, that same year, by hand, grubhoe and axe. We pulled some trees down and the rest fell at night when the wind blew. We had the land broken by the man that bought our homestead. In 1943, we had 80 acres cleared and broken. In '44, all was sown in; some wheat, barley and oats.

(Rose) Our oldest son, Edward, walked to Fifth Meridian School, which was 3 miles away. Our other three sons, Henry, Ted and John, Jr. would be near us when we picked roots. About the first part of June in 1944, it rained for three days and the Pembina was raising fast. The creek behind the barn rose very high when the river backed up.

Johnny had made a raft but they were all told not to go near the creek. One day, Johnny and Ted asked me for some cups as they wanted to go pick wild strawberries near the house. John came home from

Fawcett and saw Johnny walking to the house, all wet and with his pants off. We asked, "Where is Ted?"

"On the raft," he answered. We both ran to the creek and there was Ted rolling his pant legs up. One of the trees that John had cut was laying across the creek and Ted figured he could climb across the tree to the bank. They both got their behinds warmed but good as they were warned not to go near there. They told us that they thought that they had heard voices and thought that Edward and Henry had missed school and were playing down by the creek.

(John) We lost more than half our crop by flood. such is life, always poor.

In February, 1945, Gladys was born. Finally those four brothers had a sister. She never lacked for attention or protection.

In 1948 and 1952 the river flooded our crop. Then the government had bulldozers straighten the twists in the banks. It helped unless the river rose higher. In 1947, we bought 90 acres more and the rest of the land that was cut off by the Pembina River. Then we bought 177 acres near Jarvie. There were 40 acres cleared and the rest was sown and rented to some other people. I had the heavy bush bulldozed on this place and had some help picking roots. We did farm work from morning to night.

We bought lots of agricultural machinery by this time. Finally we had a threshing machine. The boys were helping to thresh when they came home on weekends. Henry would bring home a friend with him to see how the farm was run. Some weekends it was dry enough to thresh, so he was interested in helping. Then a combine was bought and it was easier. But you still had to count on good weather. Ted decided to stay on the farm and he bought himself a quarter section nearby.

(Rose) Ted got married and had his own home in the yard with us. One year later, Gladys got married and always worked for the Bank of Montreal. She married a R.C.M.P. and no matter where her husband was transferred to, she always had this job. Our oldest son, Edward, after leaving the police force, bought his own farm at Fawcett and is married. Henry is married and lives in Sherwood Park and Johnny lives in Calgary.

(John) We decided to buy a home in May, 1968 and retired in the city of Edmonton. We often go to visit Ted and Edward. Since Ted lives on the farm we used to own, it's still like home to Rose and me.

Herman Ehmler **compiled by E. Boyd**

Herman and Chris Ehmler emmigrated from Hamburg, Germany to Edmonton, Alta. in 1912. Chris went to the States to be with other members of



Bill Kelm and Billy Joe Boyd, 1925.

his family, and Herman went to Dapp, Alta. and stayed with Joe Feldman for awhile.

Herman carried the mail from Dapp to Flatbush by pack horse before the railroad came through. Herman took a homestead at Flatbush and was section foreman for the railroad there in 1915 and 1916. He worked with C. T. Muller, who later homesteaded at Fawcett.

Herman built a store in Fawcett with the help of a partner named Andy. This store was built in 1918 and was situated just north of the tracks on the Jim Russell



Mr. and Mrs. Herman Ehmler.

place. He kept the store for two years and then sold it to R. G. Carlson and partner. Herman then joined his brothers south of the border for a few years.

Herman returned to Flatbush and in 1926 he married Gertrude Kelm. There were four children born to the Ehmlers; two sons and two daughters. Herman and Gertrude operated a cafe in the hamlet of Flatbush for twenty-two years. In 1953 Herman opened a meat market in Fawcett, and a year later this business moved to Flatbush.

Herman Ehmler passed away on Jan. 2, 1966. His wife, Gertrude and three of their children reside at Flatbush. One daughter lives in Edmonton.

The Adolf Eisner Family

written by Antonia Polzin

Dad was born in Ludvikufki, Russia in 1894. Lacking opportunity to attend school, he lived in Dubovetz for many years. He was called to the Army front lines in Turkey during World War I. He was wounded and was taken back to the Army hospital. After he recovered, he helped his father farm.

Mom (Lydia Wenzel) was born in Zhitomir, Russia in 1902. She also did not have the opportunity to attend school due to her mother's ailing health. Dur-



Mr. and Mrs. Eisner and Selma, in early '40s.



Adolf Eisner's farm, 1960.

ing the time that Dad was in the Army, Mom and her family were sent to Siberia. After the war, Mom and her family moved back to Dubovetz, where she and Dad met through a relative.

They were married in 1920 and lived in Dubovetz for six years, during which time four children were born; Arthur, born in 1922; Adeline, born in 1923; Ewald, born in 1924 and Arnold, born in 1926. Adeline died in infancy.

Mom and Dad began to immigrate to Canada in 1926 but were held up in England by bureaucratic red tape until 1927. During that time, Arnold died of pneumonia. In the spring of 1927 they arrived at Bruce, Alberta. As no employment was available, they moved to Neilburg, Sask. in 1927, where Dad worked for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He worked on a section crew for 23¢/hour. During this time, two daughters came into the family; Antonia, born in 1928 and Alma, born in 1930. Since C.P.R. employment was only temporary, the family filed for a homestead north of Fawcett on the NE¼-Sec.26-T65-R1-W5, on January 14, 1930. They moved onto the land on April 11, 1930. In those days, a quarter section could be obtained for homesteading for \$10.00.

The horses that Dad brought to the homestead died from swamp fever due to the heavy rains that year. Oxen were obtained and farming began in earnest. They cleared more land each year with the help of their children, but these were hard times. Relief was paid to the family, \$4.00/month, which had to be worked back, at a rate of 25¢/hour, by helping the government do road work. More money was worked off when a person worked with a team, so Dad tried as often as possible to work his team rather than do manual labor.

Two more children were born on the homestead; Eric, born in 1932 and Selma, born in 1935. By 1935, Dad and Mom realized a larger abode was required for the family and built a larger house with the help of their neighbors.

Dad took sick during the 30's and never recovered completely. He was admitted to the hospital from time to time. Mom and the family took to managing the mixed farming operations for many years. They raised hogs, sheep, geese, chickens, and milked cows by hand. Butter was churned and sold; cream was shipped to Edmonton via Northern Alberta Railway; blueberries and cranberries were picked, cleaned and sold for extra income to pay hospital bills and support the family.

Parties were the norm on the homesteads. Somebody always had a birthday or anniversary to celebrate, so there was usually a party every Saturday night. Complete with homemade moonshine, whis-



Two-man sawmill, E. Eisner and Adolf Eisner.

key, moose meat sandwiches and the ever-popular home town band, these parties were not easily forgotten.

Dad was always involved in church activities, being a member of the Church District Council, not only on the homestead but also back in Russia. He was also a trustee of the Blue Hill School Board for many years.

Art and Ewald took some of their education at the Clyde Lake School. It was the only school north of



Art Eisner with Ford which later was converted into a Bennett wagon.

Fawcett, so boys walked the four and a half miles each way until the Blue Hill School was built in 1937. Blue Hill School was only one and a half miles away but the children had to walk through the bush as no roads were built at that time in the area. All the other children attended Blue Hill school as well, but only during the winter. In spring, planting had to be done, and in the fall, the children were all needed on the homestead for harvesting.

Later Dad had added two adjoining quarter sections to the original homestead to increase the production of mixed farming. These were Sec. 25-T65-R1-W5 and Sec. 35-T65-R1-W5. By 1956 all the children had left home.

Arthur worked at farming in the Fawcett district, then tried his hand in lumber camps and oil fields. He married Martha Croy in 1943 and had two children, Lilly and Clifford. Arthur remarried in 1962 to Beverly Johnson and they have three daughters; Jessie, Barbara and Rosalie. Arthur and his family presently live in Brandon, Minnesota, U.S.A., where he owns his own welding operation.

Ewald worked at construction camps and tried welding after leaving the homestead. In 1958 he



Mr. and Mrs. A. Eisner and Clifford.



Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Eisner's 50th Wedding Anniversary. Top Row: Alice and Ed Eisner, Hazel and Eric Eisner, Alma and Gerhart Tober, Selma and Alan Tober. Middle Row: Antonia and Ervin Polzin, Mr. and Mrs. Eisner, Beverly and Art Eisner. Bottom Row: Lilly, Esther, Kenneth, Doris, Myrna, Caren, Lorne, Glenn, Lloyd, Barbara, Sherri Lyn, Dennis, Bruce, Rosalie and Jessie.

married Alice Gatski. Ewald presently works for Canada Post Office in Edmonton. They have no children.

Antonia married Ervin Polzin in 1952. They presently live in Edmonton and have three children, Esther, Doris, and Lorne.

Alma married a neighbor and school mate, Gerhart Tober, in 1955. They live in Slave Lake and have no children.

Eric began working with Northwestern Utilities, shortly after leaving the homestead and is still there. He married Hazel Sorvisto in 1954 and they have three children, Kenneth, Dennis and Sherri Lynn.

Selma married Allen Tober in 1955. They had five children, Myrna, Glenn, Caren, Bruce and Lloyd. In 1973 Selma remarried to Brock Alleman and lives in Lantzville, B.C.

From the winter of 1956 to the spring of 1957, Mom and Dad lived in Edmonton with me (Antonia) and my family. In the spring of 1957, they bought a house in Westlock, nearer to their old friends and acquaintances from the homestead area. There they lived until 1973. At that time an unfortunate mishap confined Dad to the Auxiliary Hospital in Westlock. Mom managed the house on her own up to the fall of 1977, when everything was auctioned and the house sold. She then moved into the Pembina Lodge in Westlock where she still lives.

After being admitted, numerous times, to the hospital, Dad passed away June 30, 1978. He was survived by his wife, six children, sixteen grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

The Elgert Family

written by E. G. Elgert

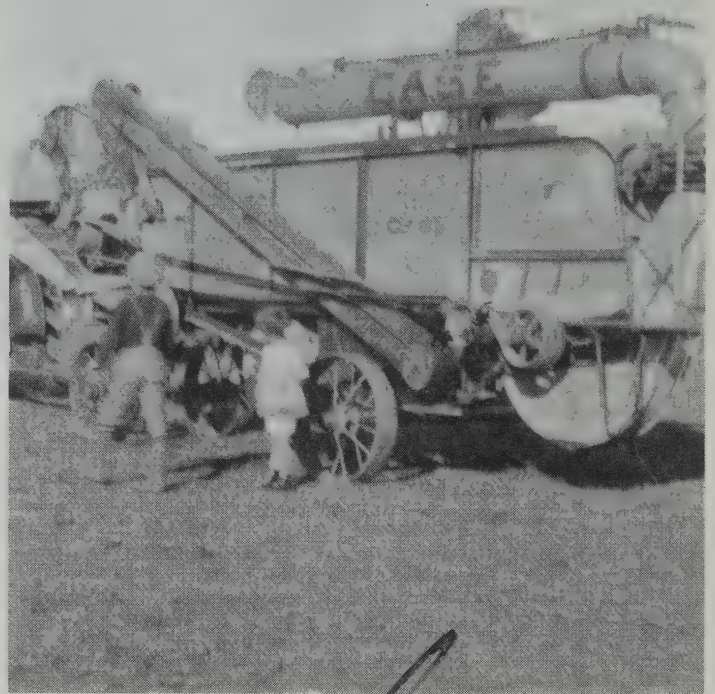
Edwin Paul Elgert (my grandfather) came to Edmonton from the province of Valienia in Russia around 1909, bringing with him his wife, Pauline (Sakawski), and seven children: Darius, Tilly, Edward, Alexander, August, Albert, and Paul. Grandfather was a blacksmith by trade.

They resided in the Richey area of Edmonton for many years. They first homesteaded at Athabina on SE34-65-2-W5 but later moved to homestead the NE31-65-1-W5. While clearing the homestead they also found work in sawmills, logging and tie camps.

Fred and Alma were later born at the Flatbush homestead.

My father, Edward, second oldest son, homesteaded NW16-65-1-W5 in 1920. While developing the homestead he and his brothers operated a sawmill. In the following years a tractor and threshing machine were purchased to do custom work in the surrounding areas.

In April, 1928 Dad married Vera Strach. They



First steel thresher owned by Ed and Dave Elgert, Sr.



Edward Elgert Sr. on threshing outfit, 1929.



Vera Elgert with turkey flock.

built their home on the NW16 the same year (it still stands today). Also at this time the SW21-65-1-W5 was homesteaded. The living came mostly from the land; meat was wild game. In the following years land was cleared, cattle purchased and in 1933 a large milking barn was built.

I was born in January, 1929. Next came Laura, Eleanor, Roland, Arnold, Rita, Evelyn, and Hildegard. We all attended Clyde Lake School.

On March 30, 1936 our father passed away in the Misericordia hospital of lung cancer and pneumonia.

After several years of Mother renting out the land, I took over in 1944 at the age of 15. I bought my first car, 1932 Chev, in 1948 with money earned at logging camps in winter months.

Our first tractor was purchased in 1950; the land was seeded to grain where it was possible and we still raised cattle.

In 1954 electricity came in and changed living styles. Mother kept large flocks of chickens, turkeys, geese, etc. We bought a deep freeze in '54 to keep produce from the large garden she raised.

I was involved with baseball and sports for many years; playing, managing and coaching.

On August 3, 1965 I married Norma Dowdell,



Edward Elgert Sr. with moose.



E. G. Elgert with his first car, 1932 Chev., 1948.



Edward Elgert Sr.'s farm and sawmill, 1928.

bringing Norma and her two children, Thomas James and Katherine Mae, to live at the farm. Our son, Aaron Edward Norman, was born on July 1, 1966.

Our first house was moved from Fawcett and we lived in it for three years. In 1967 we logged and sawed lumber for our new house which we completed in Nov., 1968.

In 1968 we ventured into a fertilizing dealership and used the old house for storage. We trucked our own fertilizer, mostly in bags. With the coming of telephone our business grew. We included the selling of Anhydrous ammonia. We became a limited company in March, 1978 under the name of Elgert Fertilizers Ltd.

Norma and I, along with Kathie and Aaron, are still living on the farm. Thomas lives in Calgary.

Our mother, Vera, now resides in the Auxiliary Hospital at Westlock. My sisters and brothers are all living in B.C. Laura, Eleanor, and Arnold are living in Vancouver; Rita and Hildegard are living at Surrey, Roland lives at Quesnell, and Evelyn lives at Grand Prairie, Alta.

Paul Elgert Family **written by Noel Elgert**

Paul and Pauline Elgert emigrated from Russia to Canada in 1909. Paul Elgert, Sr. settled in Edmonton and helped build Edmonton's first flour mill on the South side in 1909.

Paul homesteaded land west of the Pembina River at Flatbush in 1910 and went back to Edmonton for a few years. He let this homestead go and in 1915 he homesteaded NE31-65-1-W5.

Paul and Pauline lived at Flatbush and raised nine children: Darius, Tillie, Edward, Jessie, Alex, Albert, Paul Jr., Fred and Alma.

Darius was born in Volynia, Russia in 1899 and emigrated with his parents in 1909. Darius homesteaded SW16-65-1-W5 in 1923. (Noel T. Elgert is farming this land today).

Darius and his brother, Edward, helped build the



Paul Elgert Sr. family. Back Row: Alec, Edward, Darius and Tilly. Front Row: Paul Jr., Pauline, Jessie, Fred, Paul Sr., and Albert, 1916.

Lutheran church in Flatbush. Darius also helped build the Clyde Lake School on NW10-65-1-W5 in 1931.

The Elgert brothers bought a brand new, all-steel, 28 x 36 Case threshing machine and a new cross motor Case tractor in 1925; this was the first all-steel threshing machine in the Fawcett-Flatbush district. The threshing machine is still in the Elgert family.

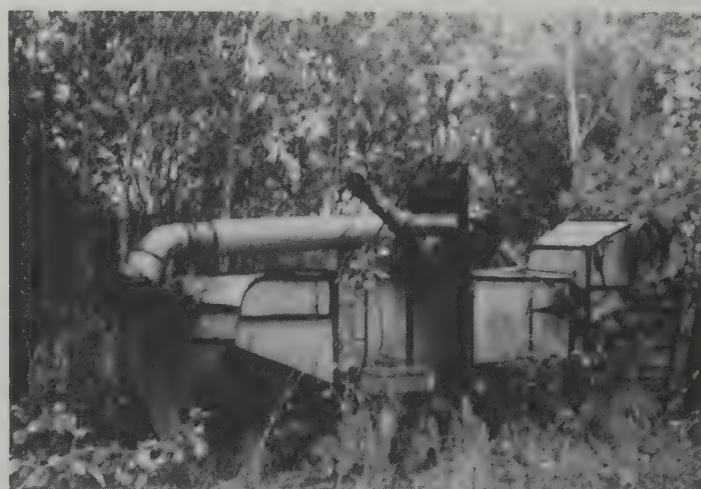
The outfit started threshing in the fall of 1925 with Darius — tractor man, and Edward — separator man. The threshing was done for several falls by Darius and Edward. After that Alex and Edward took the outfit out, and later, Paul Jr. and Edward.

Darius sawed lumber with the Case tractor near Frank Martin's farm in 1928. While working at a lumber complex at Canal Flats, B.C., Darius became engaged to Isobel Shaw and they were married at Yac, B.C. on Feb. 23, 1923. Isobel was born at Golden, B.C. On their return to Flatbush they settled on his homestead.

In the early '30's they moved to Chisholm where Darius worked on the building of the new sawmill in 1934 to '36, and the building of the box factory also.

Darius and Isobel raised five children, David, Edward M., Noel, Joyce, and Rodney.

Noel took the farm over in 1964. Noel married Lena Rozak on May 3, 1957. They have six children, Patricia, Lloyd, Linda, Wendy, and twins, Jeffrey and Shawn. They all attended Fawcett and Westlock Schools.



Elgert's steel separator.

Paul Elgert, Sr. passed away August 6, 1931 and is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery. Pauline passed away on Nov. 6, 1945 and is buried beside her husband.

Their son, Edward, passed away on March 28, 1936. Darius passed away on July 24, 1964. Alex passed away on Oct. 28, 1967.

Darius was predeceased by their youngest son, Rodney, on Feb. 23, 1960.

Martin and Anna Erbe

written by Elwood Boyd

Martin Erbe was born on Sept. 24, 1898 at Mannheim, West Germany. Anna Werner was born on June 5, 1902 at Oberhausen, West Germany. They were married on March 17, 1928 and came to Canada the same month. They came to Bienfate, Sask. where they worked for a farmer during spring work.

Anna stayed at the farm while Martin came to Fawcett to look at homesteads. He decided on SW32-63-1-W5, which he filed on June 18, 1928 and returned to Bienfate. There they worked until after harvest. Late that fall they came to Fawcett and rented a small house from Henry Gallasch.

Martin and Anna walked the five miles to their homestead that winter and built their first house. Martin worked the spring of 1929 for Harry Cannon, helping to saw lumber which he got for the roof of their home.



Funeral for baby Erbe, 1930.



Anna Erbe stooking grain.

Martin and Anna's first baby was born in March of 1930. They named him Wilhelm Henry. The baby passed away with pneumonia and was buried in the Fawcett cemetery on May 4, 1930.

On June 5, 1931 their second son, Oswald, was born.

Martin and Anna worked hard making a farm out of their homestead. Martin worked for Gerald Breadner several winters at the sawmill, also for



First homestead house, Martin and Anna Erbe.



Anna Erbe with her bicycle.

Rudy Zaumseil at sawmill work. He worked for a farmer west of Morinville different falls at harvest time.

Anna milked cows, shipped cream and bought herself a bicycle. She rode this bike for years to Fawcett to get the mail and what groceries she could carry on it. Sometimes she would ride to Fawcett with Arthur Blanchard, their neighbor to the north of them. Martin would tease her about her boy friend, Blanchard. 'All in fun'. Anna would get mad and stamp her feet.

They were good managers; they gradually improved their position in life. They bought the quarter to the east and when a countryman of theirs, John Holzle, sold, they bought his quarter. They also bought Bruno Frank's quarter giving them 640 acres

Martin and Anna flew back to their homeland twice, for two months visits. Both times they were happy to return to their home at Fawcett. The last 20 years of their life they lived quite comfortably. They had a new modern house built about 1960. They kept up with the times with half ton trucks, using each one about five years, selling it and buying a new one.

After a short illness, Anna passed away in her 75th year and was buried in the Fawcett cemetery on Oct. 26, 1977. Martin's health wasn't too good, in and out of the hospital, and passed away on Jan. 11, 1980. He was 82 years old at the time of his passing and is buried beside his Anna in the cemetery.

Oswald continues on where his father and mother left off. Second generation of the Erbes.



Martin and Anna Erbe.

Arthur Eyers

written by Chester Nelson

Art Eyers left the life at sea to join his sister, May Nelson at Ponoka, Alta. Due to lack of work in that area he joined Roy Nelson at Fawcett and helped to cut logs. He then decided to go homesteading.

Art worked for Jim Russell and the Llewellyn brothers. He stayed at Llewellyn's place until 1938 when he heard rumors of war in Europe. He decided to return to his native England. Later Art joined the British Army.

Art was a jovial and likeable fellow as most who knew him would attest.

Art married and had five children. He passed away in 1978.

(footnote by E. Boyd)

I believe that Art was an anti aircraft gunner during the war. My mother heard from Art during or just after the war and this is what he had told her.

We thought a lot of Art Eyers; he was a real nice person.

Barney Eymundson

written himself

I landed in Fawcett on April 19th, 1934, in company of the Joseph B. Key family. Joe and Valois left Benalto head of us. They came with two carloads of settlers' effects, which included livestock and machinery. I believe the freight charges were sixty dollars per carload from Benalto to Fawcett.

Berta Key drove the model "T" Ford coach, and I came with my 1928 model "A" Ford roadster. Roads were missing from Fawcett to the Czempke place; there were just wagon trails through the timber. The Keys had purchased the quarter from Carl Czmpke earlier.

I buried the model "A" in a mud hole about 200 yards from the Key's new home. That was the beginning of a month of cruising and looking over a new country.

I finally found a quarter of land that I liked with a lake on the west and a big muskeg on the area east and northeast. There was a small creek on the south side of the quarter. Upon examining the creek I found three old wood stoves which had been used for cooking mash and making moonshine. I always think of it in that regard and I think that "Moonshine Creek" would be a suitable name for it as it would remind people that the early settlers had more than one use for the water in the creek.

When I came to this area I had no working knowledge of timber. I had cut a few willows with an axe a few years previously. I had to ask questions about how to do the normal or routine things concerning timber, such as how to fall. However, the neighbours

were extremely helpful then and they have remained that way down through the years, making this an outstanding place for all those who have lived in the area.

In the early spring of 1935 I came up here with Bjorn Bjornson and helped him take out logs for his house. Due to unforeseen circumstances, he had to leave before my logs were started and of course, you guessed it, the Key youngsters helped me. We put up the four walls. The next step was to contact the local mill which was operated by Jack Little and Art Bray. They contracted to supply the lumber at \$2.50 per thousand, delivered and dry piled at my place. I came back in July and finished the roof on the house.

Verner George Sinclair came with me from Red Deer and we decided that a fire guard around the area would be in order, so we went to Jack Little's to get the fundamentals of how to grub out a tree explained to us. The following morning at 9 A.M. Verner and I started on an aspen with a fourteen inch trunk and by noon we had dug away and chopped off, all visible means of support from said tree. I said to Verner, "Let's have lunch", but Verner replied, "I am not going to eat until that such and such tree is down!" That aspen kept us waiting for lunch until 2:30 P.M. and by then it was still only partially down and we found that it was hung up on another big brute of a tree. I took a picture of Verner on the tree.

At this time you could have your clearing done for fifteen dollars per acre; the big trees grubbed and the limbs and brush piled. You may wonder why we were doing this ourselves. Well, not many people could afford the fifteen dollars. Also at that time axe handles were fifty cents, flour was from three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents per hundred pounds. Tobacco sold from fifty to sixty-five cents a half pound and wages were from one dollar to two dollars per day, if you were lucky enough to get a job.

Shana and I were married on June 1, 1936. After the wedding we came to the homestead. We left the model "A" at Keys, one mile south of us and we loaded Shana's trunk and baggage on a canvas canoe which was borrowed from Waldi Janhert. By so doing we had to carry the baggage only a quarter of a mile to the house. Mary Sinclair and her son, Norman, plus Willard Berry were staying with us at the time as they did not have a house on their quarter across the road.

Eventually I cleared a ten foot wide trail through the timber to Moonshine creek and then I left the car on the south side of the creek. Later, with the help of the neighbours we built a log crib bridge and that gave us access to the wagon trails leading to Fawcett. My knowledge of how to grub trees must have improved to some degree while I was clearing five acres

of timber east of the house. The grey soil there raised good wheat, twenty bushels per acre on breaking and twenty-one bushels the second year. Shana always had a very good garden and the potatoes grown in this soil are a quality potato. Before the 1938 fire there was an abundance of wild fruit in this area. One fall Mary Sinclair and Shana picked and canned raspberries till they ran out of sealers and then they made jam and preserved it in four pound jam cans. We gave raspberry jam to the neighbors the following spring.

Roy Newnham of Jarvie was the foreman for I.D. 107 and he came up to this area to authorize some clearing and widening of the wagon trails, which we did. We were paid with "Aberhard Script". When Shana and I went south that fall, I stopped at the service stations for gas and they would not accept the script for payment. Later that fall I found a general store that must have been overstocked with twelve gauge shotgun shells and I spent my Script on shotgun shells.

During the thirties there were quite a number of families who came out to the homestead areas and filed on a quarter of raw land. They were referred to as six hundred dollar men, as they received a voucher for six hundred dollars. Out of this they had to buy a team of horses, wagon, plow, mower, and a cow or two. In turn they signed an agreement guaranteeing that they would not move back to the city for a period of two years and the city ordinance required that a person had to have a two year continuous residence in the city to be eligible for relief. The relief paid to a family at that time (regardless of size) was eight dollars per month and a bachelor received five dollars per month. This was in the form of a voucher only. The recipients were expected to work on road projects for the department of Public Works during the summer months to pay off the relief. These same people had to learn to more or less live off the land and rely on wild meat, berries and fish. Some of them did very well, and a few stayed until the war broke out. All of them learned to live with, and respect the law of the land which is "Help thy neighbour", and they were all better people when they left this area even though it was plain hell at times.

Anybody who had fifty acres under cultivation was considered to be, more or less self-sufficient and classed as a big farmer. I think wheat was about a dollar a bushel at that time, 1935 and 1936. The wheat market was climbing out of its 1932 slump when Number One Northern went down to twenty-two cents per bushel. It still cost from eight to ten cents to thresh a bushel of wheat.

I think I should mention two of my neighbors who have passed on and have no relatives living in

this country, namely John Tisonic and Pete Czekenski.

John was a Czechoslovakian and before he came to Canada he was with a contraband smuggling gang. They operated on foot and at night. The smugglers were armed with automatic pistols and the border guards shot to kill; that was the reason John came to Canada. He found work in one of the northern Manitoba ore mines and was killed there about two years later. John Tisonic left the Fawcett area around 1937.

Pete Czekenski settled in southern Alberta before the first world war and his wife and two children were taken by the 1918 flu. Pete finally filed on a homestead in this area. He was a harness and shoe repair man by trade and used to go from place to place repairing shoes and harness and he guaranteed his work. His favourite saying was, "The leather, she wear out, but mine stitching, she stay." Pete decided that John's English was not the best and Pete explained to me, saying, "I teacha the John to speaka the good English." John, of course, went along with this because he was like the rest of us; he liked Pete very much. I did not notice any immediate improvement in John's English. Pete was not a woodsman. At one time he decided to cut a small willow bush in front of his house but he came out of there with a badly bruised face. The willow bush was still standing there defying Pete and his dull axe.

When I decided to become a part time farmer, I realized that a tractor would be more suitable for my purposes than horses. The result was that I traded my big Indian motorcycle to Ray Hide of Westlock for a Wallis tractor. I used this tractor for the field work and for cutting brush. The old tractor would still be in good working condition if I needed it.

Shana and I were blessed with three children; Harry Christian, born October 25, 1937; Thorel Charles, born April 29, 1941 and Juliana Jane, born August 24, 1945. Harry was killed in an industrial accident at Esterhazy, Saskatchewan on November 27, 1957.

Thorel married Nancy Loziak and they have two children, Helgie Harry and Brenda Lee.

Juliana married Maurice Bolduc and they have three children, Sheldon Jay, Janice Lynn and Monique Leslie.

I went to work for the department of Public Works as a grader operator in 1948. At that time there was no work after freeze up, and the wages were seventy cents per hour. In 1951-52 I took over as foreman for all of I.D 107. The south boundary included all of township 63 and the north boundary took in all of township 74. By that time we were called the Department of Highways (maintenance branch). I enjoyed the supervision of roads very

much, and the public relations could be challenging at times. Before I was retired in 1970 I checked on the miles constructed and it was over three hundred and fifty. I worked for three short construction seasons after I was retired, two of them on the new highways from Deer Mountain to Stone Creek in the Swan Hills.

It has been very interesting to see the changes and development that has taken place in this area over a period of forty years. This includes the amount of cultivated acreage and the roads which even reach the isolated farmers and cultivated acreages. In the thirties and forties it was possible to purchase adjoining fractional acreages of crown land for three dollars per acre.

In summing up, I have to say that this land has been good to us and we came to know the finest kind of people. All of it has been an unforgettable experience and I am happy to have had the pleasure of sharing it.

August Fauque written by Marie Deshoux.

Dad was born in March, 1892 at St. Oen, Paris, France. Mother was born in 1888 in Brittany, a district in western France. They were married April 27, 1910 in Paris by a Justice of the Peace. Later when they arrived in Edmonton, their Catholic friends told them they weren't married, so they got married for the second time in a Catholic Church.

Mom and dad came as immigrants to Canada in 1912. Dad was a butcher boy in Paris and Mom worked as a housekeeper for 'Madames'. When they landed in Quebec, they found work with a gardener at Chateau Gai for a few months. From there they came West to Edmonton and worked at odd jobs. Mom worked for Dr. Blais and Judge Dubuc, and also did babysitting. Dad worked on the MacDonald Hotel. When the war broke out in 1914, Dad enlisted in October with the Army in the 42nd Battalion. He went overseas as a dispatcher and cook.

Dad was on 'leave' when the Armistice was signed in 1918, for he had been sent home because of ill health.

I was six months old when Mom and Dad had left France. I was taken care of by a nanny. After the War Mom and Dad sent for me to come to Canada in 1919. The Red Cross took care of me on the ship where I celebrated my eighth birthday. I couldn't speak any English but different people looked out for me and I arrived by train at Fawcett with some family friends from Edmonton. Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Herb Bell were the only ones at the station as Dad had gone home to have supper.

Dad took a homestead at Fawcett after the War.



Mr. and Mrs. August Fauque and son, Peter, 1918.



Mrs. Fauque, Marie and Peter.

He took out a grant from the Soldier Settlement Board to buy a team of horses, a few cows and some machinery to help clear and break land for cultivating. It was slow work, all done by hand, axe and horses and was very hard, tiring work.

Dad sawed lumber for two or three winters, sold some and then built a frame house in 1922. In 1924 and '25 Dad cut logs on the homestead then had Paul Rochat Sr. come with his steam tractor and sawmill to saw the logs into lumber. The next winter they sawed lumber for Mr. Boyd and Mr. Bell on the John Pumphrey flat. When they were finished they moved the steamer and mill to our yard where it sat till the next fall. Then it was moved back to Paul Rochat's place.

Dad was the first ferryman on the Pembina River, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of our farmyard. It was a part-time job. Anyone wanting to cross the river would let out a war whoop and Dad would walk down and let them across the river. Sometimes I would walk down and run the ferry if Dad was busy at the time.



Mrs. August Fauque and son, Peter, 1915.



Blueberry pickers, 1921. Top Row: George Boyd, Jessie Boyd, Zelpha Boyd, Mrs. Jules Deray, August Fauque, Mrs. Fauque. Standing: Gaston Rochat, Julian Deray, Marie Deray, Alice Deray. Man behind Alice unknown.

I had a brother, Pierre, who was born in Edmonton in 1913. Pierre died in 1926 from complications after having the mumps. My other brother, Andre, was born in 1928 and lives on the farm at Fawcett.

Dad was active in community affairs. He served on the local School Board for a few years and on the Cemetery Board.

School started in Fawcett in the summer of 1922. Mr. Nielson was our first teacher, just for a couple of months that first year. Then I recall Mrs. Hundley, Miss Butler and Miss Carswell. In 1926 we had a full term of school and it seems to me our teacher was Miss Card. I like to believe that school was enjoyed by all of us; we had company our own age and lots of fun. Also it was away from the hard work of the farm.

The French Creek emptied into the Pembina River on our place and Dad would spend many a pleasant hour, throughout the years, fishing at the mouth of the creek. He was usually able to trap enough muskrats, each spring, on the creek and a small lake that was on the place, to pay our land taxes. Mom and I milked up to 25 cows by hand and shipped the cream.

In the early years, the government supplied a purebred bull to the districts that applied for one. This was to help homesteaders get started in better cattle. We had one for quite a few years, always a Shorthorn bull.



August Fauque and son, Andre, 1938.

Life was hard but we never went hungry; lots of wild life, wild berries that we picked by the pailsfull, a good garden, milk cows, pigs, and chickens. Those days were peaceful; it's all we knew, so we were happy clearing a few acres each year and literally working hard.

Mom passed away in 1967. Dad lived eleven years after that. He stayed in his home, doing his own cooking and looking after himself quite well. I married Pierre Deshoux in 1940 and live in Westlock. Pete and I would see Dad as often as possible. Dad passed away in 1978 at the age of 85.

* a footnote by Elwood Boyd

When Mr. and Mrs. Fauque's son, Peter, passed away, he was 13 years old and I was 10. We had gone to school together and were good friends. I seemed to take Peter's place in their hearts and was always most welcome at their home. I lived quite close to their place most of my life and enjoyed helping them. They were very good neighbors.

Mr. Fauque was the only person I have known, who could read with the radio playing. He would remember all that he read and everything that was said on radio. I don't know how he managed when he got his television set.

Mr. Fauque did his own farming until Andre got old enough to help. He still kept cattle until the time of his passing. His granddaughter helped some with the feeding and looking after the cattle.

The old house has been empty now for the last

two years. The only occupants are the mice and the memories. How many, many times I ate dinner or supper or both in that kitchen, at harvest time or wood sawing time. It seems odd not to see Mr. Fauque, with his pack sack on his back, walking down the road and into town for his groceries. But that is what makes memories and without them we would have nothing to think back on.

Fletcher Family

written by R. Fletcher

Richard Fletcher Sr. came to Canada from Scotland at the age of 23 years.

Vina Fletcher came to Canada from England when she was three years old.



Fletcher family, 1949. Vina, Richard, Dick holding Donald, Kenneth and Edward.



August Fauque, Mrs. Hiller and Herb Bell taken in front of Co-op store during Fawcett's Klondike Daze.



Harry McCann, Richard and Jean Fletcher holding Wesley, Earl Jones and Dick Fletcher.

Richard and Vina were married in Castor, Alberta in June, 1935. Vina had previously been married to Leonard Norris. Leonard had passed away leaving Vina to raise a young son, Raymond.

Richard moved his family to Fawcett in the spring of 1938. He worked for Jim Russell, John and Murdock MacGillivray doing odd jobs.

Dick (as he was known) started to work for the Northern Alberta Railway in May, 1942 and worked there until his passing in November, 1962.

To this family were born four sons and one stepson, Raymond Norris, Richard, Jr., Edward, Kenneth, and Donald. Richard, Jr. lives on the place that his father built. Edward lives at Linaria, and Ken lives at Prince George, B.C. Donald passed away in 1971.

Dad and Mother served on different boards in the community. Dad was caretaker of the curling rink. Mom was the janitor of the hall for quite a number of years.

Mother worked for a number of years for Ma and Herman Armstrong in their cafe and then worked for Elsie Carter at the Esso Cafe.

Mother passed away on September 27, 1975.

Henri and Clarisse Flouquet

by E. Boyd

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Flouquet were both born in France. The year of their marriage is not known. They immigrated to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada around 1910. In 1912 Henri and a friend, Claude Martinier, homesteaded the S.W. and N.W. 10-T64-R1-W5. There was a disagreement between them, so Mr. Flouquet let his quarter of land go and went back to Edmonton. He met Henry Devin in Edmonton and was persuaded to come back to Fawcett to homestead once again, this time with Henry Devin and Louis Accarias. So Henri returned and homesteaded the S.W.-16-T64-R1-W5 on August the 1st, 1912. It is said that Mr. Flouquet was a schoolteacher in France. They built their homestead buildings in the northwest corner of the place, just across the line from their friends from France, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Deray.

Mr. Flouquet was mail carrier in 1913. He walked to Dapp and carried the mail back to Fawcett, then known as French Creek.

In early December of 1914, the man looking after the store for August Hamel, was murdered in the store. Mrs. Hamel came from Edmonton on December 28th and put Henri Flouquet in charge of the store and post office. Mr. Flouquet was in charge of the store until it was sold in 1919 to Thomas Hundly.

Mr. Flouquet went back to farming and then built a store between his house and the road with living quarters at the back. He operated this store until he

built another store right in Fawcett about 1928. The building is still there although it is not in use. They ran this store until 1934 when they sold to Mr. and Mrs. Schon. They sold their land to Alex Kaliel and moved to an acreage just south of the Acme brick yard, west of Edmonton at a little place called Canell. They moved about 1945 to White Rock, B.C. They have both passed away and are buried at White Rock.

James Forbes Family

written by Margaret Bothamly

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Forbes came to Edmonton from Perthshire, Scotland in May of 1911. Jimmy worked for awhile on the construction of the Alberta Parliament Buildings. Then he worked at the Power House doing construction work until they moved to Fawcett in October of 1915. They homesteaded on the SW 32-64-26-W4. They lived the rest of their lives on the homestead.

Their daughter, Margaret, came from Scotland with them and was 13 years old when they came to Fawcett. Margaret married Bob Robinson and lived here quite a few years. The Forbes' second daughter, Lottie, was born in 1923 and went to school at the Thorntonville School. Lottie married Carl Kreklau and they moved to Westlock, where they bought land and are still living.



Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Forbes and Lottie, 1928.



Mrs. Forbes and Lottie, 1937.



Jimmy Forbes at his homestead, 1917.

James Forbes passed away on Oct. 6, 1945. Jessie Forbes passed away Dec., 1945, after a lengthy illness. Both are buried in the Cross Lake Cemetery.

The Forbes land is now owned by Ian Turner.



Lottie Forbes' wedding shower.



Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Forbes, 1932.

Leonard Fox written by E. Boyd

Leonard Fox came to the Thorntonville district in 1934 to teach school at Thorntonville. He taught



Flood of 1948, bridge at Fox's over the French Creek.

school for two years and bought the SE 1-65-26-W4 from Alvin Westland. His mother, Isabelle, and his brother, Ernest, came in Nov., 1936 to live with Leonard.

Ernest joined the Air Force in 1943 and didn't come back here to live after he was discharged. Mrs. Fox stayed with Len and kept house for him until she passed away on June 14, 1968.

Leonard obtained the SW 1-65-26-W4 and SE 2-65-26-W4, giving him three quarters in a row. For years Leonard had a gravel pit on his land and sold gravel to all who came. Leonard is now a senior citizen and still lives on the farm, but I don't believe he farms the land.

Frose Family

written by Werner Frose

In 1926, Max Robert Frose left Free State of Danzig at the age of 26. Together with seven other farm boys, he came for land and a new life in Canada.



Max and Mary Frose.

Max worked at a variety of farm jobs for the next two years in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia.

In the fall of 1928 he homesteaded NE-65-1-5 in Flatbush. On this heavily timbered and rocky land, which was a true wilderness, he constructed his new home, a log cabin. With an axe, a cross cut saw, 50 pounds of flour, and a pail of lard, he spent his first winter in his new home.

Mr. Frose returned to Germany in 1934 to bring his family to his home in the wilderness. These first years were difficult for the Frose family. He bought a cow and lead it home from Stony Plain. He purchased a team of horses and began to develop his homestead. He helped build the Blue Hill School and served on the School Board. In 1940 he was able to purchase his first car, a Model A, which burnt as much oil as gas.



Max Frose's homestead house.



Drilling a well on Max Frose's farm, 1945.



Werner and Alice Frose, 1959.

While roofing a newly constructed machine shed he looked over his small clearing. Seeing many rock piles he realized the farm would never offer more than hard work and a meagre living. In the spring of 1944, with two cows, five horses, and a 15-30 tractor the Frose family moved to his newly purchased land in Fawcett. Hard work followed as together with his family he worked from dawn to dusk on the new farm. Slowly he purchased more and more machinery.

In 1980 at the age of 80 Max Frose, with his wife, Maria, and his daughter, Selma, still farms a section of land. A daughter, Frida, is a registered nurse in Lethbridge and a son, Werner, teaches school in Fawcett.

The Gallasch Story written by E. Boyd

Three brothers, Paul, Karl, and Henry Gallasch, their wives and children landed at Halifax in April, 1913. They came to Edmonton and bought what they needed for homesteading. This they shipped by rail to Clyde, Alberta, then by an ox team to Fawcett. The three brothers came ahead from Edmonton and helped each other get their houses built. Then they went and brought their wives and children to the homesteads.

Paul filed on SE 28-64-1-W5. Karl filed on NE 21-64-1-W5 and Henry filed on NW 9-64-1-W5.

Here the history of the three brothers must be separated.



Alfreida Weidlick and baby, Anna Erbe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gallasch.

Paul and Anna Gallasch

Paul and his wife, Anna, were married in Germany. They and their three children, one son and two daughters, came to Canada in 1913 and settled at Fawcett. The oldest daughter, Frieda, married Oscar Schoenburner, who lived southwest of Jarvie. The other daughter passed away in Edmonton.

In 1920 Paul and Anna and their son, Paul Jr., sold out and moved to Brazil. They stayed there two years and then came back to Jarvie and homesteaded the quarter south of the Oscar Schoenburner place.

Anna Gallasch died in August, 1936 and is buried in the Jarvie Cemetery. Paul, Senior and Junior, both went back to Germany in 1938 and never returned to Canada. Paul, Sr. passed away some years back and Paul, Jr. passed away just a few years ago.

Mrs. Schoenburner passed away in 1949 and her husband, Oscar, passed away in 1955. They are buried in the Jarvie Cemetery.

Karl and Frieda Gallasch

Karl was born in Moischwitz, Germany in 1875. Frieda Dieptiapte was born in Dresden, Germany in 1880. They were married in 1908 and in 1910 their son, Herbert, was born. They came to Canada and then on to Fawcett in 1913. Herbert is an only child. Mrs. Gallasch taught Herbert to read and write in the German language. Herbert started school in Fawcett at the age of nine in 1919. He attended school until he reached the age of fifteen. He left school to help with the farming.

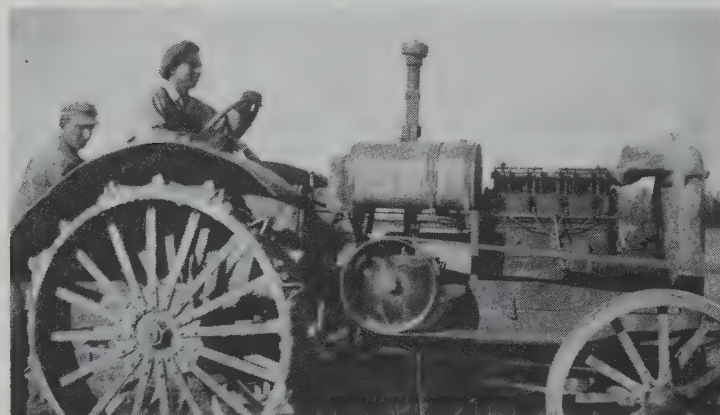
Herbert and his father bought SW 28-64-1-W5 and Herbert homesteaded NW 22-64-1-W5 when he was old enough to file. This gave them three quarters to farm. They also rented Henri Flouquet's farm for five years. They farmed with oxen at first and then



Gustave Stedel and Karl Gallasch.



W. G. McCann and Herb Gallasch.



Bert Jahnert and Herb Gallasch.

used horses. In 1926 they bought a Fordson tractor and used both horses and tractors. Herbert started driving horses when he was fifteen years old.

In 1928 they bought a new 10-20 McCormick Deering tractor and in 1930 they purchased a new 22-inch Case threshing machine. Gus Hensch ran the threshing machine for them. Gus and Herbert threshed together for years, doing their own and doing custom work. Through the years Herbert went from the 10-20 to a 15-30 McCormick then to a W6 tractor. After this he purchased a W9 which he ran for twenty-two years.

Around 1940 Karl decided they needed a new house. It is still in use and in good shape. Karl's health failed about this time but he finished the house. He passed away in April, 1945 at the age of seventy years and is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Herbert and his mother continued farming. Frieda Gallasch passed away in Feb., 1967 and is buried next to her husband.

Herbert married Gerda Lehman on June 14, 1952. Gerda was born in Ohfeln, Latvia on March 4, 1925. She came to Fawcett with her brother, Adolph in 1950. Gerda worked for Mr. and Mrs. Karl Gallasch and came to know Herbert.

Herbert and Gerda have one son, Walter, born in 1953.

Herbert farmed until 1973 when due to failing health, sold out and bought a home in Westlock. Him and Gerda are now enjoying their retirement. Herbert had lived for sixty years at Fawcett and wished he could still be farming.

Henry and Anna Gallasch

Henry was born in Germany in 1880. Anna Riibsam was born in 1882 in Germany. We don't know the year they were married but they came to Fawcett with the other families in 1913. There were no children born to them.

Henry homesteaded and lived on NW 9-64-1-W5. Around 1930 they bought the NE of 9, giving them a half section. They began their farming days with oxen and then used horses. Their first tractor



Anna Erbe, Henry Gallasch and Bill Godwin.

was a used Wallace so they didn't get much work out of it. Henry wasn't mechanically inclined and it took a good mechanic to get along with a Wallace tractor. Their last few years of farming was done with a new Model S Case, which gave them wonderful service considering that Henry hadn't progressed too far mechanically. They bought a new Austin car and Henry drove himself and his wife to Westlock whenever they wished.

Henry and Anna sold their farm to Adolph Lehman in 1954 and retired to Westlock. Anna Gallasch was diabetic and passed away in 1956. Henry married again in 1959. He passed away in 1960 and is buried beside Anna in the Westlock Cemetery.

Robert Gilmar Family written by Della Gilmar

In 1911, Robert Gilmar of Mildmay, Ontario came out west to look for work. He found work on a harvest crew. He decided to stay and homesteaded between Alsask and what was later known as Empress, Alta.

In the fall of 1913, my father, George Olds and family of Sarnia, Ontario came to our new homestead, 40 miles south of Oyen, Alta. At that time you had to detrain at Alsask and drive about 90 miles to the homestead. Empress was still to be in 1913.

In February, 1922 Robert and I (Della Olds) were married in Empress, Alta. We proceeded with horses and sleigh 16 miles to Robert's little cabin in 30 below weather and drifting snow.



Bob Gilmar holding Ethel, 1924.

Our oldest girl, Ethel, was born to brighten our lives in 1924. Following her in 1926 was a brother, George. In 1928 came Della May, then in 1929 came Arnold and in 1932 came Alec Merlin.

The dust bowl arrived after five years of no crop. We decided to pack it all up and moved to Rivercourse, south of Lloydminster. While there Robert's health started giving him trouble. He felt that he would love to live in the pines. He went north and found a homestead near Cross Lake close by to Fawcett. While at Rivercourse, two more children were born to us, Doris Lorraine and Clarence Edwin.

When Robert first went to Cross Lake, Ethel went



Alec Gilmar at 13 years.



The Gilmars: Left: George, May, Arnold. Right: Ethel, Mrs. Gilmar, Alec and Doris.



Gilmar children; Arnold, George, Ethel, May, Alec in front.

with him and Arnold followed later on. A couple of years later I and the rest of the family, except George, joined them. George decided to stay at Rivercourse and made the farm into a paying proposition.

The children all grew up and moved away to make their own homes. All live close enough to visit here except Clarence who lives in Nova Scotia.

Ethel lives at Willingdon, May lives at Fawcett, Alec lives here on the home place, and Doris lives at Tofield.

George passed away in 1958. His father, Robert, passed away in 1968 at the age of 82 years.

I still live here among the pines where Robert came to regain his health and make a home, some 36 years ago. Time moves on, we come and go, as neighbors and friends help to fill in the years.



Bob and Della Gilmar, 1968.

Wilfred Godwin Family written by Susanne Godwin

Wilfred Godwin was born on Aug. 22, 1896 in Liverpool, England. Wilfred was his birth name but everyone knew him as "Bill". Bill came to Canada in 1905 with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Godwin, and his brother, Bert. At the time Bill was nine years old and Bert was ten. They settled in Ontario where his sisters, Alice and Edna, and his brother, Jim, were born. Bill and Bert enlisted in the Army for World War I. Bill served in France for three years.

When the war was over and they returned to Canada, Bill and Bert came west to Flatbush in 1920. Bill took a homestead across the river at Flatbush. Bert had the homestead that the hamlet of Flatbush is now on. Bill's homestead later became the Colonel Hughes place and is now owned by Jim and Elaine Doke.

In 1920 I met Bill and will never forget the circumstances under which I met him. He had heard about the "gold rush" at Fawcett and had come to stake a claim. Bill came back to the house with Bernard and John. When he was leaving Bill told me that he was coming back and would bring me a bucket of gold. I was only fourteen years old and I didn't see him for another two years. When I did there was no bucket of gold!

Bill and Bert threw up the homesteads at Flatbush and in 1921 came to Fawcett and took homesteads



Jim Godwin and his mother.

close to each other. Bill always said that he had to take care of his little brother, and that whatever or wherever Bill did or went, Bert was sure to do the same. Bill took the S½-2-64-I-W5, Bert took the NE¼ of the same section. Their parents and family came out from Ontario and lived on Bert's place.

Their father, William was a carpenter by trade. He built a big house on Bert's quarter and put in hardwood floors. The floors were laid down with not one nail in them. They were laid from the outside wall and curved into the middle of the room. Then with floor jacks, they were pressed down. Those floors are still in good shape today. The place was later owned by Grant Burrows. William also helped build the first Kaliel store that burned down. The family lived on Bert's place until the father passed away. Edna also passed away. She and her father are buried in Edmonton. Their mother and brother, Jim, moved back to Toronto, Ont. They are now deceased.

Bert worked on the railroad at Kilsyth where he met Mae Johnson. They moved to Edmonton and resided there. Bert passed away in Feb., 1975.

Bill worked as a guide for Jack Brewster at Jasper National Park and at Rocky Mountain House for a



Bill and Susanne Godwin with baby, Kay, 1928.

year or two so I didn't see much of him until I was eighteen. We started to go together then, but didn't get married until I was almost twenty-one and Bill was thirty-one.

Bill rode a sorrell horse called "Sandy". He would come to Fawcett to meet the train and would make the horse rear up and count with its hoof; everyone would laugh. They called him "Buffalo Bill from Mud Creek Hill".

In 1927 Bill and I were married and moved to his farm. We rented the Paley home till our house and log barn were built in 1930. We have six children: Kay was born on Dec. 28, 1928 at my parent's homestead; Theresa was born on May 11, 1930 at Paley's farm; Larry was born on April 9, 1933 at our homestead; Marlene was born on March 11, 1935 at Norman Cochrane's home; Jimmy was born on Jan. 3, 1939 and Jerry was born on Oct. 31, 1940.

Jimmy and Jerry were born at Mrs. Boyd's nursing home. All the children were born during the



Jim Godwin.



Herman Pieper, Bill Godwin, Bill Llewellyn, Art Cole on the south ferry.



A Sunday at the south ferry operated by Bill Godwin.

depression years and we couldn't afford to go to the hospital, so places like Mrs. Boyd's home were a great help to all of us.

In our early married days we used to make our own entertainment as no one could afford too elaborate of plans, or had the transportation to go any distance. Almost every Sunday during the summer, a group of men, from the sawmill at Jarvie, would come up and we would enjoy the ball games. Every year we would have two big picnics; one on May 24 and the other on July 1. The women would bring food which we would pool together for a big feast. The children would enjoy races and games of tag. The adults would watch or play ball games or horseshoes. In the evening the whole family would go to the hall to dance and enjoy themselves. By then the children quite often would be asleep on the benches in the hall. These events were talked about right up to the next year when we had them again.

While we operated the ferry, it was no surprise to have fifty to seventy people there on Sunday. They would bring their lunch and sit around on the banks

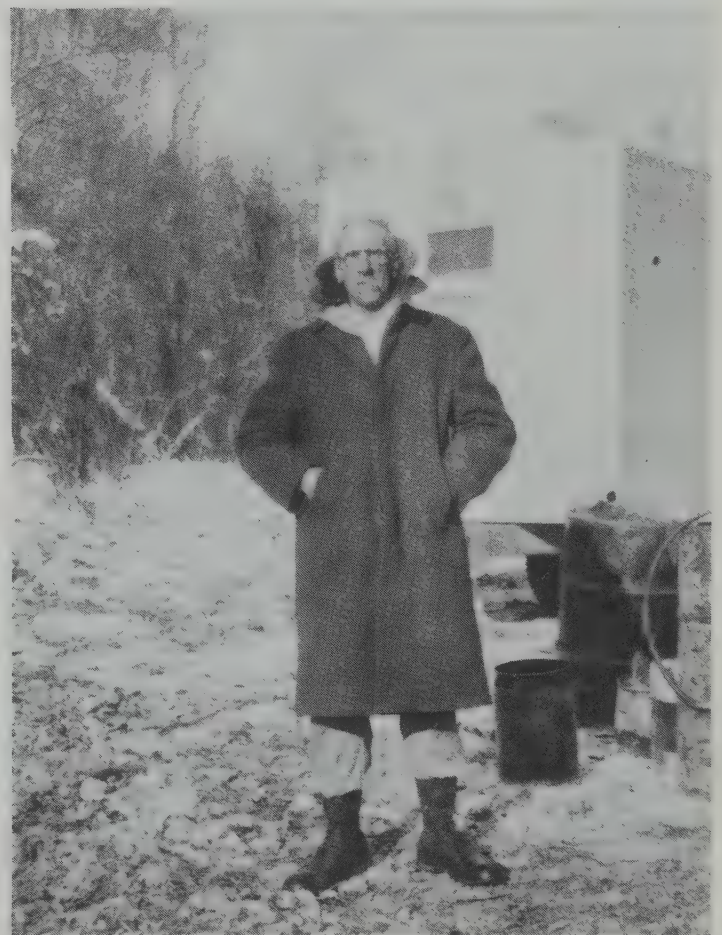
of the river and visit with one another. The children and some adults would swim in the river, using the ferry as a diving board. It didn't cost much money to do these things but the pleasures and memories we got out of it were worth a fortune.

Andy McRae got one of our quarters. Bill got the job of running the ferry in 1934 and ran it for nine years. We left the ferry in '43 and moved to Grande Prairie where Bill worked on the airport. In the fall of 1946 we moved to Westlock. Bill worked on the Memorial Hall up to the time it was completed then did various carpenter jobs. In 1949 we moved to Fawcett.

We lived at John's place in Fawcett until our home was built in 1951 at the present site. Bill did carpenter work around Fawcett until he retired with pension. We stayed in Fawcett until Bill's death on Jan. 3, 1975. He is buried at Westlock.

Our children are still close by: Kay (Mrs. Joe Lebeau) lives in Westlock; Theresa (Mrs. John Gorsak) lives at Edmonton; Marlene (Mrs. Phil Melin) lives at Armstrong, B.C.; Jimmy lives at Westlock; Larry lives at Fawcett and Jerry lives at Westlock.

I now live at Westlock with Jerry, receive the old age pension, and have good health. I have at present time twenty-one grandchildren and six great-grandchildren, whom I get to see and enjoy quite often.



Bill Godwin.

Frank Grimmeyer Family

written by Elizabeth Kaliel

My father, Frank Grimmeyer (of German descent) came from Hungary in the spring of 1928 almost directly to Fawcett where he worked for a contractor clearing land. Here he met some friends, originally from Switzerland, who talked him into staying in the district. The following spring he filed on a homestead. Unfortunately most of the good land was already taken; therefore, he took the only quarter that was left S.E. 33-64-1-W5. The land was rather poor but it did have a nice creek running through it and some beautiful big spruce, pine and poplar trees along the creek banks. For years father would log in the winter and sell box carloads of fire wood. The wood would be hauled to the railroad siding by sleigh and there it would be cut into stove lengths, loaded into box cars and hauled south. He also supplied the local school house with its yearly supply of fire wood for something like 15 years, at a \$1.00 per load.

By 1930, with the help of some friends, he built himself a one room log cabin. During that time he worked for the N.A.R. on an "extra gang" throughout the summer. In the fall at harvest time he would go to southern Alberta and work for various farmers on their threshing crews.

By 1932 he had cleared a few acres of land for himself; a friend gave him a little calf that later became his milk cow. Another neighbor gave him two little pigs and someone gave him a couple dozen of chickens — thus his farming days began in earnest.

In the spring of 1937 mother, who's maiden name was Elizabeth Ulrich, and I arrived by train on a nice bright but very cold day. The one room cabin by then had the addition of a small bedroom that was divided by a curtain. Mother immediately set out to plant a garden, and that summer we had one of the biggest and most beautiful vegetable and flower gardens I have ever seen.

In the spring of 1938 father had saved enough money to send for my sister, Mary, who at the age of

12 years travelled from Europe on her own. Since there were no boys in the family, we girls helped with all the farm work and although the work was hard, life was very pleasant.

In 1940 the Fred Johnson farm S.W. 20-64-1-W5, was bought, west of Fawcett and a year or so later the family moved there, partly because it had a big house and it was considerably closer to Fawcett. Around this time, too, the two Orr quarters S.E. 30-64-1-W5 and part of S.W. 30-64-1-W5, were bought — a mile north of the Johnson place. Farming became a big business then.

In December, 1942 Jack Kaliel and I were married and moved to Ontario for a brief period of time, after which we returned to Fawcett where we still make our home.

My sister, Mary married Leo Vaudan in the summer of 1947 and moved to a farm at Radway, where they still reside today. They raised a family of five children. Daughter Loretta and son Raymond are married and have three children each. The other children, Robert, Linda and Brenda are out in the working world and are doing very well.

Our own family of three children are grown up and away from home. Kathryn and husband, Terry Samila live in Fort Saskatchewan and have two children, Christine and Jimmy. John and his wife, Carol have moved back to Fawcett to the farm. They have two boys, Danny and Allan. Kenneth lives in Fort Saskatchewan and works for an oil company at the present time.

In 1957 a nephew, Michael Grimmeyer, arrived from Europe to give father a hand on the farm. Michael is now married to the former Maureen Smith of Westlock. They have two children, Michael and Marla, and they make their home in Westlock.

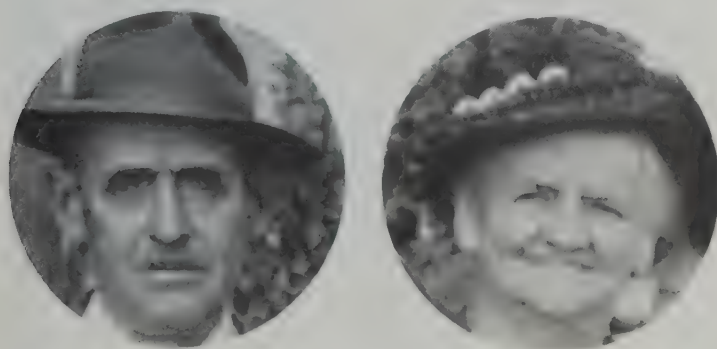
Our mother passed away in 1954 and father died in 1959. Although their deaths were untimely, they had a nice life, saw a good part of the world in their earlier years and did what they enjoyed most in later life — namely farming and gardening.

The Gurney Family

written by Phyllis Twidt and Len Gurney

William Gurney homesteaded in 1930. He got the title to the homestead and went back to Pibroch where he had a farm. He sold out in 1944 and moved to Penticton, B.C. William is the father of Phyllis Twidt, Sid, Reg and Len. The boys also homesteaded in the same area.

Sid Gurney took up a homestead on NE 26-64-26-W4 on December 18, 1928 under the Dominion Lands Department. This department was changed to Provincial Lands Dept. in 1932. Sid chose this location because it was high and not sus-



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grimmeyer.



Bill Gurney with sons, Reg and Sid, 1944.



Sid Gurney in front of his house, 1938.

ceptible to frost. He worked on his land and at odd jobs.

Sid joined the Army in 1943. He trained in Brandon, Manitoba at A4 Canadian Artillery Training Camp. He served overseas until the end of the war and returned in 1946 to the farm.

Sid farmed until 1973 when he went to work in lumber camps and saw mills. He moved to Westlock in 1978 where he now resides.

Reg Gurney moved to his farm in 1954. He raised cattle and did carpenter work. He had learned this trade while a student in California in 1921. He did a lot of finishing work on the Cross Lake Church.

Reg passed away in 1979 and lies at rest in the Cross Lake Cemetery.
(Cont. by Lenard Gurney).

In 1932 Sid and I drove a team of horses from Pibroch to Barrhead to file on my homestead, SW36-64-26-W4. One of the first things I did was



Len Gurney and Clarence Twidt plowing, 1946.

build a shack, granary and barn out of poplar logs; these are still in use today.

I broke five acres of land with a sulky plow and horses and plowed a fire guard around the yard. The trees were very small at this time so I didn't have to clear land first. Later I broke another five acres to get the necessary ten acres for a title. Even though the trees were small there were many stones, and many times the plow would hit one and the unwary rider was airborne!

The first years I hauled water from the creek but in time I dug a well, by hand, in the yard. There was also fencing to be done to keep the horses in the pasture. In 1936 I used Dad's new Pacemaer tractor to break another 25 acres. This was much easier than with the horses.

Travel in the early days meant getting on the right trail and staying on it. One trail led from my place, across the creek by a ford, past Karmann's place and out to Thorntonville. Another followed the top of the creek bank, past Black Bear School and eventually to Jarvie. There was not a proper road in this district until 1953. I bought a Model 'A' Ford coupe with a rumble seat in 1946, which I converted to a truck. This vehicle took to the trails nearly as well as a team of horses.

The community decided a bridge was necessary over the creek by Fox's. Floyd Jones engineered the building of the bridge in 1932-33. We had to build, with horses and slips, a section of road leading to the bridge. Logs for the bridge were cut on McCullum's land and the government supplied the decking. All the work was done voluntarily by the residents of the district. I also got out posts to fence the church yard.

In 1942 I joined the Army and took basic training at Grand Prairie and advanced training at Camp Shilo, Manitoba. I was in the Anti-tank Artillery and served in France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany. I was in Wilhelmshaven, Germany when the war ended.

I came back to the farm and broke more land. In



Len Gurney's wheat crop stacked by Frank Karmann, 1940.

the winters I worked at Chisholm and for the railroad on an extra gang for a few years. I still live on the farm and have all the modern conveniences of the 1980's. The past 48 years has seen a drop in the population in this area but many improvements too!

The Kristoffer Hansen Family

written by Edith Elgert (Hansen)

Kristoffer and Synneve Hansen came to Alberta from Norway to take up homesteading in Fawcett. Kris sailed to Canada in the year 1923. In 1925 he sent for his family, Synneve and four children; Edith, Haldis, Olaf and Astrid.

We arrived at the Fawcett station by train in late October. It had turned cold; winter came early that fall. Mr. R. G. Carlson met us at the train. He could speak a little bit of Norwegian to my mother. He took us by team and wagon to Mr. and Mrs. Elof Peterson's place where we stayed until morning. Next morning Mr. Peterson took us to our father's homestead and we set up housekeeping in a new land, waiting for our father to return from the harvest in southern Alberta.



Mr. and Mrs. Tom Garberg with their children, Bernard, Mildred, Helma and baby, Gordon.

son's place where we stayed until morning. Next morning Mr. Peterson took us to our father's homestead and we set up housekeeping in a new land, waiting for our father to return from the harvest in southern Alberta.

We were fortunate in having good neighbors just east of us, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Garberg. They taught us to speak English. It helped a lot when mother had to go shopping. The first purchase mother made was a \$40.00 cow, that she bought from Henry Lampen, Sr. It was a big undertaking as the cow had to walk behind the wagon all the way home, about twelve miles.

We started to school and had a three mile walk ahead of us every morning as the school was three miles south of our homestead. The first teacher we went to school to was Miss Ethel Card. The years passed and five more children were born to the Hansen family — Edwin, Chester, Jenny, Margaret and Selma.

Father bought the Thorsen place, improved it and grew grain for a few years. Father decided to make a move to B.C. where he took up fishing again. He fished for fourteen years. Also his three sons, Olaf, Edwin and Chester fished. Mother and Edwin stayed on the farm for a few years after father went to B.C.

Mother sold the farm to Herb Rober and Henry Schnider. She and Edwin then moved to B.C. too.

Kristoffer Hansen passed away in November, 1960. Two of the sons, Olaf and Edwin, passed away in 1972 and 1973. One daughter, Astrid, passed away in 1973 also, Mother, Synneve, passed away in 1972.

I, Edith, married Alex Elgert and we have three sons, Edwin, Kenneth and Walter. Alex passed away in September, 1964. I have since remarried and am now Mrs. Hans Scheppat. Haldis married Thorstine Nisi. The rest of the family married away from Fawcett.



Kris Hansen family: Edwin, Astrid, Alex Elgert, Mrs. Hansen holding Jenny, Edith, Haldis, Kris, Olaf, and the two little ones are Margaret and Chester.

The Harper Story

by Elwood Boyd

Jim, Bob, and Bill Harper were born in the middle western United States. They farmed in Wisconsin and then moved to Seattle, Washington. Jim married Lottie Jasmer. Their son Dalton was born in Wyerhaeuser, Wisconsin in 1905.

While Jim Harper was working in Seattle, he heard that the company he worked for had a policy of laying off their employees when they reached the age of sixty. There was no unemployment insurance or welfare back then, so what to do? He met a friend

whom he had known in earlier years by the name of Jack Cochrane. Jim told this friend of his plight. Jack asked him why he didn't come up to Canada and take up a homestead. Jack said he had a homestead north of Jarvie, Alberta and invited Jim to come to his place in the fall to look for land. Jim came to Jarvie that fall and for a couple of winters he stayed with Jack and with George Hill. He also stayed awhile with Raymond Shepherd. Ray let his homestead go, so Jim filed on it on October 29th, 1924. It was the S.W. 25-64-1-W5.

Dalton and Helen O'Boyle were married in



Mr. and Mrs. Jim Harper.



Mrs. Jim Harper with grandson, Wayne.



Dalton Harper.



Dalton Harper.

March of 1925. In April Jim, Bob, and Bill Harper with Jim's wife Lottie, their son, Dalton, and daughter-in-law, Helen, left Seattle for Fawcett. Bob Harper settled on S.E.-26-64-R1-W5, which had been the John Ledger homestead. Bob moved on to this quarter which was just west of his brother Jim's, after he had homesteaded the Anthony Stawnichy place and threw it up and then filed on the Primich place, where he stayed for a while. William Harper filed on the S.E. 5-65-R26-W4 but stayed only a few years and then returned to the U.S.A.

Dalton homesteaded and lived on N.E. 25-64-R1-W5. Their only son Wayne, was born in Westlock, June 12th, 1927. Dalton liked playing baseball and was very good at it. He went to Edmonton several summers and played ball for the Shasta restaurant team.

Lottie Harper kept her twin granddaughters, Maxine and Della Frankhauser, for several summers while their mother worked.

Lottie, or Grandma Harper, as she was known, passed away suddenly in Westlock on November 24, 1942. Jim Harper died on January 22, 1949 at home. Bob passed away on January 17, 1952.

Dalton and Helen left the farm and bought a service station on old highway 44 and built a new home in 1954. Dalton's health began to fail. He had a heart operation and seemed quite well, but passed away at home on June 27, 1957.

Wayne did the farming and lived with his mother in Fawcett. Wayne married Marlene Alberts, third daughter of Sam Alberts. The couple had one daughter, Connie. However, the marriage didn't work out and they divorced.

Wayne Harper passed away suddenly at home with a heart attack on December 29th, 1976. He was laid to rest in the Westlock cemetery alongside his deceased relatives.



Wayne Harper.

Helen came to Fawcett from Seattle when she was seventeen years old. She is past 74 at this writing and lives by herself in the house she and Dalton built.

Frank Hellerstadt written by E. Boyd

Frank Hellerstadt, Bob Wheelock, and Joe Fellman came to Westlock from the Northern States in 1911. Frank worked on a construction gang for the N.A.R. right of way and took SW 15-64-1-W5 as a homestead. He wheeled dirt in a wheelbarrow to build the grade for the track. How long he worked at this I have no record.

Miss Ebba Hellerstadt, Frank's sister, came from the States and kept house for Frank up to when she married R. M. Bennett of Flatbush in 1933.

Frank sold his place to Alex Kaliel in 1933 and moved to Flatbush. While he lived there he was a road foreman. In 1940 Frank moved to Westlock then back again to Flatbush in 1947. He lived there until his health started to fail, then went to live in the Camrose Nursing Home. He stayed in the nursing home for two years before he passed away and was buried in Westlock.

Frank's sister and brother-in-law, the Bennetts, are also buried in the Westlock Cemetery. Frank was 79 years of age when he passed away and his sister was 73 at the time of her death. Frank was one of our first settlers in Fawcett.



Mrs. Ebba Bennett, 1960.

Barney and Anne Henry Family written by Susanne Godwin (Henry)

Our father and mother and two oldest brothers, Bernard and John, left England in 1903 and arrived at Uxbridge, Ontario. Father worked in a foundry in Ontario and then moved his family to Edmonton in 1911. When we arrived at Edmonton we were met by a taxi which consisted of a team of horses and a dray. I remember that we were going to an aunt's place on 118th Ave. and got stuck with the dray right up to the axles in the mud in the middle of Kingsway Ave.

The family moved to Fawcett in August, 1918. We arrived by train. It was a slow, rough trip as the railbed was built on muskeg. The trip took four hours. We left Edmonton at six o'clock in the evening and arrived at Fawcett at ten o'clock. We were met at the station by Harry Hamond, our nearest neighbor. Harry took us to his home and gave us supper which we enjoyed very much.

Our homestead was SW 9-64-1-W5. Our father had gone to Fawcett and erected two large tents which we lived in until our first house was built. The house was built of logs as lumber was hard to come by.

There are seven children in our family. Bernard and John were born in England. Bernard was born on Dec. 7, 1901 and John was born on Nov. 30, 1903. Kathleen was born on Oct. 5, 1908 at London, Ont., I (Susanne) was born on Sept. 26, 1906 at Uxbridge, Ont., Rosanne was born on March 30, 1911 at Hamilton, Ont., James was born on Oct. 17, 1914 at Edmonton, Alta., and Annie was born on Jan. 27, 1916 at Edmonton.



Barney and Anne Henry in the 1930's.

When we came to Fawcett I was eleven years old and had my twelfth birthday a month later. Bernard and John were both old enough to go out to work and so they didn't go to school.

There were not enough children in Fawcett to have school but with our arrival there were enough children so that the people could hire a teacher. A school was built in 1920; the carpenters were Gar Bell and Harry Hammond. They must have been good carpenters as the original building is still there on the north side of the long building. School opened in 1920 and ran for two months until it was too wet and cold to carry on. The teacher's name was Miss Faithful. She later returned to England on the same boat as Jim Russell and his family.

We had lot of trouble getting to school in those early days. There were no roads to speak of mostly water and hummocks and lots of mosquitoes. I recall once when we were walking to school, dodging sloughs and mud puddles, Rosie, the youngest, was dawdling behind. We never noticed that she had fallen into a mud puddle and couldn't get out. Luckily Gar Bell was walking behind us and pulled her out. When he had gotten her out, he threw her over his shoulder like a grain bag and carried her to school — mud and all!

Our closest neighbors were Harry Hammond, Gar Bell, Charlie Davidson and Henry Gallasch. The store keeper was Tom Hundley from England. Tom



The Henrys; Jimmy, Rosanne (Cochrane), Kathleen, Susanne (Godwin), Tunney Cochrane and Kay Godwin.

brought the first threshing machine to Fawcett. It was something to see. It was fed the bundles of grain by hand; straw dropped out the back and had to be hauled away. The grain ran into sack and the machine was run by a stationary five horse engine.

In 1922 our father built a large house so we girls could have our own bedroom. John and Bernard were working at Cushing's saw mill in Jarvie. They bought the lumber there for the house. The mill employed about twenty-five men. Loggers going north used to stop in at our place; it seemed like a half-way house to them. Father used to feed and water their horses and mother would make a meal and give them a place to sleep. I don't think there ever was anyone that went away from our place hungry or tired.

John and Bernard took up homesteads. John's was over by the Pembina River near Carlson's. Bernard's homestead was across the creek and is now owned by Ludwig Schriener. A man by the name of Weber, who lived on Carlson's fraction, took his wife's wedding ring and buried it on the banks of the Pembina. He then dug it up and started rumor going that there was gold on the Pembina. They said gold was on John's place. A lot of people came and staked claims. The only one that made any money out of the "Gold Rush" was Carlson, who rented rooms above his hardware store to the people. There wasn't a hotel in Fawcett at the time.

There wasn't much entertainment in those days unless you made you own. We used to buy a newspaper off the train, and our father would read it out loud and we would listen. The radio was yet to come. For excitement we would go to Fawcett and meet the passenger train. There you could visit with just about everyone. In those days quite often the train would be late two or three days. A lot of the trouble was with the flooding in the North and soft railbeds. But we would wait patiently to hear the whistle.

I remember when the first elevator was to be built in 1925 and they brought in a work crew on the train. We were all there when the crew got off the train and saw all the women. The crew men thought that they would show the 'country hicks' how worldly they were. The work crew started to make remarks to us girls and acted quite show-off. This didn't sit too well with the local boys. This passed over the first night but the second night was a different matter. When they started to make their play again, one of the 'country hicks', Ollie Paulsen took one of the workmen outside and started a fight. Before you knew it, there was a real free-for-all. When it was over the whole work crew was laid out on the ground, and the 'country hicks' were standing. Believe me, the work crew never showed how worldly they were after that episode! The first elevator man was Charlie Gill.

Our father and mother lived on the homestead while we were growing up and going to work. Bernard and John joined threshing crews every fall throughout Sask. and Alta. Kathleen and I went to Edmonton and worked as domestics when we were only 14 and 15 years old. Rosie worked for Mrs. Stanton at Jarvie, cooking for the mill workers. Annie went to Edmonton and worked as a domestic, then came back and stayed with Norman and Rosie.

Our father became quite ill in the early part of 1935 and was in the hospital at Edmonton for almost three months. In those times we didn't have anything like Medicare so when he got out of the hospital there was quite a large bill to pay. Times were hard and there was no money, so the homestead was sold in order to pay the hospital bill. They moved to Bernard's place. Our homestead is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Nick Rozak.

Father and mother moved in 1953 to Fawcett and lived in John's house. John's house used to be Mr. Flouquet's oil shed. It still has the wide roof that sheltered the oil barrels from rain and snow. They resided there up to the time of their deaths. Our mother passed away in July, 1955 at the age of 76 years. Father passed away in August, 1956 at the age of 81 years. They are buried in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Fawcett.

Kathleen married George Smith and moved to Ottawa, Ont. She is living there now, a widow with two sons. Jimmy married Laura MacLachlan and had two sons. Jim enlisted in the Army and gave his life at Ortona, Italy on Dec. 20, 1943. Annie moved to Ottawa to stay with Kathleen. While there she met and married Edward Shea. They are still living there. Edward has retired but Annie is still working for the government. They have two sons and a daughter. I married Bill Godwin, lived in Fawcett, and have six children. Rosie married Norman Cochrane and lived at Fawcett. They had two sons; one passed away in 1949. Rosie passed away on Aug. 22, 1974 and is buried beside mother and father. Bernard and John are retired; both get the pension and have their own homes at Fawcett.

When I sit back and think of my younger days and remember the tough times my parents had, I often wish it was possible to be able to have made it better. But then again, without the hard times and good times we would have no memories to think back on. Those years were the young years of our province and we all had the chance to help make it become the province it is today, and now think back on it with some pride.

Gustave Hensch Family
written by Mrs. Vic Weir

Gustave Hensch came to Edmonton from Russia

and worked in coal mines, a brewery, and on the High Level bridge. In Edmonton he met and married Rose Ryll, who had emigrated from Kivell, Russia.

Elsie, the first of eleven children, was born in Edmonton. Gustave moved his family to Bashaw where they farmed a few years and seven more children were born: Lily, Fred, Edward, Emma, William, Minnie and Martha. In the spring of 1927 the Henschs moved to Fawcett and rented the Roy MacLachlan farm. It was here that Rieny was born. In the fall of 1927 they moved to their homestead. This homestead was previously owned by Frank Rice who let it go. It was here that Ruby and Avalt were born.

To get to the homestead they had to cross on the south ferry, run by David Tyreman; the roads were nearly non-existent and also there was a swamp to cross. There was a small shack on the homestead that Gustave and his family lived in for three years before they were able to build a bigger house. The cattle and horses were all lost with 'swamp fever' and other diseases, but hunting and fishing were plentiful and wild berries were good. The Hensch children remember picking wild berries by the tubfuls and selling them to Mr. Kaliel.

In 1947 Gustav and Rose decided to purchase more land and bought a half section from Elwood Boyd. It was here they lived the rest of their lives.



Fred Hensch and Martin Erbe.

Gustave passed away in 1950 at the age of 59. Rose died in her 65th year in 1958.

The Hensch family were among the many who faced hardships in the early days in order to make a better future for themselves and their children.

Elsie married Fred Stedel and farmed in the Chain district. They have retired in Edmonton and have eight children.

Lily married Maurice Auest and lived in Kelowna, B.C. They had one child. Lily passed away at the age of 61 years.

Fred married Hattie Stroschine and farmed in the Calmar district. They had three sons. Fred passed away at the age of 48 years.

Edward married Grace Jenkins, farmed in the Jarvie district and then moved to Langley, B.C. Ed passed away at the age of 56 years.

William (Bill) has a farm at Fawcett and a house in the hamlet. Bill works for the Dept. of Highways on the bridge branch.

Emma married Herbert Zaumseil and they farmed in the Chain district. In 1963 they moved to Edmonton. They had three daughters. Herbert passed away a few years back.

Minnie married Pastor Henry Trawny at Flatbush. They have three children and are now living in Freemount, Nebraska, U.S.A.

Martha born in 1926 passed away in 1929.

Rieny married Marion McCann and they farm on the original Hensch homestead. They have three sons who all farm in the Fawcett area.

Ruby married Henry Jahn and they farm in the Leduc area. They have two children.

Avalt married Barbara Knicely of Flatbush and they farm here at Fawcett. They have three children who help with the farming operation. Avalt does carpentering as a side-line. He is farming the land that his parents bought from Elwood Boyd.

William Hiller Family

written by A. Pudlowski

William and Matilda Hiller were born in Leipzig, province of Bessarabia in Rumania. William was born in 1898, Matilda in 1899. After their marriage they continued to live in Leipzig, where their first four children were born.

In 1927 they were among the first immigrants from Rumania to arrive in the Hanna district. They lived on a farm in Bullpound area for two years and then moved six miles north where they lived until 1935. While there, five more children were born to William and Matilda, giving them seven daughters and three sons.

Times were very hard and the seasons dry, so they moved to the Fawcett area and bought a quarter



Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Hiller, 1938.



Hiller family. Back Row: Emil, Alma, Adeline, Tillie, Emma. Front Row: Alfred, Mr. Hiller, Tala, Nora, Mrs. Hiller, Alvina, 1938.



Mr. W. Hiller and his well digging machine.

section from Pete Whold, who was moving away. Bill Hiller, as he was known here, homesteaded NE 24-R2-W5 about 1940. He built a house and out buildings and moved there in 1945.

Bill Hiller was an industrious man. He bought a second hand 17-28 Twin City tractor and breaking plow and did custom breaking. He also bought a well-digging machine and drilled several wells in the district. Bill and Matilda worked hard clearing the land and breaking it.

Bill took sick in November of 1951 and passed away at the age of 53 and is buried at the Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Fawcett.

Matilda and her youngest son, Edwin, carried on the farming for two years. Then the second son, Alfred, and his wife came home and took over the farming. Matilda bought a house and moved into Fawcett where she was near her daughter, Alvina. Matilda enjoyed a trip back to Germany to see one remaining brother and her old friends.

Matilda was a willing worker for the Luthern church and maintained a nice flower bed in front of the church all years that she lived in the hamlet.



Butchering time, Mr. and Mrs. Hiller and Tala.



Hillers; Alma, Adeline, Tillie, Alfred, Alvina, Tala, Nora, Edwin and Mrs. Hiller.

Emil, the eldest of the Hiller children, lives in Hussar and has five sons. Alma (Mrs. Paul Paulson) lives at Chase, B.C. and has six children. Adeline (Mrs. Jorgensen) lives at Trochu, Alta. Tillie (Mrs. Rudy Zaumseil) lives at Osoyoos, B.C. and has seven children. Emma (Mrs. Willis Violet) lives at Pitt Meadows, B.C. and has one daughter. Alfred lives at Westlock and has two girls. Nathalia (Mrs. Ed Vadheim) lives at Athabasca, Alta. and has four children. Alvina (Mrs. Clarence Pudlowski) lives here at Fawcett and has four children. Elnora (Mrs. Connie Forsen) lives at Clyde, Alta. Edwin lives at Chetwyn, B.C. and has two children.

Matilda lived twenty-seven years after her husband's death. She passed away in Feb. of 1978 in her 79th year and is buried next to her husband.

The Houle Family

written by M. Cochrane

Armand Houle was born in March, 1916 at Edison, a settlement east and south of Westlock. He was raised in this area and took his schooling in the rural school. When he was just into his teens he went to work with his father doing road work for Mr. Wilson.

Later on Armand came to the Dapp area and rented different parcels of land in order to try his hand at farming. In the spring of 1934 he came further north to the Fawcett area and lived with his brother, George. They bought a threshing machine from Harvey Doherty of Westlock and started doing custom threshing in the Jarvie area. They charged 1½ cents a bushel for oats and 4 cents a bushel for wheat. This was done for several years along with their farming.

In 1935 Armand met and married Elsie Quashnick; who had come with her family to the Fawcett area from Hanna. Armand and his wife lived on their rented land until 1939 when he bought SE 13-64-1-W5 from Jim Godwin for the princely sum of



Otto Quashnick and Armand Houle, 1933.

\$50.00 and \$200.00 in back taxes. Jim wanted to move back East with his mother and told Armand that when he got the money to send it to him. Armand gave Jim \$20.00 as a down payment and later sent him the remaining \$30.00. He also paid up the taxes and the farm was his.

Armand started farming in earnest opening the land, raising cattle and making a living for his family. He and George cut and sold fence posts for 2 cents each to various farmers in the country. He and his wife boarded school teachers who taught at the Fifth Meridian School which was just down the road from the house. Miss Colbins was one of the teachers who stayed at their place. Armand served on the School Board from 1943 until it closed in 1945.

Five children were born to this marriage; Lawrence (1936), Norman (1938), Arlene (1942), Richard (1946), and Wayne (1949). Lawrence and Norman went to school at the Fifth Meridian and then with their little sister, Arlene, they were bussed to the Fawcett School. It was here that all the Houle children took their schooling.

In 1955 the Houle family lost their mother to that untimely illness of cancer. Times became hard for



Wayne and Armand Houle going to the bush.



Threshing, 1941. Lester Nelson, Armand Houle, Walter Manchester, Miss Colbins, Albert Nadeau, boy — Lawrence Houle, John Dul, Floyd Jr. and Floyd Sr. Morrow, John Cervinski and George Houle.

them but with perseverance and help from their father and sister, the family grew up and went on to their various careers.

Lawrence went to B.C. and worked for a construction company. He and his wife, Helen, had two children. Lawrence was killed in a construction accident in 1962.

Norman went to B.C. and did carpenter work. He now lives at Slave Lake, Alta. with his wife, Lynne, and their three children. Norm is doing carpenter work around the Slave Lake area.

Arlene married Edwin Elgert and moved to Vancouver, B.C. They are still there with their four daughters.

Richard went into the oil field work. He married

Wendy Olson and moved to Slave Lake where he works for Mobile Oil Co. They have three children.

Wayne lives on the farm with his father. He married Donna Crick of Chisholm and has three sons. Wayne and his father farm together and do logging during the winter. They also cut fence posts and have their own lumber mill set up on the farm.

Armand, in his time, had been a jack-of-all-trades. He has tried his hand at oil rig work, logging, purchasing and selling scrap iron, and buying scrap oilfield equipment. Scrap iron has been one of his longest business attempts, some twenty years. When he first started in the scrap business he used to get \$5.00 per ton and 50 cents for batteries. Prices have gone up considerably since then.

Today, Armand is still farming, logging, and dealing in scrap iron. Anyone knowing Armand knows that if something is needed all you have to do is ask him to look out for it, and soon he will find what you want and let you acquire it. He lives a very busy and full life.

Harry Hudkins

written by Lilace Jones

Why would a 60 year old man, leave a comfortable town home and start a new life in an area filled with muskeg, mosquitoes, black flies, tall spruce and pine trees? Well! My father did.

Harry Hudkins' ancestors came from England in the late 1600's. They landed in New England States and then moved to Virginia. In the Hudkin's Ceme-



Armand Houle with sons, Norman and Lawrence.



Harry Hudkins and Arch Lauridge on the way to Cross Lake, 1928.

tery in Virginia there are dates in the 1700's of Hudkins that were 70 years old at death.

From Virginia, the younger Hudkins generations moved West and North. My father was allergic to



Mrs. Harry Hudkins.

peach and other fruit trees so my grandparents, Marion and Sirilda Jane, came North to Michigan with their four children, Charles, Daniel, Harry and Mildred. There were fruit trees here also; however, father lived there until he came to Canada in 1905.

Father and his brother, Daniel, married sisters, Laura and Almyra DeLong. Uncle Dan, who was an adventurous spirit, brought his wife and children to the N.W.T. about the turn of the century. He settled east of Lacombe. He wrote to father, "Come to the N.W.T. and your asthma will leave."

Father came and tried the climate. There were no peach or apple trees so his health was much better. He built a shack near Uncle Dan's and returned to Lacombe to get ready to move. What they took I don't remember, except I do remember an organ.

Father met us in Lacombe as no railroad went east. He now took land in the Alix hills farther east of Clive. The lumber was hauled from Lacombe in a two day trip. He built a permanent home. They lived here until they retired and I grew up and went teaching. They retired to Alix.

Father was a naturalist and a taxidermist. I look back with a mental eye and see some of the things he did. He mounted all kinds of small birds and animals, as well as deer and moose heads. One collection was skulls: a mouse, gopher, muskrat, lynx, skunk, deer, moose, and buffalo heads. He usually cooked the flesh off in the house on the cook stove. But then he obtained a skunk. Mother wouldn't let him bring it in. Father declared there would be no smell. I never found out, as mother put her foot down. From then on he had to cook the heads in a little shop at the back of the house and keep his collections of skulls there also.

Now I will go back to why my parents left their home and came to Cross Lake. I was their only living child; a brother, Percy, had died young. I had married and had three children. While we were not living close we saw each other at least every two weeks.

My husband, Floyd, had decided to tour Alberta and look for land that had food and water for his cattle and horses.

Father and Floyd started out in a big heavy car. First they toured the Peace River area, then down to the Athabasca district. Some one in Colinton told them there was land and water west of there but they couldn't get to it by car. So father and Floyd started walking. At Long Lake they became stuck, but a trapper told them to go back and go in from Fawcett. This they did and Mr. Kaliel, a well-known man, verified the land and water. They then drove home with plans to come back and really investigate.

Father came prepared this time. He built a covered wagon from a bennett buggy, put his boat on a



Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hudkins with daughter, Lilace, grandchildren, Harry, Maxine and Kay, son-in-law, Floyd Jones.

trailer behind, and with two good horses started out from Alix with an interested friend, A. Loughridge.

Edmonton in 1927 was a very big city and as they drove into the city from the south they had a boat full of kids by the time they reached the north side. Dad let the children off and they walked back to their homes.

Mother and Dad now decided to move though mother wept when she locked the door of her home and rented it.

Father and Floyd built a small shack in which they lived until they built a large one for us. The rest of us stayed in a Booker house near Fawcett with all our furniture. This building had been used as a grainary and still had grain in one room and, of course, was full of mice. We had one pet that came to live with us, a weasel, Petty. We tucked our blankets tight under the mattress so he couldn't climb on our beds but we

heard him racing around our rooms at night. One compensation — no mice!

We finally moved to the homestead and the houses were among the most beautiful pines. Mother and father lived with us as I began teaching. The two older children and I rode or sometimes walked the four miles to school until a teacherage was built.

Floyd finally decided to move closer on some land that was given up and only a half of a mile from school. There we stayed till the children were married and gone.

Father passed away and rests in the Cross Lake Cemetery. Mother's house was moved to our yard. She now rests beside father in the same cemetery and church yard.

T. B. Hundley

Tom Hundley came to Fawcett in 1914 and homesteaded SE 8-64-1-W5. There was a store here owned by a Mr. Hamel which was for sale, so Tom bought it and let his homestead go. Tom had come from England to Canada as a remittance man. The money from home had been a great help in getting started up here in Canada.

Tom and Selwyn Hundley had three daughters Linda, Gladys, and Beatrice. Mrs. Selwyn Hundley passed away in February of 1920 and was the first one to be buried in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Tom was left with the three small girls and a store to take care of on his own. He married again in 1921 or '22. This Mrs. Hundley was a schoolteacher and taught school at Fawcett in the summer months of '22 and '23. The next teacher was Miss Marjorie Dowler from Veteran, Alta.

Some time in the '20s, Tom homesteaded another piece of land SW 22-64-1-W5. On this land he built a small house and barn. Tom sold the store to Alex Kaliel in 1926 and the land to Billy Byers in about 1929. The Hundleys moved from Fawcett to some place in B.C., where Tom passed away Aug. 7, 1968 in his 86th year, at Campbell River General Hospital.

Not dead to those who loved her;
Not lost but gone before.
She lives with me in memory still,
And shall for evermore.

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
SELVYNE CLARA HUNDLEY
Beloved Wife of Thomas Bright Hundley
WHO PASSED AWAY AT FAWCETT, ALTA.
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 29th, 1920
IN HER 34th YEAR

INTERRED AT FAWCETT CEMETERY

Funeral announcement, first burial in Fawcett Cemetery.

Tom Hundley and Sandy MacGregor use to saw lumber in Fawcett. Sandy owned the sawmill and Tom had a Titan tractor that they used for power. The mill was set up and sawing when I remember seeing it, just east and south of the present hotel. Tom had a Moody threshing machine for that tractor and moved around doing custom threshing, back in the years 1923, '24 and '25.

The oldest daughter, Linda (Mrs. J. Linklater) lives at Steveston, B.C.; Gladys (Mrs. P. D. Thompson) lives at Heriot Bay, B.C. and Beatrice (Mrs. M. LeVesque) lives at Campbell River, B.C.

Harry and Ina Hutchison

On November 17, 1965 Harry and Ina (Georgina) Hutchison moved to Fawcett. They bought Lawrence Stedel's home place. As soon as they got every thing settled, the children, Fern (eleven years old), Harold (ten years old), Larry (eight years), Dale (seven years), Garry (five years), Ted (one year old). The children found quite a change from Barrhead, a big school to Fawcett, a small school.

In 1968 a new addition arrived in the Hutchison family, Margaret. This made a grand total of two girls and five boys.

Soon the children began to graduate; Fern in 1973 then moved to Barrhead and worked at the Barrhead dry cleaners. Harold graduated in 1974 after graduation, apprenticed at Rex Dawson's to be a mechanic. He has just finished his third year for his mechanic's license.

On January 17, 1976 there were wedding bells. Charles Tonsi and Fern Hutchison were married. They now live at Shoal Creek.

During their years at Fawcett, 1965 to 1976, they had a mixed farming operation, raising seed grain



Harry and Ina Hutchison.



Hutchison family, 1969. Front: Gary, Ted, Dale, and Harry. Back: Harold, Margaret and Fern.

and grass seed. Harry had his own sawmill and sawed lumber for sale. They kept a large herd of cattle, and their garden produced many pounds of raspberries. As the years progressed new building and more land were added.

In July, 1976 they sold the farm to a couple from Camrose, Calvin and Bette Sitler.

Harry and Georgina now reside at Qualicum Beach, B.C. They now have one grandchild, Dale Tonsi, born November 12, 1976.

Larry graduated in 1977, and soon started to work at Westlock Cabinet Makers. In 1979 Larry married Lenore Marquette of Linaria, and they reside at Freedom.

Dale graduated in 1978 at Qualicum Beach, after graduation came to Westlock where he works at Rex Dawson.

Garry graduated this year, 1980, and has just started to Malispina College in Naimo to become a chef.

Ted is in grade eleven this year and Margaret is in grade seven come September.

Harry and Ina own a coin laundry mat in Qualicum Beach. They celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last summer.



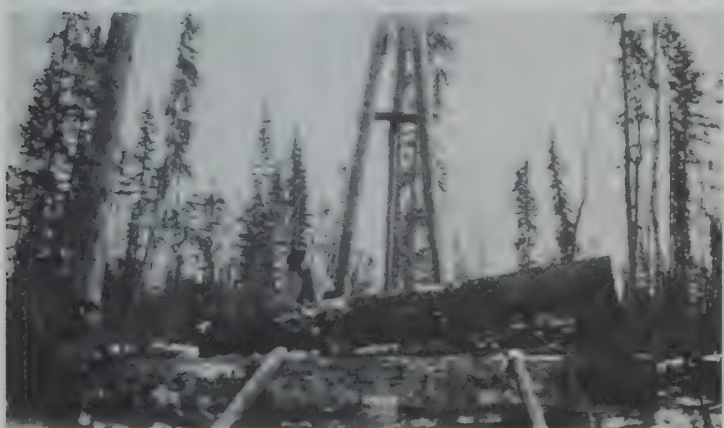
Harry Hutchison's farm.

Part III

Logging



Logging camp southwest of Fawcett, NE 12-63-2 W5.



A logging scene southeast of Fawcett. Land was later owned by Elwood Boyd.



Hauling logs on an iced road to Jarvie.



Sawing, 1950. John McCann, Mr. Hiller and Elmer Norris.



These loads of logs were hauled to Jarvie on an iced road.



Richardson's logging camp, 1937.



Sawmill between Pembina and Athabasca Rivers, 1949.



Sam McCann and two men on a buck saw.



Granary being built at Eisner's, 1932.



Sam McCann's logging crew in early 1900s.



Sawing lumber, 1950. Alfred Hiller and Oswald Erbe.



Lumber truck overturned on the old highway, near railway trestle.



Sam Alberts' log barn, 1929.



Sam McCann's logging camp in early 1900's.



Black bear that Bill Schmidt caught and tethered on his homestead.

Wild Things at Play **composed by Herb Bell**

Once when rafting down a river
I saw a mother bear.
She was standing in the water
While her twin cubs played on shore.
I could see that she was worried
When her cubs would not obey
What she plainly hoped to teach them
Was come in with her and play.
But her cubs were not for having
Any water in their hair.
No odds how much she coaxed them
Getting wet was not their fare.
When poor mamma's patience
Was near broke in sheer despair,
She turned back upon the sand bar
And she spanked the naughty pair.
After spanking, mamma took them
With her out to water deep.
Soon her cubs were happily swimming
Around her without a peep.
Now this is a true picture
Put in words, I witnessed from quite near.
Watching wild things learn their lessons
Just as you and I, I fear.

Athabasca River **composed by Herb Bell**

On an island in the river
In the summer of sixteen.
I caught a month-old bear cub
Who made history, so it seems.
For a time I kept him tethered
Until he bigger grew.
Then traded him for some steel traps
To a riverman passing through.
The riverman he went on his way
Up the river in his boat.
But after some two weeks or so
Found food running out.
He met a boatman coming down.
Then traded the bear for grub.
And some days later I'm to meet
This stranger with my cub.
We talked awhile before he left
With the cub upon his way.
But when he reached a railroad town,
He found things pretty gay.
A brakeman on the local run
Took a liking to the bear.
And for two jugs of whiskey raw
A deal was made right there.
The brakeman came to Edmonton
And met some soldiers three,
Who said, "My friend we like your bear
To go with us o'er the sea."
And so once more a trade was made
for what I do not know.
With Regiment Forty-nine cub went
Away to fight the foe.
Cub served in war more faithfully
As company mascots go.
And on return to Canada
Was honored you may know.
The Forty-ninth presented bear
To our own Edmonton Zoo.
And there he lived until his death
At ripe age of thirty-two.

Part IV

School Districts

Chain School No. 4626

Chain School was built on the northwest corner of the N.W. 31-63-1 W5. This land was owned then by Emil Hensch. The name, Chain was derived from the chain of lakes to the west and north of the school.

The first trustees were Gus Plitt, Gus Hensch and Pete Wold. The secretary treasurer was "Annie" Mrs. Emil Hensch. In the following years, William Hiller, Albert Stedel and others served on the school board.

The first teacher was Miss Ruth Page, who taught for two years. Next was Miss Annie Philip, who taught for three years. Some of the teachers to follow were, Miss Elnora Henning, Miss Alice Acroid, Miss Viola Lockstun, Mr. Fred Birosh (supervisor) Miss Gleason, Mr. Ken Munson, Mr. Hemple, Miss Grace Jenkins, from Westlock who married a local boy, Ed Hensch. The next teacher married a local boy also, Raymond Konchorada, who put himself through school and became a chemical engineer and now lives in Regina. The last teacher was an elderly man, Mr. John O'Shea.

Chain school closed its doors the end of June 1954. The Chain school children were bussed to the Fawcett school that fall.

The school and grounds were used for dances and picnics for a few years. Then the school division sold it to Albert Stedel. He tore the school building down and still has title to the school grounds.

Clyde Lake School

Clyde Lake School was built in 1932 in the northwest corner of NW 10-65-1 W5, with all volunteer labour. the Elgert brothers sawed the timbers six by six for the construction.

The trustees were: Dave Elgert, Ed Elgert, Sam Alberts and Leo Waper. Alex Elgert was secretary-treasurer for twelve years.

The first teacher was Miss Dorothy Alger. Teachers to follow were: Miss Neely, Miss Marjorie Brown, Miss Dorothy Drabert, Miss Ann Shandro, Miss Lora Taylor, Mr. Fred Enns, Mr. Kelly and Miss Dorothy Letts.

Flatbush children came to Clyde Lake School for



Lutheran congregation at Chain School.

two years. After this Clyde Lake children were taken to Kingsway School until Clyde Lake was centralized to the Fawcett School.

Some of the children who attended Clyde Lake were: Alex and Edith Elgert's three sons: Edwin, Kenneth and Walter; Sam and Ethel Alberts' girls — Inez, Shirley, Marlene and Sandra; Charlie and Emily Tober's younger children — Leonard and Clara; Mr. and Mrs. Dave Elgert's children — David, Edward, Noel, Joyce and Rodney; Edward Sr. and Vera

Elgert's children — Edward Jr., Roland, Arnold, Laura, Rita, Eleanor, Evelyn and Hildegard; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nelson's children — Verna, Sidney and Marvin; Leo and Agnes Waper's daughter — Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Alois Lehner's children — Alois Jr., Fred, Eric, Rose, Mary and Helen.

At present there are a lot of children going to Fawcett whose parents were some of those listed above.



Clyde Lake school class, 1935.



Clyde Lake school class, 1938.



First teacher at Clyde Lake School, Dorothy Algar, 1933.



Blue Hill School.



Clyde Lake School, 1936. Teacher — Marjorie Brown.



Class of 1941, Blue Hill School.



Blue Hill School with corduroy road, 1938.

Cross Lake School and District written by Lilace Jones

This 1980, the 75th Anniversary of Alberta, would be the Golden Anniversary of Cross Lake School.

The most important history of this area centred around Cross Lake School and the early pioneers who gave of their time and talent to organizing and building the school. In the late twenties the early settlers had a vision of a populous community. Already there were a number of families and a considerable number of bachelors; unfortunately not many young ladies.

I did not come into the district till the school opened so the following information is given to me by the old pioneers. If there are errors or names missed, excuse me, I may have missed some.

Mr. Mathew Karmann wrote the first letters to the Dept. of Education to get the school organized, as he had three grandchildren of school age and so started 'wheels rolling'

The school age children were: E. Herrick, G. Johansen, J. Litke, D. Williams, R. Robinson, C. Browning, Berquists, F. Karmann, C. Whitelock, J. Kerik, A. Croix, C. Atkinson and later came F. Jones, L. Litke, R. McKeag, W. Chaney, F. Rahn, Wallers, C. Twidt, Bouvettes and Gilmars. There are likely some I have missed.

The first school board was Earl Herrick, D. Williams, G. Johansen, and Howard Clark. The problems to be dealt with were where the school should be built, with what material, and the name for the school.

Cross Lake was chosen for the name. That was the name of the lake near the school. On maps today it is called Steele Lake, named for a soldier killed in the War. However, the park still carries the name Cross Lake Provincial Park.

Next was 'where' to build the new school. It was quite understandable that there was quite a controversy over this. A big muskeg with corduroy separated the North and South. In spring it was almost impassable as the horses' legs would go through the poles. The South won out and there the school was placed.

The school was built of logs as there were plenty of logs not too far away, but the building was 30'x36'. The logs were brought from Banana Lake by a Mr. Falkner who had a 'Cat' and could get them



Cross Lake School. Lilace Jones, first teacher.

SCHOOL



CENSUS

The following is a complete list, alphabetically arranged, surnames preceding, of all the children within the bounds of Cross Lake S. D. No. 4513 Who had attained the age of six years, or who will have attained the age of five years by September 1st, 1948, and who had not attained the age of fifteen years by January 1st, 1948.

NAMES OF CHILDREN	DATES OF BIRTHS			Distances from School or Van Route	FULL NAMES OF PARENTS OR GUARDIANS	ADDRESSES
	Day	Month	Year			
Bouvette Carrie	30	May	1941	2 1/2	Thomas Bouvette Jarrett	
Bouvette Ralph	3	June	1940	2 1/2	"	
Bratt Mellen	11	Sept	1932	2 1/2	Walter Bratt	"
Bratt Bethune	10	June	1935	2 1/2	"	
Bratt Elmer	2	Aug	1937	2 1/2	"	
Chaney Janet	26	Mar	1936	1 3/4	Wm. Chaney	"
Chaney Glen	1	Mar	1933	1 3/4	"	
Chimar Alec	2	July	1932	1 1/2	Robert Chimar	"
Chimar Doris	22	Sept	1935	1 1/2	"	
Karman Helen	6	Mar	1933	1 1/4	Frank Karman	"
Kerik Indor	22	Apr	1933	(50 yards)	J. Kerik	"
Kerik Duane	16	Aug	1935	(50 yards)	"	"
Kerik Chester	26	Jan	1937	(50 yards)	"	"
Kerik Kerik	4	Jan	1941	(50 yards)	"	"
Twidt Clara	24	Aug	1936	3 1/2	Clarence Twidt	"
Twidt Cora	4	July	1938	3 1/2	"	"
Rahn Kerik	26	Mar	1934	4 1/2 m.	Zed Rahn	"
Rahn Margaret	9	Apr	1936	1 1/2 m.	"	"

out. All the bachelors and family men gave of their time and skill in putting up the school.

This school became the centre of all pioneer social life in the district. Dances were held with music from a violin, a guitar, or an accordeon. Plays, concerts, picnics, church and funerals were held there.

I was the first teacher and taught from grade one to nine. My three children went to school with me.

Teachers who followed me were: Mr. Fox, Mrs. Burchell, Mrs. Claeys, Miss Pearce, and Miss Rivest. During the war I remember four teachers in one year. They all have their own stories to tell so I'll write a few unusual events that happened in my days of teaching.

One morning the three little Kerik boys came to school with their eyes almost popping out of their little faces and said, "Oh, Mrs. Jones! We saw a crow this morning and he talked to us!" They then gave an account of what the crow had said, "Hello! How are you?", "What's your name?" and "How old are you?" That was only a little of the conversation between the crow and the children.

I tried to convince them that a crow couldn't talk, but they insisted that it did. A few days later I heard the Mr. Schcoby, near Cross Lake, had lost his Mynah bird, which spoke fluently. The children had seen and talked to the black Mynah bird. Do you remember, Jim?

Another interesting event was during War II. We had a Junior Red Cross and at Christmas time we



Class of 1945, Cross Lake School. Front Row: Duane Kerik, Elva Bouvette, Clara Twidt, teacher — Miss Rivest, Cora Twidt, and Chester Kerik. Second Row: Marjorie Rahn, Janet Chaney, Jean Litke, Olive Litke, Steve Kerik, and Glen Chaney. Third Row: Freida Rahn, Arnold Gilmar, Hertha Rahn, Basil Bouvette, Gordon Kerik, Helen Karmann and Florence Chaney.

decided to send a parcel for a soldier. Everyone brought something; candy, shaving cream, socks, tooth paste, brush, etc. We enclosed a snap of the school and the children, plus one of Charles Croix and Willie Chaney with their dog sleds, and one of someone with a horse and a moose. We wrote a short letter and gave no address, only said we were in a log school near Cross Lake and all of us agreed to sign it 'Cross Lake Pupils'.

A soldier received the parcel Christmas morning. He was in the Navy and his ship was in the Pacific Ocean, on the East side of South America. Apparently there is a Cross Lake in Saskatchewan but no school so his letter was sent to Edmonton and there they had written on it "Try Fawcett".

The children were so thrilled to get his letter. It was kept for years in the Minute book and they always called him 'Our Soldier'.

Another thrill for the children was airplanes. We seemed to be in line with the Army planes going north. A group of six or eight planes would pass low over the school. When this happened I would let the children out to watch them. Of course the children always waved and the planes would dip their wings in Salute, which just made their day.

Now in 1980, many of those pioneers have passed on; others have left the old homes. Sad to say, Cross Lake School has closed and been moved away. The few left from the older generation, the children who attended school are now parents and young grandparents; but they have not forgotten. They raise their hand in a Salute to the spot where Cross Lake School once stood as they drive by.

Fawcett School 3480

The Fawcett School was built on the Jim Russell farm in 1917 by Harry Hammond and Garfield Bell. The original building is still there. The north end of the old two-room school is now owned by Bud Kaeli.

Some of the early members of the local School Board were Dave Major, Harold Major, Harry Cannon, Herman Sund, George Boyd, Chris Hanson and many more throughout the years. In Charles Watson's term as local trustee, Fawcett and district schools were centralized into the Westlock School Division.

Some of the early teachers were: Miss Faithful, an English girl who returned to England on the same boat that the Jim Russell family went back to England on. Sigvald Neilson, Mrs. Booker and Mrs. Hundley all taught before 1922. Miss Marjorie Dowler taught the summer of 1923, Miss Helen Carswell taught the summer of 1924 and started again at Easter of 1925. Until 1925 there was school only in the summer



Fawcett's first school. Built by Gar Bell and Harry Hammond in 1917.

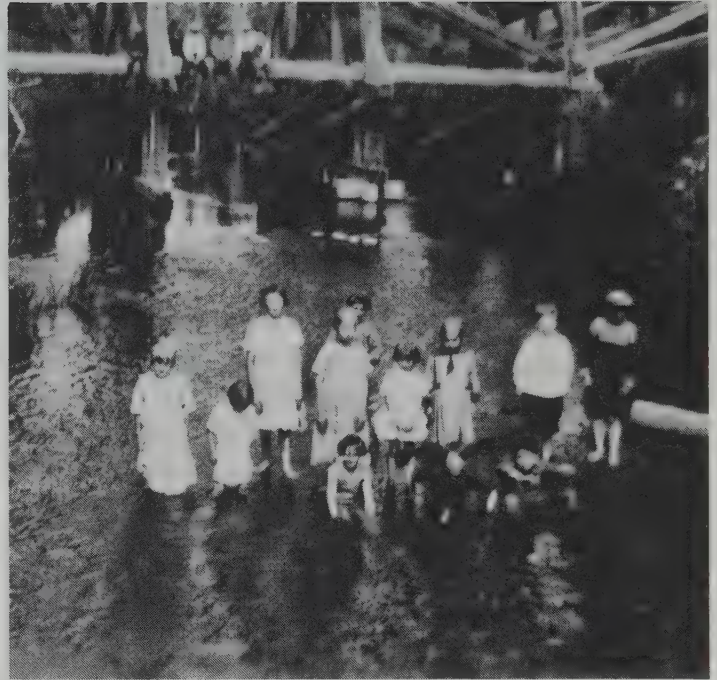


Construction of Fawcett School, 1948.

months because of finances. There was only local taxes to pay the teachers with and run the school. Then in the fall of 1925 Miss Ethel Card started teaching the first of September. Miss Card also taught the term of 1926 for the grand sum of \$840.00. This wouldn't pay one month's salary now! Miss Card taught at Fawcett until the end of June, 1928. That fall Mr. MacLachlan taught and stayed until May of 1931. Miss Eileen Butler came and finished that term. Mr. Gerry Camroux came the fall of 1931 and taught until June, 1932. Miss Agnes MacDonald came to teach the fall of 1932 and stayed two terms.

In 1935 an addition was built on the south end of the school. That fall Miss Eileen Butler returned and taught the high school room with Miss MacDonald in the lower room. Miss Butler taught the high room for two terms then in September, 1937, Miss Jessie Campbell taught in her place. This term was the last one for Miss MacDonald.

The schools of the district were centralized to Fawcett in the 1940s. All were of the Central Division known as the Westlock School Division.



Group of school children in French Creek, taken off the tote bridge, 1926.

In 1948 new school grounds were bought from W. C. Schmidt. A new three room school and a teacherage were built and were ready for the 1948 school term. In 1955 four more rooms were added. These four rooms were in use a very short time when fire broke out and they were burned to the ground on Valentine Day, 1955. The school Division replaced the building with six new classrooms and connected it to the original three rooms with a corridor and locker rooms. After this a gymnasium was built and soon four more rooms were added, bringing the school system at Fawcett to what it is today.

We have been blessed with good teachers throughout the years. At present, grades one through nine are taught here and high school students are bussed to Westlock.

Memories of Fawcett School, 1923 **written by Marjorie Dowler Stiles-Gibbs**

I arrived in Fawcett one evening in April, 1923. That was 57 years ago; I was only eighteen years old and had come to teach school. I had come from Edmonton on the Edmonton-Dunvegan-Peace River Railroad, which ran a tri-weekly passenger train to the North. Mr. George Boyd, who was secretary of the Fawcett School Board, was waiting for me on the platform. He loaded my baggage onto the wagon and found a seat for me and said, "Giddap" to the horses.

"We'll go and pick up Jessie and the kids at Sandborn's. They live uptown and have the same number of children as we do — four. You will have two of ours and two of theirs in the first grade".

Mr. Boyd explained that they would put me up

until I could find a boarding place, but as it turned out, I spent the entire summer with them.

I grew up on a wheat farm in eastern Alberta so I was no stranger to farm life, but this was different. Poplar and spruce trees were everywhere. The fields were small and some of the houses were made of logs. We could not cross the turbulent creek at this time of the year so had to detour several miles to cross the bridge.

Mr. Boyd drove us to school the next morning. Elwood and Zelpha Boyd were students. Zelpha was only five years old. The school was open only during the summer because the building was too cold. The parents, with young children, were anxious to get them started when they could.

The school was made of single-ply, unpainted shiplap. It was about twenty-four feet wide and thirty feet long, the windows were on the east side. The school was about a half a mile west of the town.

Since the school had not been cleaned since the last dance, Mr. Boyd got busy with a broom while the children and I explored. I found the school register, the dictionary and the globe. The calendar was a map of the world put out by an insurance company. I tore off the back months and brought it up to date, April, 1923. I found a box of chalk and while the children drew pictures on the blackboard, I put spelling lists, arithmetic and language assignments on the board. I hunted through my piles of pictures and let the Boyd children pick out some that they would like to put up. By the time Mr. Boyd had finished sweeping we had finished the decorating. "It is so pretty now", Zelpha declared.

I had fourteen pupils ranging from five years of age to fourteen years, in grades one to five. Some of

the pupils in grades three and four were twelve years old because the school term was so short, and when they had to learn English it was pretty hard. For instance, Mary Fauque had been out from France a couple of years and she worked very hard to catch up. When she finished one reading book and the required arithmetic, I advanced her to another grade more in keeping with her age and ability.

I loved the bush country, the pungent smell of spruce and poplar which surrounded the school yard. The crocuses and cow slips were poking through the grass on the ball diamond. One day, in the distance, there was a blue haze. "It's a fire. Someone is clearing land", the boys told me.

When the wind changed, the smoke increased and we could see the flames shooting through the haze. I didn't know what to do. On the prairies in the winter if a blizzard came up it was an unwritten law that the children remain at school. But what does one do when a bush fire was exploding sparks and the wind was blowing them directly towards the school? The older boys told me they knew how to get around the fires. "It will take about two hours longer for it's about five miles further going home but that won't matter as long as we get home by milking time."

We had a small, green, wooden tub and as the spring flowers came into bloom the bouquet changed. I can still close my eyes and smell the perfume and see the little green tub with crocuses, buffalo beans, shooting stars and later on, gorgeous tiger lilies. From this tub children learned botany, ecology, art, conservation and flower arrangement.

To supplement the meager library, my sister, who was teaching at Delia, sent me bundles of papers. The Maple Leaf section of the Family Herald was a favorite, also Onward, the Sunday School paper of the United Church. I read aloud to the pupils daily after lunch. The children loved these sessions. Sometimes the five minutes allotted on the timetable would turn into ten minutes until the exciting part of the story was read. There was a series about the life of a red fox, and a series written by a crippled lady who was taking her foster child on a trip around the world.

Although I cannot recall all the children's names I can see you as I reminisce. Marie Fauque had been left with her grandparents in France until her parents became established and sent for her. She crossed the Atlantic alone. A card was worn around her neck which gave her name and explained her situation. Marie was around eight years old when she came to Canada and about twelve when I came to Fawcett. She was still struggling with English but she worked hard and was advanced into the next grade by fall.

There were the Henry children: Rosanne, Jimmy and Annie. The Hundley girls: Linda, Beatrice and



Fawcett School, 1923. Back Row: Linda Hundley, Marie Fauque, Al Dubrowski, Jim Henry, Rose Henry, Peter Fauque, Sandborn girl, Marjorie Dowler — teacher. Front Row: Elwood Boyd, Annie Henry, Zula Mae Boyd, Zelpha Boyd, Mildred Garberg, Beatrice Hundley, Gordon Garberg, Gladys Hundley.

Gladys. The Boyd children: Elwood, Zelpha and Zula. These are some of the children that I recall quite vividly.

During those years the farmers had little cash for their daily needs because there was little land cleared for livestock pasture or for growing grain. They lived off the land. There was wood for fuel, fish and wild meat year round, and garden produce in the summer. I was intrigued by their ingenuity. Most farmers along the creek kept a fish trap, which was a sort of willow basket, fastened in the shallow part of the water. The fish swam in for the bait but could not get out. Of course it was visited often so there was no wastage. There was an advantage to being able to send the children down to the creek for fish when unexpected company arrived.

Wild game was always shared with neighbors. The first pigweed greens were a welcome treat as a substitute for spinach. And the wild fruit! We picked many quarts of wild strawberries on a small clearing south of Boyd's house. I know I picked a ten pound lard pail full many Saturday mornings. Jessie Boyd made the most delicious strawberry shortcake in the district.

When the Boyds ran out of potatoes, Ernie Orr sent word that he had some to share. Mrs. Boyd called for us one afternoon with the wagon and team. It was my first trip over a corduroy road. Ernie invited us for supper. I still remember the dessert — it was cream of wheat porridge topped with dried prunes, it was both delicious and nutritious. In August, Ernie came over for a raspberry pickin'. We heard of a good patch about seven miles southwest. Ernie came with his team and wagon and Mrs. Boyd fixed a picnic lunch. It was fun, and long before sunset all our containers were full. Jessie offered to can Ernie's berries.

Joe Dawkins was chairman of the School Board and also Justice of the Peace. He also helped out in many other jobs those days. Joe was an older bachelor. He invited me to join his friends, Margaret Forbes and her fiance on a fishing trip. It was a unique experience for me. We went twelve miles east by team and wagon. The day was beautiful and the horses pranced along as if they, too, were enjoying the outing. I do not remember our hostess' name but I do remember her kind hospitality and delicious lunch. We went fishing after lunch. Some of us had rods and lines but one went in with waders to spear the fish. Margaret could shoot them with her .22 rifle. We had enough fish for everyone to take home to cure or can for future needs. The trip took longer because a bush fire had got beyond control and we had to detour. For a few rods we had to force the horses to go through some burning muskeg. I was

frightened although I knew Joe was an experienced driver.

On June 30th we planned a picnic for the children. Mrs. Boyd made sandwiches and I sent to Edmonton for three dozen bananas which my cousin, Dr. Marion, sent out by parcel post. One of the boys, who had visited his grandmother in Chicago, proudly demonstrated how to peel them. The youngsters brought their lunch pails and we ate near the creek at Boyd's.

School closed in late September — I think it had something to do with school grants — and I went to Veteran to teach. I have always been grateful for that enriching experience of teaching at Fawcett.

About 1950 I was in Edmonton attending the Unifarm Convention (I was reporting it for the Family Herald) and I was delighted to receive a phone call from Jessie and George Boyd. They were working in the medical field in Edmonton. We had supper together — what a delightful evening, catching up on the Fawcett news!

Early Teaching Days

written by Helen Newnham (nee Carswell)

It was early in May, 1924 at the close of the University term, that I first came to Fawcett. I had heard from the preceding teacher, Marjorie Dowler, whom I had met through mutual friends in Edmonton, that the school was in need of a teacher, and was pleased when I received word that my application had been accepted.

I don't suppose that the crowd of people at the station was really as large as it appeared to a rather shy, young teacher when she stepped off the train at Fawcett, that May evening. I soon learned that meeting the train, twice a week, was one of the few



Fawcett school and pupils, 1926.



Fawcett School picnic, June, 1924. Teacher — Miss Helen Carswell. Four Ladies on the left are Mrs. Elof Peterson, Mrs. Sandy MacGregor, Mrs. Ernest Orr, Mrs. George Boyd. Children from the right; Rose Henry, Annie Henry, Evelyn Ruxton, Margaret Carswell, Lydia Crowell, Elizabeth Dubrowski, Mildred Garberg, Wally Jahnert, Herb Gallasch, Peter Fauque, Carl Dubrowski, Elwood Boyd, Willy Jahnert, Bert Jahnert, Alfred Sutton, Bernard Garberg, Jim Henry, Marie Fauque, Zula Mae Boyd. Two in front are Zelpha Boyd and Caroline Dubrowski.

excitements available to the settlers, and I suspect that if it were known that a new teacher would be arriving, they wanted a chance to size her up before actually meeting her. There was another reason for going to the train, too. In those days it didn't take the postmaster long to sort the mail after the train had gone through, and both Mr. Hundley and his successor, Bill Llewellyn, were good enough to give it out that night. So everyone visited for a few minutes, meantime, then collected his mail before going home.

I cannot recall with certainty who was delegated to meet me at the train. It may have been Mr. Peterson, or it could have been Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, at whose home I was later to spend so many happy hours. At any rate, George Boyd, was the secretary-treasurer of the School Board, with August Fauque, the chairman, and Joe Dawkins, the other member. And a finer board I could never have had! I still have the contract which I signed with the same Board, with salary (a good one for the times) at the rate of \$1200.00 per year — the same amount that I received forty-three years later for substituting at the Fawcett school for one month!

Though I am not sure now who drove me from the station to my boarding place that first night, I well recall that I never before experienced that particular type of transportation. The conveyance was a wagon with a low box, across which was laid a piece of 2"x10" planking to serve as a seat. I am sure you will remember, as a youngster, being on one end of a teeter-totter when the person at the other end jumped off suddenly and you hit the ground with a thud. This happened to me on one of my earlier rides — after the

driver jumped off, I moved out too far on the other end of the plank, with near disastrous results. Fortunately, no broken bones!

Everyone travelled by wagon. Indeed, I do not recall that anyone in Fawcett owned a car at that time, and the roads were certainly not warranted to preserve a car's springs. There was a great deal of muskeg in the country, and if a road happened to run across this kind of territory, poles were often laid crosswise over it to permit vehicles to cross. I remember driving over quite a few stretches of these 'corduroy' roads one night when going to a dance at Flatbush, and what a shaking-up we got! That evening my five-year-old sister, who was visiting me, had gone along as a chaperone, and a day or two later I was telling someone that it had been a nice dance, with no 'moonshine' in evidence, when my small sister piped up, "There was **too** moonshine! The moon was shining when we were coming home!"

The old school itself still stands — the northerly half of what later became the first two-roomed school, just across the tracks from the present Community Hall. In 1924, the exterior was of unpainted siding and the inside was quite unfinished; the blackboards were nailed to the two-by-fours. I don't know how we kept warm, with only a long camp heater at the back of the room, but I don't think any of us ever suffered. The janitor work was done by one of the older pupils, and it usually happened to be someone who lived some distance from the school; however, he or she made sure that they left home early enough to walk to school — no school buses in those days — and have the fire on in time to warm the rest of the students as they arrived.

I really enjoyed teaching those children. Until that year, the school had operated only during the five summer months, and they were all so eager to learn. Certainly no discipline problems here! There was an average attendance of about twenty pupils, and many nationalities were represented — English, Swedish, Irish, German, French, Russian and Polish among them. They all worked hard, and it was amazing what progress some of them, especially the older ones, made. While I was there a little girl came from Germany to live with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gallasch. Elfriede spoke no English, and I had only a year's study of German. How to communicate? We started on the 'Primer' that the Grade I's were using, more or less translating it. She learned quickly and was soon able to make herself understood on the playground, and advanced quickly in school.

That first summer I started a Sunday School class for the children. There was a road running west through the school yard to where Joe Dawkins lived, and one Sunday morning when I was leaving the school, a young man came along on horseback from Mr. Dawkin's place. Being on foot, I opened the gate for him to pass through. He thanked me, then said that any of the people in the district would be glad to help with the Sunday School if I needed assistance. Of course, I immediately assumed that this was just some 'young blood' trying to be smart, and I am afraid my reply wasn't too encouraging. When later I met, and got to know Herb Bell, it did not take me long to find out how wrong I had been — he was one of the finest.

I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Elof Peterson, who lived across the road from the present school, on the site where the Senior Froses' house now stands. The Petersons were kindness itself, to me. Mr. Peterson was Swedish and his Norwegian wife had been a cook in New York prior to coming to Fawcett. And what an excellent cook she was! The fragrance of her coffee and the smell of hot muffins wafting up to my bedroom ensured that I was never late for breakfast!

My room was a cosy little nook above the kitchen. There I used to sit and prepare my school work, write letters — how we young teachers, away from home, looked forward to getting mail — and from my window watch the ED & BC train going north at night, swaying crazily from side to side as it moved slowly along. No wonder the homesteaders called it the 'Extremely Dangerous and Badly Constructed' railway! I spent many winter evenings in my little hideaway, reading by a coaloil lamp and warmed by my small airtight heater.

Just a short distance up the road, south from the school, was a little confectionery store, kept by a

Monsieur and Madame Floquette, an old country French couple, and there I used to go for conversation lessons in French. It was amusing to hear some of the local gossip re-told in French.

In 1924, there was a big stand of spruce trees in the corner of what is now Mr. Frose's field, across the railway tracks from the school. There were many bad fires that year — everything was so tinder dry — and one day that stand of timber went up in flames. I shall never forget the "whoo-oo-oosh" as the flames raced up through the trees to the top. Fortunately, there was no wind and bordered by a ploughed field, the railway tracks and a road of sort, the fire did not spread.

In those days the school Christmas concert was one of the highlights of the year. What excitement, for days ahead! On the big night, the children all performed and it was hard to say whether they or their parents were the more proud of their accomplishments. At that particular concert we charged a small admission, and with the proceeds purchased, for \$25.00, a small organ for the school.

There was a dance in the hall following the concert, of course. That was the old hall that stood on the old tote trail into Fawcett when the railway was built. This was later to become the present roadway that now comes past Jack Kaliel's, down over the bridge, up the hill and into the hamlet. The hall stood close to the south side of the trail, on a flat piece of ground at the top of the hill. And what good times were had there!

There was something about those early years that can never be recaptured. Then times were really hard, and everyone was engaged in a daily struggle, as my old friend, Mrs. Peterson, use to say, "get paid up, get ahead". Most farmers were trying to get established, and clearing land meant manual labor, not hiring a caterpillar tractor. There was no money for extras, often not even for the bare essentials, but people were content with far less. They all made their own entertainment — baseball games and picnics in the summer, dances and visits in the winter. There were certainly no TV's in those days and I have been told that Joe Dawkins and Bill Llewellyn had the first radio in the district — the type that had two or three sets of earphones, which plugged into the 'box'.

School closed at Christmas that year for the two months of winter holidays and I returned in March. I had been substituting in the interim at a school just out of Edmonton, and returning to Fawcett was just like coming home. I was so glad to be back! I felt, too, that the school children were glad to see me.

That summer, my mother and part of my family, came up while the city schools were closed. Mr. Dawkins was good enough to give us the use of a

small log cabin he owned on the road to the west ferry. It was a wonderful holiday for the city children, and of course, I enjoyed having my 'ain folk' with me. I expected to move back to the Peterson's in the fall, but for some time had an application in for a position on the Edmonton staff and that year I received an appointment.

It was a wrench leaving Fawcett — all the good friends I'd made and at school, the children (and their parents), so appreciative of any small things that I might have done. Those months still stand out as among my happiest of my whole teaching career. I took away with me so many fond memories; of the days at school; of friendly visits with so many fine people; of walking barefoot through the rain to have supper with the Bells; of walking over to the Boyd's place on a spring evening, when the frogs were making music in the roadside sloughs; of the moonlight, winter night, the crisp snow crackling underfoot, rabbits scurrying across my path and the aurora borealis shimmering across the northern sky. Beautiful! And the Sunday afternoons at the Boyds — their home seemed to be the gathering place for most of the neighborhood. Everyone was made so welcome, and many weighty world problems were settled over cups of coffee.

Those happy times had to end for me when I went to the city to teach, but I have always had a warm spot in my heart for Fawcett and the friends I made there in those early years.



Class of 1940, Fawcett Jr. High School.



Grade 3, 1969. Back Row: Teacher: Agnes Gulicka, Kevin Holton, Sheldon Bolduc, Bruce Tober, Billy Moes, Kevin Marthaller, Clifford Bell, Bruce Boyd, Paul Cardinal. Front Row: Sandra Wilson, Annie Dirks, Barbara Gilmar, Brenda Yates, Gail Frose, Debra O'Brien, Annette Chapotelle, Lydia Fauque, Gwen Pizzey.



Class of 1924. Top Row: Bert Jahnert, Mary Fauque, Evelyn Ruxton, Herbert Gallasch, Waldemar Jahnert and Roseanne Henry. Middle Row: Elwood Boyd, Elfrieda Wedlick, Mildred Garberg, Bertha Sutton, Elizabeth Dubrowski and Willy Jahnert. Bottom Row: Jim Henry, Alfred Sutton, Carl Dubrowski, Annie Henry, Zelpha Boyd, Caroline Dubrowski, Bernard Garberg and Peter Fauque.



Fawcett School, 1929. Teacher — Mr. MacLachlan. Teacher's grandson, Jim MacLachlan, is the little fellow in the straw hat.



Fawcett School, 1931. Teacher — Miss. E. Butler.



Class of 1942. Boys: Donald Rochat, David Elgert, Fred Birosh, Ron Bell, Edwin Hansen, and Raymond Norris. Girls: Inez Alberts, Elsie Morris, Maxine Jones, teacher — Hazel Redd, Evelyn Schmidt, Muriel Paulson and Marguerite Bell.



Girls basketball team. Front: Billy Jo Boyd, Pat McGuire, Mary Niawchuk, Claire Race. Back: Mrs. Cliff Major, Elsie Altman, Gwen Moser, ?, Elsie Miller, ?, Adeline Hiller, Muriel Paulsen. Haldis Hansen.



Fawcett — Class of 1949. Standing: Mary Hackman, Tilly Hoffman, Pearl Wendel, Kay Watson, Selma Hansen, Rose Jerace, Winifred Hother, Werner Frose, Raymond Norris, Edward Dul, Basil Bouvette, Henry Dul, teacher — Walter Sharek, Norman Rochat, Allan Schmidt, Gordon Carswell, Mike Hackman, and Royce Mattice. Seated: Lillian Watt, Verline Campbell, Norma Hogan, Doreen Schmidt, Darlene MacGillivray, Charlotte MacGillivray, Evelyn Elgert, Jean MacGillivray, and Marlene Alberts.



1952 Class — Grades 4, 5 and 6. Front Row: Victor Houle, Gail Kaliel, Jean Hackman, Arlene Houle, Carol Sutherland, Geraldine Iampen, Barbara Boyd, Roberta Boyd, Alan Hansen. Middle Row: Henry Stainthorp, Stanley Rasmussen, Mike Hogan, Dan Rozak, Kenny Fletcher, Norri Bratt, Albert Iampen. Teacher: Mrs. Floyd Jones. Top Row: Margaret Thornton, Dorreen Sund, Julliette Ferdette, Jeanette Ferdette, Louise Deray, Jerry Godwin, Steve Hackman, Bobby Wall, Arnold Rochat, Victor Yancey.



Jarvie — Class of 1951. Back Row: Doug Thornton, Jean Abrams, Henry Dul, Doreen Johnson, Werner Frose, Kathleen Berry, Brock Alleman, Sarah Ann Birosh, and Pat Makey. Centre Row: Malcolm Johnson, Doris Logan, Alberta Rockwell, Mike Hackman, Gordon Carswell, Alcid Allarie, Olga Belliek, Beatrice Bratt, and Ken Berry. Front Row: Peter Kowalchuk, Jean MacGillivray, teacher — Bill Dawson, Mary Hackman, ? Rivest, and George Fedoranski.



Grade XII, 1962. Mrs. Arlene Olafson — teacher. Back Row: Dorthea Martin, Jim Olafson, Wayne Urchyshyn, Arthur Ratti, Raymond Smith, Gerald Gerry, Tim Walmsley, Irvin Andres, Richard Stockman, and Evelyn Twidt. Front Row: Gail Andres, Kathryn Kaliel, Patsy Kochan, Ellen Boyd, Lila Guyette, Beverly Tober and Carol Elgert.



Fawcett School — 1950.



Fawcett school, teacher — Mrs. Floyd Jones. Top Row: Ted Dul, Gerald Godwin, Bill Verbiek, James Godwin, Archie Burke, Carrie Bouvette, Lorraine McCann, Joanne Claeys, Norris Bratt and Larry Bouvette. Middle Row: Charles Deray, Steve Hackman, Allan Hansen, Larry Lampen, Michael Hogan, Kenneth Fletcher, Dan Rozak, and Bruce Caswell. Bottom Row: Carol Sutherland, Margaret Thornton, Lois Burchett, Margaret Stainthorpe, Victor Yancey, Stanley Rasmussen, Louise Deray, Doreen Sund and Roberta Boyd.

Ferry School District #4389

written by Doris Chatters

This is the story of Ferry School District and of the people who lived there. The stories of some are

told elsewhere in this book and need not be detailed here. For many, the details are unknown.

The Ferry School District is tucked into the corner formed by the Pembina River as it roughly skirts the eastern and northern boundaries of Township 63, Range 1, west of the Fifth meridian. The district is included in the Fawcett history book for two reasons. Although now basically considered a part of the Jarvie district, summer access to Jarvie bridge was cut off for the early settlers by a large muskeg, which turned a three-mile cross-country trip into a nine-mile journey by road. Secondly, the south ferry made Fawcett the nearer post office for people living in the northern part of the district. The postal business for the school itself seems to have been, in the late thirties, about equally divided between Mr. Cannon at Fawcett and Mr. Ledger in Jarvie. Many of the names which are familiar in other parts of this book were residents at one time or another, of Ferry District: The Llewellyn brothers, George Birosh and his family, Joe Mudra, Fred Stedel, Ed and Bill Hensch, Steve and Hazel Niawchuk, and so on.

The first homesteaders in Ferry District seem to have arrived immediately after World War I. June, 1919 saw the arrival of the Llewellyn brothers, Daniel and Wm. G., who, with homesteads and soldiers'

grants, took up three quarters on section thirty-four and one on section thirty-five. In that same year, Albert Charest filed on the northeast quarter of section thirty-three, Wm. Barlow on the northwest of thirty-two, and Reginald Nisbett on the southeast of twenty-three. Of these, only the Llewellyns remained to prove up their homesteads and become permanent residents.

In November of 1920, Gordon Grady filed on the northwest quarter of section twenty-seven, and took the northeast quarter as a soldiers' grant. He failed to follow up on either of these and the land passed into other hands. One of these quarters has a part in Ferry history, however, and will be heard of again.

The year 1921 was a busy one for the Ferry District. The usual number of drifters passed through, filed on land and disappeared, but a number of more permanent residents came too. Section fifteen was filed on that fall and winter by the Skode brothers, Oscar and William, Peter Wiebe, and James S. Cooper. Although none of these people stayed, the southwest quarter of section fifteen was, for the next fifteen years or so, referred to as "Cooper's quarter." Another homesteader of 1921 was Samuel Spence on the northwest of section twenty-one. Anyone who remembers the dense spruce forest that covered the area in those days, will not be surprised at the apparent ease with which homesteaders were discouraged and went on, hopefully, to if not greener, at least more open, pastures. There were those, however, who decided "This is the place," and put down roots of their own. Among these were Gabriel Coupal, on the southeast of section twenty-six, Albin N. Nelson on the northeast of twenty-seven (the one Gordon Grady had filed on and abandoned the year before) and on the southeast and southwest of that same section, twenty-seven, Reid Klotzbach and Joseph Mudra. On July 27 of 1921, Armand Nanson filed on the northeast of twenty-two and Nestor Pleurde on the northwest quarter.

Nestor Pleurde had been a lumberman in the Ottawa valley in his youth, a 'riverman' on the log booms of that era, as had Gabriel Coupal. He had been married too, but very little is known of his early life. Although he stood barely five feet tall, he was a mighty man with broadaxe, axe and grubhoe. In the early years on his homestead, after the minimum requirements of a house and a few acres of land had been met, he spent his winters in the bush and his summers clearing land. This was accomplished by the labour of man and faithful beast — his one horse, "Pinto." the horse would be hitched to a chain around a stubborn stump and heaved mightily, while the man applied axe and grubhoe to the tough roots. This went on every summer for years, with the result



Liline and Joseph Nansen. Joseph died at the age of 19 from pneumonia.

that in the early thirties, he was able to hire Ovila (Bill) Desroches with his 15-30 International tractor to break almost eighty acres. This was one of the larger fields in the district at the time, and one of the few places where the wind got a real chance to sweep across the road in winter. "Pinto", was then joined by four mules, with which Mr. Pleurde did his farming until he retired about 1942. He sold the farm, pigs, crop, and mules to Alex Kaliel and bought a small shack in Jarvie. Not too long after this, tragedy struck. The little house burned to the ground, and Nestor Pleurde with it. Speculation had it that perhaps he had fallen asleep in his chair and his ever-present pipe had started the fire. There was more lurid speculation, at the time, of robbery and foul play, but of course no one would ever know what really happened.

Albin Nelson married Lena McKilligan of Jarvie around 1930, sold out to Joe Mudra, and moved to



Nestor Pleurde and Bill Chatters on a hat rack.

Barrhead. Both later died in tragic circumstances, leaving two orphaned children. The children were raised by their grandmother, Mrs. McKilligan.

In June of 1922, Mr. Z. T. (Ben) Fowler came to homestead the northeast quarter of section twenty-eight. His residence would eventually be directly across the road from the school.

In 1919, Albert Charest filed on the northeast of thirty-three, to be followed in 1920 by Harry Scales. He took the southeast quarter as a homestead and the northeast through the Soldier Settlement Board. In 1921, David Tyerman (Grandpa) filed on the northwest quarter and in 1923 his son, Lloyd David, took over the Scales' land. The southwest quarter had been filed on by Frank Brown in 1921, but was taken over by the senior Tyerman in 1929. This was the land the Biroshes came to in 1938. Mr. and Mrs. Cole lived for a while on the northwest quarter before Bill Birosh took it over. The land is now owned by Adam MacCarther on the east half and Tony Moerman on the west.

The year 1923 brought the family of Walter E. Witts to section fifteen. They came from England by way of Saskatchewan, where Walter spent some time as Indian Agent at Duck Lake. He and his sons eventually acquired all of section fifteen and the northeast quarter of sixteen. They built a large, comfortable log house on the northwest of fifteen, log barns and outbuildings. To ease the struggle to clear and break up such a large acreage, they purchased a Fordson tractor and other machinery from Gordon Pierce, Ford dealer in Westlock. When the depression came in the early thirties, all homesteaders suffered privation. But for those in debt for land or machinery, the situation was truly desperate. By 1934, the Witts family had moved north to the Athabina country and Mr. Pierce, having sold his agency to Ray Hide, moved into the log house on section fifteen.



Snow storm May 22, 1931. The Witt's home, five miles south of Fawcett.

The Pierce family added a touch of sophistication to the rural scene. They were 'town people' and, to really set them apart, Gordon had a little cash! Gordon Pierce had a heart condition, and was unable to do heavy work, so several of the local young people were employed at various times as hired help. Lidia and Rudolph Kielbart worked there, as did Len Chatters for a season. So did Fred and Ed Hensch and on occasion, their brother, Bill who was about fifteen at the time. Mrs. Pierce worked about as hard as anyone could. Of course she didn't have the heavy outside work that some of the homestead wives did, but she had a large house to care for and always a large group to feed. Before her marriage to Gordon, she had been a teacher and her home seemed a natural focus for local teachers. Mrs. Roy Newnham, the former Helen Carswell, remains a warm friend. Miss Katie Thompson, later Mrs. John Armstrong, from Jarvie, Miss Neily from Fifth Meridian, Mrs. Oestereich from Manola were frequent weekend guests. Miss Crone from Ferry boarded there from September of 1936 to February of 1937. With guests, family and hired hands there was always a table full to enjoy her excellent cooking. Sunday special dessert was often a huge chocolate cake cut in generous portions to go with porridge bowls full of homemade ice-cream for all.

May of 1926 saw the arrival of Thomas Berry, from Ontario by way of High River. He filed on the southwest of section twenty-two and had the southeast of twentyone as a soldiers' grant for a while, but let it go.

Another resident of the time was Andrew, (Scotty) Law. In August of 1928 he filed on the northwest of twenty-eight. This was west of Ben Fowler's quarter and is now owned by Pat Makey. Scotty was a friend of Tom Berry's and on occasion shared the small cabin Tom had built in the thick bush on his land. In those years everyone went out to work to earn cash so they could live while proving up their homesteads. Many bachelors didn't return to their land. In 1930 Scotty's quarter was taken over by Edward Huffman who has also vanished from the scene.

In 1928, the southeast quarter of section twenty-eight was taken by Alex Miller, in 1930 by Elmer Grover. Although no one proved up the homestead, a solid log cabin and barn had been built there. Elmer Grover (Nightingale) spent a season or two there around 1932. Times were terribly hard by then and he survived only by visiting frequently at the tables of his neighbors. The sad state of his clothing was hidden beneath an almost ankle-length army greatcoat. He left in 1933 to return to his native Kansas. He revisited the district in 1978 with his wife of many

years, his schoolday's sweetheart from Kansas. He had retired after a long, varied and quite successful career, and was living in a trailer court in Canoe, British Columbia.

This particular quarter was finally taken over by Pierre Deshoux, senior, in November of 1934. He had his sawmill there for a few years while he logged his own quarter and Llewellyn's bush. He cleared and broke the land he logged on twenty-eight and proved up the homestead. Pat Makey lived there a while before moving to his own quarter farther west. The land was finally purchased by George Kikernik, who farmed it until his death. His younger son, Ken, farms there with his mother today.

The last quarter on section twenty-two was filed on by Arthur William (Bill) Chatters on June 6th, 1927. The Chatters family had been near neighbors of the Witts family in the English village of Mundon, Essex. There Bill was employed as head horseman on the estate of one Squire Solley. The family, parents and four children, lived in one half of a comfortable brick duplex on the estate. Life was pleasant, the two girls were already old enough to go into domestic service; the two little boys, Len and Ted were attending the village school. The future looked settled. Maybe that was the trouble. In pre-world-war-two England, you knew your place and you stayed in it forever. Then there were those glowing posters put out by the Canadian government: "Come to Canada, free land and golden opportunity!" Anyway, it was decided to uproot the family and move to Canada in the summer of 1926. Some of those roots were several hundred years deep, and the mother, at least, still felt uprooted until the day she died.

After stops along the way in Avonlea,



Mrs. Bill Chatters in front of house.

Saskatchewan, and Daysland, Alberta, where Bill acquired a team of horses, Fannie and Beauty, and a sleigh with wagon box, the family took up residence in the log cabin in the middle of the homestead quarter, in what must have seemed to the mother, a forbidding wilderness. The two girls, Marjorie and Beatrice, found work as domestics in Edmonton. Bill worked as a farm hand for Mr. Elton Beamish, Sr., David and Ron's father. He also spent a winter at Chisholm. The farm work enabled him to borrow haying machinery to put up wild hay in a couple of open sloughs. The only other clearing was a small burned over area, where Mrs. Chatters and the boys worked to gather, pile and burn the pieces of wood to clear the land for breaking.

In the summer of 1928, the boys, now nine and eleven, and their mother broke the first five acres of land. It was done with Fannie and Beauty hitched to a walking plow that Bill had bought, along with disk and harrow, from Lloyd Tyerman, Cockshutt agent. The next summer five more acres were cleared and broken with the help of Alex Mechalchuk and his team, making four horses, and a breaking plow. It was a big wooden beam walking plow and Alex held the plow while Len drove the horses.

By this time the fruits of Bill's labour included a wild range cow that had to be tied fore and aft to milk her, a black Angus calf, an old sow with piglets and some chickens. Some of the chickens came to an untimely end when the sow ate them. Oats grew on the new breaking, there was a fine garden and wild meat. Bill was no great hunter, but the neighbors shared when someone got a deer or moose, and the boys brought in partridge with their twenty-two. Mrs. Chatters made a delicious potted meat from grouse, with spices, something like head cheese. She had been a professional cook for the Raymond family of Belchamp Hall before her marriage and made the most of the bounty of hen-house, garden and forest. Bill continued to work out until Len was old enough to leave school. Len took his father's place at Beamish's and worked there for seven summers in all. In 1936 he met and fell in love with, the new school ma'am, Miss Crone. She came of pioneering stock herself, having been born in a tent on a half section of raw land her father had purchased from the C.P.R. near Bashaw. In 1938 two new houses went up on the homestead. One big one was for Bill, now a widower, and his daughter Marjorie, her husband and children. The other was for Len. Both were of logs, cut in Llewellyn's bush, recently fire-killed. The doors, windows, and lumber were bought from Alex Kaliel and paid for with endless loads of tamarack fenceposts cut and hauled to Fawcett on sleighs across the river ice. In 1939, Len worked for Mr.



The Len Chatters home, 1939.

Dezayer, a farmer west of Bashaw in the Ellice district. In November of that year, he and Doris were married in Bashaw. They came home to the new little log house and have lived there ever since.

The years 1926-1929 saw other new arrivals in the district. In April of 1928, Wilfred A. Logan filed on the northeast quarter of section twenty-six, cancelling the application of Wm. Cross of the previous year. The northwest quarter was taken also in 1927, and again in 1929. In the end Wm. (Scotty) Meldrum homesteaded it. Ted Marshall acquired it in 1939 and lives there now.

The northeast and northwest of section twenty were taken by Ovila (Bill) Desroches, in 1928, and Charles Dubec, in 1929, respectively. This land was later occupied for a while by Archie Laing and his daughter Irene. Lynne and Maxine Carter had it after that, and sold it to Al and Jane Medcke. Al recently sold it to Bob and Betty-Jo Smith of Calgary, who live there now.

Lucien Froment filed on the northeast of twenty-one, part of the Kikirnik farm now. Romeo Froment had the southeast of twenty-three, land later occupied by the Arthur Lizotte family, and now owned by Joe Baranec. Joe Baranec also owns the southeast of twenty-six, following Gabriel Coupal in '21, Chas Reilly in '26, and Charlie Froment in 1930.

In 1928, Arthur Blanchard took the northwest of section thirty-two and Marin Erbe filed on the southwest of the same section. Mr. Blanchard later sold his to Rudolph Bohn, who sold it to Charlie Payonk. Tony Moerman owns it now. Martin Erbe lived out his life on his homestead and he and his wife Anna are buried at Fawcett. Their son, Oswald farms the home place now.

In June of 1927 the Armstrong brothers came to section thirty-five, by the river. Harold took the northeast quarter and Herman the southeast. Gordon Smith (Dan's son) owns them both now.

The northwest quarter of section twenty-seven had been a popular one to take up and leave. Several

names had been added to the list of hopefuls since Gordon Grady had thrown it up in 1920. In December of 1929 August Fauque acquired it.

By 1929 there were several families with school age children in the district. The Chatter's boys, Len and Ted, had gone to school in England and one term at Avonlea but had had no formal education since. The three Nanson children had not been to school at all. They spoke little or no English, since their parents were Belgian and spoke only French at home. There were two Tyerman boys, Jack and Rodney, of school age. Rosie Witts and perhaps her brother, Alf, were prospective pupils. There were younger Tyermans coming up and Wilf and Leora Logan had a family. The minimum requirement of eight pupils was in place. A school district was accordingly formed. Arrangements with Mr. Fauque for a school ground of two acres in the southwest corner of the northwest of section twenty-seven were finalized and recorded on August 22, 1930. The school was built, the yard plowed and seeded to grass, and classes opened in the fall of 1930. Mrs. Lilace Jones (now of Pembina Lodge, Westlock) was in charge and eight pupils in attendance. It has been a wonderful life, running more or less wild in the bush, even with the sobering discipline of hard work, and Mrs. Jones must have had her work cut out for her taming her small brood, at least two of whom were taller than she. There were the three Nansons, Joseph, Liline, and John. Two Tyermans, Jack and Rodney, two Chatters, Len and Ted, and Rosie Witts.

The school itself was a plain building about twenty by thirty feet with spruce siding on the outside, shiplap on inside walls and ceiling and a wainscotting of spruce V-joint. Storage was provided by the cupboard under the chimney at the back, and the "library," a small cupboard in the front corner next the door. It contained a selection of the classics, readers, etc. Furnishings included a big barrel heater to burn cordwood, a dozen quite modern wood and steel desks in various sizes, and the teacher's desk and chair. These were part of what was known as a "library set," in oak. The desk was a small table with undershelf and drawer, the chair a leatherette-upholstered armchair, quite impressive. The rocking chair, which completed the set, was purchased by Mr. Tyerman for his own home. There was a bell, of course, and a fine world globe suspended from the ceiling with a rope and pulley arrangement that allowed it to be lowered for use or pushed up out of the way. There were a couple of world wall maps, courtesy Neilson's chocolate bars, and adorned with pictures of the product. The east wall was occupied by a row of windows, two of which opened with proper sash cord and pulleys inside the casing, and a couple more that



Pete Deshoux Sr's sawmill, 1938. Place now owned by Ken Kikernik.

could be pushed up and propped. The west wall had a small square window, hinged to open on a chain so cross ventilation was assured. Unfortunately, so was free entry of mosquitoes and vicious bull dog flies, which lined the windows almost solidly in late spring. Mosquito netting applied by the teacher later solved this problem. On the same side, beside the door, was the wash bench with bucket and basin, and slop pail underneath. The janitor filled the water pail daily from Joe Mudra's well a quarter of a mile away. Artificial light was provided by a couple of those small glass coal oil lamps with tin reflector and frame for hanging on the wall. They were known, I think, as "bedroom lamps." Fortunately, with plenty of windows, artificial light was not needed and on evening occasions someone always brought gasoline or coal oil pump-up mantle lamps or lanterns. On the south wall, behind the teacher's desk, was the black board. In later years, the shiplap was covered with kalsomined paper, and the trim and wainscoting were painted dark brown. A porch was built over the door to temper the winter drafts. The ladies sewed curtains, attached by small metal rings, to a wire stretched over the windows. When the Division took over, a sand-table and a red "science cupboard" were added to the furnishings. A small teacherage was built on the grounds. It was built by Art Cole to a standard plan worked out for maximum efficiency by superintendent Leo Kunelius.

Art Cole also built two houses for Joe Mudra and one for George Kikernik about that time. George's house finally replaced the log building that had served as cook house and bunkhouse for Deshoux' sawmill and home for various families before and after sawmill days.

Teachers followed one another at a fairly brisk rate. Miss Margaret Miles, (now Mrs. Roy Hanlan of Westlock) substituted for Mrs. Jones. (Years later, Mrs. Jones' daughter Maxine, returned to the district as Mrs. Lynne Carter). Mrs. Clifford Major came next, riding horseback from home, seven miles. There was a Miss Kennedy and then Miss Jean Moore who taught two years, boarding first with the Tyermans and then with Mrs. Bill Chatters. A lean-to had been added to the original log house which



Ferry School — Class of 1931. Back Row: Joseph Nanson, Miss Miles (teacher), Len Chatters, Rodney Tyreman. Front Row: Ted Chatters, Rosie Witts, Jack Tyreman, Liline Nanson, John Nanson.



Ferry School — Class of 1950. Back Row: John Kikernik, Ed Armstrong, Patty Makey, Cliff Armstrong, Saranne Birosh, Mart Ellen Chatters, Kathleen Berry. Front Row: Bill Marshall, John Chatters, Tom Makey, Loretta Niawchuk, Ronnie Niawchuk, Mary Kikernik, Louise Marshal, Gladys Armstrong.

provided a kitchen and a bedroom for the teacher. The old kitchen now became a living room. Miss Berry substituted for Miss Moore, on leave-of-absence for surgery. She taught the young people basic dance steps. Miss Crone followed Miss Moore. She taught one year before returning to Bashaw. Miss Olive G. Young came next and taught three terms. Mr. John March was teacher at the beginning of the forties. Then followed a series of correspondence supervisors as war service cut down the teacher supply. The teachers now boarded at Mrs. Birosh's. There were Wilma Flewelling, who married Bob Birosh; Joan Ralph, who married Earl Beamish (Dave and Ron's brother); Beth Mooris, and Florence MacDonald. In the fall of 1943, Miss Crone was back, only now she was Mrs. Len Chatters and had two young children. She had taken the job with the understanding that she would quit at Easter break before spring work began. Miss Gerry Eastes finished the term and taught the next year. In 1946, Rita Rivest came to teach, bringing her brother Simon as a pupil. They walked from the home farm, which is part of Leroy and Melvin Logan's land now. In 1947, Mrs. Chatters was back for a year. In the '48-'49 year, a young man, Mr. Thompson, was in charge, and in '49-'50 it was Mrs. Erick (Alice) Dawson who, with her husband, occupied the teacherage. In 1939, when it was first formed as "Pembina School Division," the Westlock School Division had taken over the administration. For a while a local board was maintained but later dropped. There was a strong push for centralization, as the Divisional Board reasoned it would greatly improve educational opportunities for rural children. With the fall term of 1950, Ferry was centralized to Jarvie, library, bell, globe, Neilson chocolate bar maps, new "science cupboard" and all. Even the blackboards were used in one of the buildings the board commandeered to handle the overflow of Jarvie pupils. The yellow School Bus, with Dwight Scott at the wheel became a permanent fact of life. Ferry School building remained for a few years more, used for festive occasions, or as a polling place at election time. finally, Bill Seater bought it and moved it south to his farm for use as a pig house. The teacherage went to Fawcett, where it was built on to and used as a teacherage there. Even the school yard disappeared. A borrow pit for dirt to build up the road took part of it, and brush and willows soon took over the rest. John Nanson bought the quarter from August Fauque and lately sold it to Ken Kikirik.

While the history of Ferry School was being enacted, many changes were taking place in the district.

Romance had blossomed on section twenty-two.



Len Chatters, Ken Berry and Tom Berry with a bear they shot just west of Len's house.

In 1929, Beatrice Chatters married Tom Berry. With the help of his future in-laws, he had built a fine new log house for his bride. It had two large rooms with both a front and a back door in the combination kitchen-living room. Tom was a good carpenter, and the house was well built and as nicely finished as finances would allow. The house still stands in the same place. The end wall has been removed and David Chatters uses it for storing out-of-season machinery.

Marjorie Chatters had come back from Edmonton and worked for the Ernie Orr family at Fawcett. She also accompanied the District Nurse on her rounds for a while. In 1932, she married Marius Chapotelle whose family homesteaded the land that Mike Hackman Sr. now owns across the road from Jim Laughy. The Berrys had two children, Ken, born two months prematurely in February of 1930, and Kathleen, a husky nine pounder born in October 1936 at Mrs. Boyd's. In October of 1933 the Chapotelle's first baby, Jacqueline, was drowned in the Pembina River at the age of ten months, in a boating accident. She is buried in Jarvie Cemetery. In 1937 Mrs. Bill Chatters lost a brief battle with cancer and is buried in Jarvie as well.

The school population changed over the years, but never exceeded twenty. Ken and Kathleen Berry both attended, as did Sarann Birosh. The two older Chapotelle boys attended Ferry before their parents moved to their present home which is in Chain district. The four older children of Herman and Frances Armstrong, Jim, Edward, Clifton and Gladys all went there as did Stanley and Melvin Logan. The rest

of the Logan children went to Jarvie, as the house is really in Jarvie district. Andre Fauque came across the river to Ferry for a few years. Kathleen, Theresa, Larry and perhaps Marlene Godwin were in school before Bill left the ferry. Fred Stedel's family lived for a time in Joe Mudra's other house and all the family went to Ferry. Later, Steve and Hazel Niauwchuk lived in the house and Ronnie and Loretta were in school. Louise and Billy Marshall attended, as did John and Mary Ellen Chatters and John and Mary Kikirnik and Patrick Jr. and Tommy Makey. In 1934 Arthur Lizotte lived on the southeast of twenty-three, and his oldest son Armand, and possibly others went to Ferry. Mr. and Mrs. Nanson's grandson, Lorne Spooner lived with them and went to school for a while. The school, of course, reached out to touch many besides the students. Community fun of all kinds went on there. Music for dances could be supplied by anything from a comb and cigarette paper to Cecil Carter's violin and Lynne's guitar. Tom Berry played a beat-up concertina. He had to chew gum constantly to have a supply ready to plug new leaks in the bellows. One winter George Lapierre worked at Deshoux's mill and played a handsome accordion.

Finances were tight at the school level too, in depression time. They had started out with "store bought" equipment, but in 1936, when more desks were needed, George Collette built some out of heavy rough lumber planed by hand. He was a school board member then. Gordon Pierce was chairman of the board and Tom Berry secretary-treasurer.

The finances of that time are interesting in these days when costs of education are staggering. The total cost of operation for the year 1937, as recorded in January 1938 by Tom Berry and audited by Jack Trickett of Jarvie was \$960.06. The tax rate was fifteen mills on a total assessment of \$20,190.00. Taxes collected \$284.40, arrears \$225.17, total receipts including government grant were \$986.04. They appear to have made it into the black that year, but repeatedly defaulted on their debentures and were still paying Jean Moore in 1938, although she hadn't been there since June of 1936. Miss Crone, too was finally paid the last of her \$600.00 yearly salary for 1936-1937 in May of 1938.

In 1937, Tom Berry handed the job of Secretary-treasurer over to John Campbell. He lived with his brother Bill on the northwest of section twenty-one which they had acquired in 1930. In those days the Campbell brothers had a windcharger with which, for a small fee, they kept the storage batteries for neighborhood radios charged. Bill later moved to the west coast where he married, and has since died. John still lives on the homestead.

Another addition to the district in the fall of 1930 was John Legrow. He took the south half of section seventeen and lived there for a while with his son Russell. He was a skilful woodworker, and the housewives of the district appreciated his cupboards and chairs. The men found his homemade birch sleigh runners excellent, as runners were frequently broken hauling heavy loads of fence posts or firewood over rough muskeg terrain. He stayed only a few years, as Russell's mental condition deteriorated rather than improving as he had hoped. Both father and son are long dead now.

George Collette, mentioned above as the school board member who built the double desks, had been gassed in the war and was in poor health. He left the homestead for a small shoe and harness repair shop in Fawcett. His health, however, continued to fail and he died not long after. His wife is now Mrs. Wm. Phillips and lives in Edmonton. Mr. Phillips owns the northwest quarter of section sixteen.

The homesteaders were a hardy breed and severe illness was not too common, but neither was it unknown. In the winter of 1938, Joseph Nanson succumbed to bronchial pneumonia at age 19. He is buried in Jarvie Cemetery.

The last end-of-school picnic was shaping up to be a gala affair on June 30th, 1950. It was held at the south ferry now run by Leslie Moser. Everyone was there; the Makeys with their sons and not quite year-old twin girls, Len Chatters and his wife with their five, Bill Chatters, the Nansons, the Berrys, the Biroshes, Steve Niauwchuks, Kikirniks, Marshalls, Armstrongs, and Ernie Mayer (who owned part of the present Gordon Smith farm). Everyone had brought lunch and the food was set out on tables in the shade. The young people and many older ones decided on a swim before lunch. Kathleen Berry, now a teenager, ventured a little too far out into the current and half in play shouted "Help!" Some of the men were already in the water, but her father, a good swimmer, rushed to her rescue, still wearing his clothes. He reached his daughter and handed her to some of the other men, then appeared to collapse and sank himself. The water was fairly high and the current swift in deep water. The men, some of them excellent swimmers and divers, searched all afternoon. The R.C.M.P. arrived to join in the search. It was almost evening before Tom's body was recovered. The shocked and silent group went sadly home. Tom was buried at Jarvie with as near to full military honours as could be mustered in a rural community. It was believed he probably died of a heart attack rather than drowning. That was the last of the school picnics. The incident also to a large extent

ended the pleasant custom of picnicking and bathing at the river.

The forties and fifties brought more changes. Section fifteen was home for a while to the Alex Mechalchuk family and the older Mechalchuk boys attended Ferry School. The land was taken over in 1942, by Mr. Walter Burchett. He stayed only one season before being called to replace Mr. Pierce as Divisional secretary. he held this position for many years until his retirement. The farm was taken over by his nephew Charles and his wife Hilda. They lived there until the spring of 1946 when the land was bought by Henry Terhorst. Walter Burchett's daughter Mavis attended Ferry School briefly, as did Charles's son Melvin. The elder Terhorsts replaced the log house originally built by the Witts family with a handsome new frame one. The farm was later taken over by Henry's son Hardy, and finally sold to Boris Luchka, who, with his family, lives there now.

Ted Marshall settled on Scotty Meldrum's quarter in 1940 and has been there ever since. Pius Koenig bought Joe Mudra's land and, later, the quarter that had been Reid Klotzbach's homestead. He has since sold all but Joe's homestead quarter. The new owner lives elsewhere and Tony Moerman farms the land. He also owns Llewellyn's land. John Nanson lives on the quarter his father homesteaded in 1921. Both parents have been dead for several years and are buried in Jarvie Roman Catholic cemetery. In the late forties, Ed and Grace Hensch bought the Pleurde homestead from Alex Kaliel and lived there until 1954, when they moved to the west coast. Ed's brother Bill farmed it for a number of years until he sold it to Len Chatters. It was to be home to David Chatters and Evelyn (Makey), his wife and their two sons. Len Chatters eventually acquired all of Tom Berry's land as well. This had been turned over to David and the family has come full circle back to the homestead. Bill Chatters died in 1956 at the age of seventy-three, and is buried beside his wife in Jarvie cemetery. There also is the small grave of Robin Richard Chatters, age nineteen months, who died suddenly that same year. He was Len and Doris's seventh child and fifth son. The family was blessed in 1960 with the birth of twin girls, making four sons and four daughters. There are eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Len served on the local schoolboard until centralization ended it and is currently municipal councillor. Doris taught for twenty years in Jarvie, retiring in 1976.

In the early fifties, a good road was finally built across the muskeg to Jarvie bridge. This, together with the removal of the south ferry, and the building of Fawcett bridge farther north, has tended to divert Ferry district from Fawcett. Only a few now remem-

ber those endless sleigh loads of fence posts and firewood that poured into Alex Kaliel's, the cash and commerce of the thirties.

Fifth Meridian School #4542

Fifth Meridian School opened on September, 1931. It was built on SE13-64-1-W5, actually right beside the meridian, hence the name.

The first school board consisted of Dwight Anderson (chairman), Florence Anderson (secretary-treasurer), George McKilligan, Sr., Ray Shephard and Joe Shephard as trustees. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Anderson boarded the first teacher who was Miss Pat O'Dwyer.

School opened with ten children attending from the Fifth Meridian district and four from the Fawcett district who were taking high school — Elwood and Zelpha Boyd, Edith and Francis Kaliel.

Fawcett School was too crowded for Miss Agnes



Fifth Meridian School, 1941. Back Row: Mary Hackman, Marion Jones, ? Nelson, Lillian Nassey, Violet Morrow, teacher — Miss Colbens, Edward Dul, ? Morrow, Floyd Morrow, and Sandy Anderson. Front Row: ? Morrow, Mike Hackman, Lawrence Houle, ? Morrow, Norman Houle.



5th Meridian School, 1932. Teacher — Miss Pat O'Dwyer.



Fifth Meridian School, 1941.

MacDonald to teach high school so Miss O'Dwyer said she would teach us and did until Christmas break. Then, because of tuition fees not being paid to Fifth Meridian School, the four had to leave.

Some of the teachers to follow Pat O'Dwyer were: Miss Dorothy Hawks, Miss Ivy Smith, Miss Mary Glebe (who married Foster Nelson), Miss Cleota Colbins, Miss Neily (who married Archie Brown of Westlock), Mrs. Charlie Watson, Miss Elizabeth Schwint (who boarded at Mr. and Mrs. Armand Houle's place, 1943), Miss Kay Watson supervised till Easter one year and then Mr. Leslie Seward came.

The last trustees were; Armand Houle (secretary), Foster Nelson and Kenneth Nelson. The Fifth Meridian School closed for good in June, 1945. The children were then bussed to the Fawcett School.

The following has been taken out of the Minute Book that belonged to the Fifth Meridian School.

February 14, 1948.

Annual meeting open 3:20 a.m. Six ratepayers present.

Nominated by Mr. Chas Watson that Foster Nelson as chairman.

Secunder Mr. Mike Hackman.

Nominated by Mr. Mike Hackman that Mr. A. Houle remain as Sec.

Secunder Mr. G. Verbeek.

Mr. Chas Watson accept last annual meeting report as read.

Secunder Mr. F. Nelson.

Teacher report as being read and accepted by the ratepayers.

Carried.

Nominations open for a trustee — 1 to 4 o'clock.

Nominated by Mr. Chas Watson that Mr. Mike Hackman be Trustee.

Secunder Mr. G. Verbeek, as Mr. Nelson would not accept nominations.

Mr. Chas Watson motioned that the School Board have something done to the school — that is fix the windows and fix behind blackboards as wind and snow are blowing through.

Secunder Mr. Verbeek.

Nominations closed.

After investigation we found there was no plaster behind the blackboard and wind was blowing through the windows. Snow laying on floor and 2 in. of snow laying on window frame. Heater has been going full blast for the last 1 hour and 20 minutes and was so cold we don't know how the children could stand it.

Meeting adjourned.

Chairman — Foster Nelson.

Secretary — A. Houle.

Declaration of Office.

I, P. C. Stone, declare I am a British subject, that I am an elector of the 5th Meridian District, that I can read and write and that I hereby accept the office of Trustee — Sec.-Tres. to which I have been elected in Fifth Meridian School No. 4542. And that I will to the best of my ability, honesty and faithfully discharge the duties devolving on me as such trustee sec.-tres.

Dated at Fawcett, Alberta the day of July 24, 1941.

Signed,

P. C. Stone

P. C. Stone
Sec.-Tres.

French Creek School #4935 submitted by Barney Eymundson

When the community decided to establish a school district there were no hitches except for the one dollar timber permit and that took over a year to finalize. The first permit was issued and then cancelled because one of the neighbors had a grazing lease on the land and the Department of Lands felt that the green timber should be conserved as shelter for the livestock.

I found the original notes on the logging. It was done in January and February of 1947. There was a total of 105 man days, donated by the neighbors and a total of 826 logs cut, skidded and hauled to the Ernie Richey quarter which Valois Key owned. The names of the neighbors were; Tom Bray, Jack Kerik, James Ruxton, Kenneth Ruxton, Joseph Vanhill, Clarence Whitelock, James Kerik, and Steve Kerik.

The above is just another example of how predominant the "help your neighbor" policy was and still is in the district.

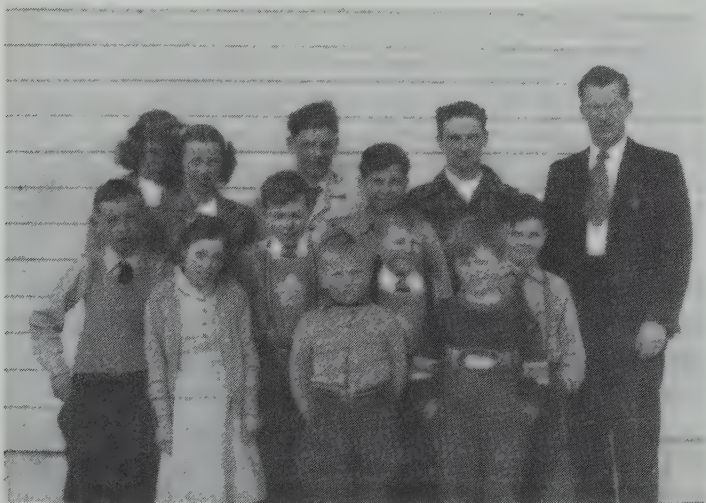


French Creek School, 1953.

The Westlock School Division sent Hanson, their chief carpenter, and his crew up to build the school. It is still used as a community centre. The school is located on SW18-65-26-W4 and the land was donated by Valois Key.

French Creek School was proclaimed S.D. #4935 in the Alberta Gazette on May 30, 1946 with L. W. Kunelius, superintendent, as official trustee. The local trustees were Jack Kerik, Barney Eymundson, and Tom Bray (secretary). One of the notes that I came across and which should be of interest to the reader is as follows:

"The Conveyance Grant paid by the Department in 1946 for children having to travel a long distance to school, and living in or residing in an unorganized area, was eighty-five cents per family for each school day. However, if the children walked to school they were not eligible for any payment."



French Creek School, 1949. 1st Row: Darlene Bray, Donald Bray, Bonard Vanhill. 2nd Row: Jimmy Bray, Harry Eymundson, Thorel Eymundson, Keith Kerik. 3rd Row: Gladys Bray, Chester Kerik. 4th Row: Shirley Vanhill, Dwayne Kerik, Gordon Kerik, teacher — Nick Yuriku.

The assessed Taxation Grant from the Department for the 1946 season was \$220.00 which was forwarded to the official trustee at Westlock. Another item of interest in regards to forming a school district was that we had to show the cultivated acreage on each quarter and also the acreage of meadow or hay producing areas on each quarter. This pertained to the levy of taxation or the rate.

The school went into operation as soon as it was built and remained in operation until the bussing and eventual closing of all country schools.

As this district was no exception, we were caught in the teacher shortage and short period of correspondence supervision followed, but for the most part we were favoured with very good teachers.

Mr. Harry Klufus was the first teacher at French Creek School. Following are the names of some of the other teachers who taught there: Iris Wilson, Nick Yurkiw, Mrs. Olga Peterson and Mr. Ron Seward whose brother, Peter Seward, still teaches at Westlock. One year there was a supervisor. Her name was Miss Balonbin. The last teacher was Miss Leas.

The children attending school the first term — Harry and Thorel Eymundson, Jim, Gladys, Patsy, Allan and Donald Bray, Shirely and Bonard Vanhill, and Gordon, Duane, Chester and Keith Kerik.

Among the people who served on the French Creek Board were — Pete Key, Shana Eymundson, as secretary-treasurer, and Betty Kerik, as chairman.

Jack and Betty Kerik bought the teacherage at French Creek, moved it to Fawcett and converted it into a very nice home.

Thorntonville School #4223

The Thorntonville School District was formed and the school built in 1925-26. Walter Bratt and Bob Simpson took the contract to supply the material and build the school for \$1700.00. The school was built in the southeast corner of SE30-64-26-W4, on land owned by Joe Sears, just across the road to the north of the Thorntonville Hall.

School opened on the eighth of September, 1926. Mrs. Mildred Ness was the first teacher and boarded with Cora Thornton and her parents.

The first School Board consisted of Frank Smith, Tommy Burton, George Thompson (Chairman), and Cora Thornton as secretary-treasurer. Cora had held this position all the years the school was in service. Some of the people who served on the Board throughout the years were — Les Richey, George Thornton, Bob Simpson, James Ruxton, and Lawrence Schnepf.

Some of the teachers who taught at Thorntonville were — Mrs. Ness, Miss Anna Gregor (who became Mrs. Bill Thornton), Miss Phyllis McCammon (who



Thorntonville School, 1939.



Thorntonville School, 1928.



Thorntonville School, 1937. Teacher: Miss Helen MacRae. 1st Row: Marion Marson, Norma Burton, Marjorie Richey, Ian Turner, Jean Thornton. 2nd Row: Louis MacRae, Ethel Richey, Agnes Simpson, Lois Thornton, Helen Robinson. 3rd Row: Laurie Schnepf, Evelyn Marson, Jack Burton, Helen Svenson, Annie Slobodian, Ken Ruxton. 4th Row: Willie Svenson, Margaret Svenson, Marie Schnepf, Dorothy Marson, Marjorie Burton, Fred Svenson. 5th Row: George Slobodian, Bernice Thate, Hugh Robinson, Bertha MacRae, Donald MacKay.



Thorntonville's first Ladies Club. Front: Bertha Key, Francis Lampen, Betty Kerik, Georgina Thornton, Cora Thornton, Helen Turner, Winnie Hother. Back Row: Gladys Thornton, Neva Smith, Mrs. Ruxton, Nellie Richey, Mildred Claeys, Vi Thornton.

married Jasper Thornton). Miss Henty taught in 1928 and came from Bawlf, Alta. returning later to Sweden. Vera Crone, a sister of Wick and Stewart Crone, came from Westlock, Mr. Hugh McDonald of Legal, Mr. William Murray, Mr. Papel, Misses Isabel and Helen McRae, sisters, who taught at different times. There were Miss Ruby Tayler, Miss Ruth McLeod from Dapp, Miss Janet Filipikowski who taught from Easter until the end of June, 1939, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Jim Ruxton.

The last two years teachers were hard to get so the Board hired supervisors who were — Miss Muriel Logan from Jarvie and Miss Selma Wood from Westlock.

The school closed at the end of June, 1949. The children were bussed to Fawcett School that September. The school building was sold to Bob McKeag, who moved it to his farm about ten miles northeast of the school grounds.



Thorntonville School. Back Row: Ian Turner, Margaret Hother, Dot Smith, Norma Burton, teacher: Mrs. Ruxton, Stella Slobodian, Ethel Richey, Marj Richey, Jean Thornton. Front Row: Winnifred Hother, Ellen Richey, Alan Turner, Harvey Thornton, Pearl Bratt, Stanley Stawnichy, Lorne Bratt, Beatrice Bratt, Matt Bratt, Maxine Bratt.

Lakeview District

written by Helen Turner

Before World War I there were only a few settlers in the Lakeview District, five miles east of Jarvie.

One of the earlier families were the Adolph Krause family: Adolph, Molly, Ted, Arnold, and Bert. They were of German descent and had filed on several quarters. Because they were German war dodgers, some of their quarters were cancelled at the outbreak of the war.

Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Flora and children, Ralph, Earl, and Ruth, came from Clarkston, Washington, U.S.A. They filed on a homestead at Meadow Brook in 1914, abandoned it and came to Lakeview in 1915.

Mrs. Flora was the midwife for the district. Larkin and the boys worked on the section crew in Jarvie and coaled engines.



Mr. and Mrs. Flora.

The train was never on time; one had to wait for hours before the train arrived. There was a good station house and one could wait there beside a larger heater that was kept hot by lots of coal.

Before 1919, Alex England had some land broken east of Lakeview. Alex married Sela Crouser from Meadow Brook. Mr. and Mrs. August Mochler and their daughter Freida, lived near the Englands.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones and family, Basil, Blanche, Eva, Wendell, Billie, and Alice, came from Big Valley in the spring of 1918 to Lakeview. Bill was a land locator. He ran ads in the Free Press and Prairie Farm magazines under the name of "Sunset Bill".

The Jones had a large log house built by the Krause boys. They had forty acres of land broken and were able to file on it. The Jones moved to Edmonton for the winter of 1919-20 so the children could go to school. Bill worked in the Sheldon General Store. The flu was raging that winter and Mrs. Lula Alice Jones passed away. Basil and Ervin Jones, two of Bill's brothers, managed the farm. Ervin had also filed on a homestead with a soldier's grant.

The Otto Zimmerman family including Lee, Nora and Bert, came from South Dakota, U.S.A. Nora married Hector Calder and had one daughter, Mildred. The Zimmermans and Calders all lived together on the same land.

Others who came around the same time were Bert Bedell, his sister, Francis, and Fred Cadwalder.

Before 1920 there was no store or post office in Jarvie so all these homesteaders got their mail at Fawcett. Blanche Jones went on horseback once a week for the mail. She would bring back any little thing such as tea, tobacco or matches with the mail. She would go cross country as there was no road to Fawcett. Groceries were shipped from Edmonton and could be picked up at the Jarvie station house. There was a trail to Jarvie. Angus McLeod and his daughter, Ann (later Mrs. Jimmy Hoyle), had a small store and post office later on in Jarvie.

In the year 1919-1920 the following came to the district: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abrams and family, George, Dolly, Winnie, Irene and Cecil (twins), and Ruby. They came from Souris, Manitoba. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander High with their family, Dave, Margaret, and Jean came from Manitoba. Mr. and Mrs. James Callander, Jessie and Helen, came from Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. William Garth, Wilfred, Lockwood, Elsie, Mildred, Robert, Herbert, and Louis came from Vancouver, B.C.

Captain and Mrs. Mahood, Desmond, and Maurice came from Ireland. The book "Janey Canuk" fell into the hands of Mrs. Mahood. Being the wife of a sailor is never easy and during the war times she saw her husband for ten days out of three years.

The book inspired them to try something else and on April 11, 1920 they set sail on the White Star liner bound for Canada.

Alexander Crichton was another settler in 1920 who came from Edmonton.

The winter of 1919-1920 was the year of the deep snow. We had late seeding that spring; the sloughs were full and the mosquitoes were plentiful.

Several log houses were built that summer. Larkin Flora was in charge of the logs which were plentiful. The women came and a mid-day meal was served to everyone, sitting on the logs that were still to be put up. Some lived in tents until their homes were put up.

Lakeview was blessed with Bear Creek flowing near by and the settlers were able to get plenty of hay off the banks of the creek. Also they were able to work that winter in the logging camp at Jarvie for Excelsior Lumber Company.

Captain Mahood and his wife had a harvest supper that year in their new log house. It was a lovely evening that was spent both indoors and out. Mrs. Flora had baked an ovenful of potatoes which was a grand treat along with the good chicken, pickles, pie, buns, etc.

Times were hard, many of the settlers hadn't any idea of farming and fighting against heavy odds to make a living. Meeting their payments to the Soldier Settlement Board was no easy task. It seemed that everyone had purchased machinery at the highest peak of finance.

Captain Howard Hurstwood Pike, an inspector for the S.S.B., came to the district and became a



Lakeview Hall, 1928.

great asset to the community. He rode horseback on his faithful horse, "Nitchie".

Captain Pike called a meeting at Alex High's place and suggested growing Irish Cobbler seed potatoes. Certified seed was bought and several put in large patches of potatoes. When the Government Inspector came along he was anything but pleased. The certified seed hadn't been closely inspected and several diseases showed up. The potatoes yielded well; some sold for a dollar a bushel. Some were sold to the logging camp. Nobody made a fortune!

In the fall of 1920 there was a meeting held at Zimmerman's to see about building a hall. Later another meeting was held at Flora's place. A hall was needed that could also serve as a school.

The lead was taken by Captain Pike who was acting as a chairman. Bill Jones, who sensed his position as leader of the little community was being lowered, got up and asked, in a sarcastic voice, "When do you figure on building this here hall?" "Next week," snapped Captain Pike, and on the following Monday morning the Flora boys, Mahood boys and others were cutting logs.

Captain Pike told us later that until that challenge he had not intended to start the project that soon.

All the able-bodied men in the district worked on the hall. It was completed in three weeks and the walls were the finest set of building logs ever taken out in the district.

The opening of the hall was a grand sight; folks came from near and far. The Jones lent their piano and brought it down by stone boat. We had several musicians in the district — Tommy Duncan, Mrs. Zimmerman, Arnold Krause, Ben and Albert Alinott, who played for the festivities. A hat collection was taken to pay the musicians.

A harvest supper was held in the hall later on in the fall and we had two distinguished visitors come to



Tom Turner and Desmond Mahood.

the event: Rev. D. E. Cameron, librarian from Edmonton University, and Dr. Corbett, from the Department of Extension. They brought a moving picture with them that everyone remembered for years. There were eight reels: comics for the children, educational strips for the adults and a four reel serial for any in whom the spark of romance still burned.

Both Padres were gentlemen from the First World War. The next day Rev. Cameron and Dr. Corbett tramped from one homestead to another until they had dined, tead and smoked with everyone. On Sunday there was a church service held at the hall and baptisms were done. The prayers were brief and informal but to the point.

Two plays were put on in the new hall under the direction of Captain Pike. One was "Macbeth". The leading lady started out well in rehearsals but as time went on she started to do worse and about a week before the play was to be presented she decided to call it quits. Here we were with a play and no leading lady! Dave High's fiancée, Jenny Walker, from Edmonton, came for a visit and when she heard of our predicament she said she would do it. It was a heavy

part but she learned it all within a week. She really stole the show.

The young lady that was to have been the leading lady didn't return home on the night that the play opened. She was to go to Jarvie for the mail. The next morning her father went looking for her. He stopped at a neighbor's farm and borrowed a .22 high power Savage rifle. He drove down the road about a mile and there was the tell-tale pony. When the young lover came to the door he was greeted by a rifle. The father took a shot at him and blew the thumb off the young fellow's hand. There was a trial in Edmonton and the father got off. The daughter was under age and from a motherless home. Also the father was a returned veteran and the lover was a German alien.

School started in 1922; Mr. Flora was chairman and Captain Mahood was the secretary. The spruce lumber desks were made by the men of the district. How good each desk was, depended on the carpentry skills of the individual who made it. The desks may have looked a bit crude but they served their purpose.

There were 12 pupils: Irene, Cecil, and Ruby Abrams, Margaret and Jean High, Ruth Flora, Elsie, Mildred, Robert and Herbert Garth, Helen Callander



Back Row: Tom Turner, Basil Jones, P. J. McLachlin, Dave High and Fred Wood. Middle Row: Mrs. J. Turner and Mrs. J. Forbes. Front Row: Tommy Burton, Hilda Burton, Margaret Forbes and Carl Zempkey, 1920.



Black Bear School and teacherage. Miss Edith Witt, teacher.

and Maurice Mahood. These pupils spanned grades one to six. Helen and Maurice were the two seniors.

Both of the pupils were very conscious of the fact that the teacher was an American. It was at the time that the "Yanks" proudly proclaimed that, "We won the war!" This did not sit well in a district where most of the settlers were returned men. Also we did not realize that this slip of a girl was only out of high school herself and but a few years older than we. Maurice, being of old school learning which was sound, had better knowledge of some areas of education than the teacher did. She must have been aware of this before too long and it must have added to her frustration and hostility. Further she was teaching on a permit without the benefit of teacher's training. She lacked confidence and any idea of how to handle us. We brimmed with confidence. After being used to having teachers who knew all the answers, we now had one who often didn't or had the wrong answer or tried to insist it was right. Poor Miss Jackofson! She must have had a horrible time with us when I think back on it. School lasted two months since there was only enough money to pay the teacher that length of time.

Francis Bedell had the travelling library at her



First class at Lakeview School, 1922.

home. Many good books came from the Department of Extension and were read over and over as there were no radios at the time.

The first wedding in Lakeview Hall was on December 30, 1927. Helen Callander and Thomas Turner were married in a ceremony conducted by Rev. D. E. Cameron. Despite the cold night, 50 below zero, seventy people turned out from as far as Dapp and French Creek for the happy event. Carl Zempkey was one of them. He came by horseback and then the next day rode to Fawcett for New Year's Eve dance. "A colder night never blew."

As with all settlements, we had our share of births, accidents and deaths that stick in my mind. Some of the births in the area were Esther Grace Callander on October 3, 1920, Amy Garth in July, 1921, and Elmer (Bud) England in 1921.

Captain Pike left the district for health reasons. He passed away Oct. 6, 1922 and left his horse "Nitchie", saddle, and bridle to Captain Dave Mahood.

In January, 1922 the district was saddened with the accidental death of Winnie Abrams who was killed while riding on a load of logs going to the mill at Jarvie. There was no cemetery at Jarvie so the funeral service and burial was in Dapp Cemetery.

In 1923 Louis Garth, aged three years, had the misfortune of being badly scalded. He was scalded all down one side with third degree burns. For several days he hovered between life and death but with the good work and nursing care of Mrs. Jack Leger from Jarvie he pulled through.

So ends this story with a little bit of history told of the Lakeview District.

Part V

Family Histories I-P

The Iampen Family

written by Alice McCann

Henry Iampen was born January 27, 1878 in Neuchatel, Switzerland. In October of 1910 when he was thirty-two years old he decided to leave Switzerland and go to Montreal where he had relatives. When he arrived at the seaport of Le Havre, France, he met the Rochat family which consisted of Mrs. Rochat, her two sons, Paul and Emil, and one daughter, Anna, who were from Switzerland as well and also going to Canada. The youngest daughter, Thecla, (who later married Henry Iampen on De-

cember 4, 1913) was working in London when the rest of the family left Switzerland.

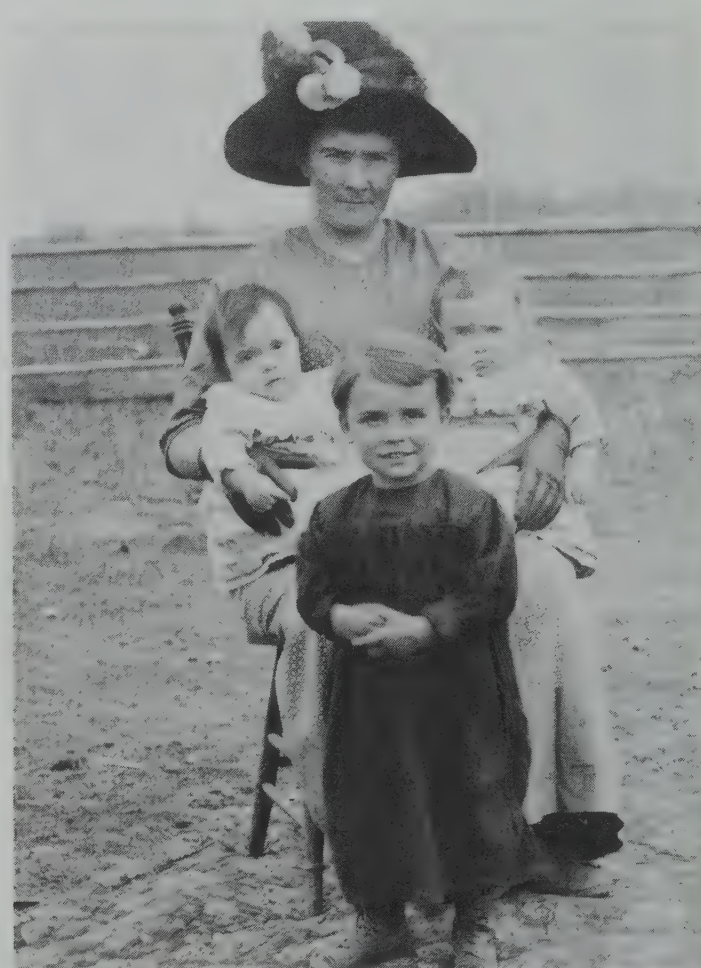
While on board the ship the Rochat family convinced Henry Iampen to travel further west to Alberta where the land was plentiful and productive. They told him he would make a fortune in just a few years and then would be able to return to Switzerland, so he decided to travel west with them.

They arrived in Edmonton in early winter and while the men were working in the lumber camps, the women and children stayed at Walterdale Flats.

In 1911 the Rochat family and Henry Iampen



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Iampen, Sr., 1913.



Mrs. Thecla Iampen holding twins, Alice and Germaine, Roger in front, 1916.



Henry Iampen Sr. family, 1932. Standing: Henry Sr., Roger, Henry Jr., Alice, Germaine and Lucienne. Seated: Thecla.



The Henry Iampen Sr. family on their homestead.

moved to a farm east of Legal into the district called Fairy dell.

In 1912 Thecla Rochat left England to join her family in Legal, it was there she met Henry Iampen. They were married the following year.

Along with farming the men still had to work on the railway to earn a living. While walking across country from Fairy dell to their job at Slave Lake they saw lots of open land around the Fawcett area that looked like it would be easy to clear and cultivate so they decided to take up homesteads.

In 1914 they started to build a house, Mrs. Iampen helped saw lumber with a whipsaw. Emile Rochat also took a homestead one half mile south of Iampens and he, too, started to build a house.

In 1915 Mrs. Iampen's mother, Mrs. A. Rochat and sister, Anna, drove their cattle from Fairy dell to their new homestead in the Thorntonville district.

When the Iampens moved to their homestead they had a son, Roger, who was three months old. A year later in 1916 twin girls, Alice and Germaine

were born, and in 1917 their second son, Henry was born.

Henry Iampen had to work away a lot of the time to earn money to buy the machinery so he could work the land, Mrs. Iampen worked very hard outdoors, clearing land and cultivating it. When she was outdoors she would tie her four small children to the bed so they would not wander away. Picket rails had to be erected all around the garden because the rabbits were very plentiful and would eat all the vegetables. Every winter Mrs. Iampen would take a load of wheat to the flour mill in Westlock where she would get her year's supply of flour.

Lucienne, the fifth child, was born three years later in 1920.



Roger Iampen's separator.



Henry Iampen, Sr. with son, Roger, and threshing outfit.



Emil Rochat, Mina Rochat (Connolly), Anna Rochat and Anna Rochat (Svenson).

A school was built in the Thorntonville district in 1927 with a total enrollment of ten students — five of them Iampens. The first two years the school term started at Easter and ended at Christmas time. The teacher, Mrs. Ness, and the secretary, Cora Thornton, worked very hard to collect a few dollars from the homesteaders of the district so they could buy a Christmas present for each of the children and put on a Christmas concert and dance.

Henry Iampen had always planned to go back to Switzerland but on June 2, 1940 he died very suddenly of a heart attack.

The Iampen children are all living within a thirty mile radius of their original home. Roger, the eldest son, married Frances Key and they have seven children. Roger and Frances live in the Thorntonville District and now own the Iampen homestead. The twins, Alice and Germaine married brothers, John and Harry McCann. John and Alice have retired from their farm in the Chain District and are now living in Westlock. They have two children, Pat and Donna, (Mrs. Charlie Keller). Harry and Germaine live on their farm just south of Fawcett. They have three children, William H., Norma, (Mrs. Peter Stasiuk) and Gordon, at home. Henry married Peggy Connolly and they have ten children: Irene, Larry, Geraldine, Dennis, Henry, Audrey, Connie, Neil, Del, and Carolyn. Lucienne married Bob Crest, they live on a farm southwest of Athabasca. She has one stepson.

The majority of the time Thecla Iampen lives with Germaine and Harry McCann. She enjoys reading, playing cards, crocheting, knitting and spinning wool. Fortunately in the past few years she has been able to travel back to Switzerland several times with some of her children and grandchildren to visit relatives.

At time of writing Thecla is in her ninetieth year and is enjoying reasonably good health.

The Evert Jacksons

written by E. Boyd

Mr. and Mrs. Evert Jackson and their children, Ruth, Ralph, Earl, Munroe, Edna, Harold, Stan and their families moved from Consort, Alta. to Fawcett on November 10, 1930. Munroe and Ralph went back to Consort in January, 1931 with brother, Earl following in April, 1933.

Mr. and Mrs. Evert Jackson rented the Tom Booker farm for two years, then moved to the Ernie Orr farm which they rented until April, 1936. In this year they quit farming and moved to Edmonton.

Stan Jackson and his family moved to Chilliwack, B.C. in Nov., 1935. Stan now lives in



Ruth and Ralph Jackson, 1936.



Mr. and Mrs. Evert Jackson taken on the Booker place, 1932.

Vernon, B.C. Earl Jackson lives in Camrose, Alta. and his brother, Ralph, resides in Edmonton.

Harold Jackson, an older son, farmed on his own here at Fawcett. He lived and farmed the place that Lawrence Schnepf later owned. After that he farmed the Jimmy Clark place that George Kaliel now owns. Harold quit farming in 1937 and moved to Calgary.

Mrs. Evert Jackson passed away Feb. 13, 1949 at the age of 72 years. Evert Jackson passed away March 6, 1957 at the age of 83 years. They are both buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery at Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Janhert

written by E. Boyd

Both Theodore Janhert and his wife, Natalie, were born in Ludiz, Poland; Theodore in 1879 and Natalie in 1887. They married there in 1910. Their first two sons were also born in Ludiz; Waldemar on August 4th, 1910 and Berthold on September 11, 1911.

The Janherts left Poland in 1913 for Germany, then journeyed to the U.S.A. and finally to Edmonton, Alberta, arriving there in April. They came by train to Clyde and hired a man with team and wagon to bring them as far as Dapp. Then another man and

team brought them as far as Sam Lehner's place, where they stayed until they located a homestead. Sam Lehner and Frank Hellerstedt showed Theodore some homesteads that were available. On April 21, 1913 Theodore filed on the northeast quarter of section 28, township 64, range 1, west of the 5th. meridian. He built a dugout with roof on it and they lived there until the first log house was ready to live in that fall. French Creek runs through their place and they built on the first bench above the water. Mr. Janhert says spring came early that year, 1913; crocuses were in bloom when they arrived in early April. He finished building their log house in time for winter.

The following spring on May 28, 1914 their third son William was born. Mrs. William Rau, a registered nurse, attended Mrs. Janhert. Willie was the first baby born in Fawcett.

Waldemar Janhert told me that his father brought \$5,000.00 in Russian rubles when he came to Fawcett. Theodore went to Clyde in 1914 and bought a yoke of oxen, and drove them back to Fawcett. He did his farming with them for twelve years. They had horses too, but like so many other homesteaders their horses got sick and died with what was then known as swamp fever.



Janhert family, 1913. Natalia, Bert, Wally and Theodore. Natalia's sister standing.



Wally, Natalia, Theodore, Bert and Willy Jahnert.

In 1928 they bought a new 10-20 McCormick Deering tractor for \$1,025.00 from Harry Curlett, the agent in Westlock. Waldemar drove it home from Westlock on his eighteenth birthday. He said he left Westlock at 9 in the morning and was home at 5 in the afternoon. William Janhert has that original tractor which is still in running shape. They also bought a sixteen inch breaking plow and a two bottom fourteen inch stubble plow to pull with this tractor.

Berthold Janhert married Julie Dubjanski in the spring of 1939. They farmed for a few years, then he went to work as a section hand for the N.A.R. Bert and Julie had eight children. They lost a boy and a girl at different times and they are buried here in the Fawcett cemetery. They have three sons and three daughters living. Bert lost his life in a freak accident on October 4, 1975.

Waldemar enlisted in September 1942 and was stationed at different places in Canada but did not go overseas. William was called up in August of 1942, was in training four and one half months and then came home. Waldemar worked for nine years for Bill Primeau at Dapp. He is retired now and lives in Fawcett. Berthold worked eighteen years for the N.A.R. and had been retired for one year before his death.

Theodore Janhert passed away in 1955 at the age of 76. Mrs. Janhert passed away in August of 1960 at the age of 73.

Gunnar Johansen

written by Victoria Johansen

Gunnar and I (Victoria Hedlund) were married in July, 1922 at my folk's home in Malmo, Alta. which is a district 25 miles southeast of Wetaskiwin. I met Gunnar the year before while teaching school at Calumet which was 10 miles south of my folks and half way between Ponoka and Bashaw. Gunnar bought a quarter section from Roy and Borghild Nelson who later moved to Fawcett.

In 1929, central Alberta began to experience drought and dust storms. Many farmers began to think of moving north where rains were plentiful and homesteads free. In July, 1929 we drove up to Fawcett with friends of ours, Dr. and Mrs. Berquist. We decided on a quarter east of Allister McRae's, NE27-64-26-W4.

That fall Gunnar drove up to build a house. The neighbors were very helpful in getting out poplar logs and peeling them. They put up a neat little cabin with a cottage roof. Gunnar bought lumber from a local sawmill in Thorntonville. The lumber was green and when it dried out it left wide cracks in the floor.

The following spring, 1930, I went to stay with



The Gunnar Johansen homestead, 1940.

my folks in Malmo while Gunnar and Paul Rudwall loaded a boxcar with our goods to ship to Fawcett. Paul also had filed on a homestead near ours.

When they arrived they were greeted with a big snowstorm. They had no shelter but the trees for the cows due to have their calves. There was little feed. Luckily, the snow melted and the cows and horses took off to find some food. Green grass began to show on the sunny hillsides.

My brother, Bernard Hedlund, had filed on a quarter east of us. We had the road allowance between us. It is now widened and is the road to Cross Lake Provincial Park. Bernard's place had a spring on it which provided us and our neighbor, Frank Karmann, with good, clear, hard water. For washing we used large barrels placed under the eavestroughs to catch rain water.

I arrived by train with our four little girls in the evening. Gunnar met us with a wagon and a team of horses, we drove those 15 miles to our home that night. The baby, Lenore, was less than a month old.

Our biggest problem was the mosquitoes. We put netting around the baby's bed so she was quite content. The moss between the logs was not tight enough so mosquitoes got into the house. We used smudge pots at the door and in the cattle pens when milking.

We had 40 acres broken for us before we came up to Fawcett. I tried to make a garden but we had nothing the first year owing to the poor soil. Luckily, we found wild berries that summer and in the fall we had an abundance of blueberries. Blueberries require sandy soil and fire every few years. Now fires are no longer allowed so there are very few berries. Home-made pickers were used to scoop up the berries. When we got home we tossed them on a towel or blanket so the wind could blow out most of the leaves. After this the berries were handpicked and canned, or sold at the stores in Fawcett and Jarvie. There were other wild fruits as well: raspberries, cranberries (high bush as well as low bush) and strawberries.

Gunnar helped to form the Cross Lake School District and helped build the school. Huge timbers were hauled in from north of there. It was a large school used for dances and other social functions as well. Marion, Beatrice, Jean, Lenore, and Ralph went to school there.

Beatrice contracted pneumonia and passed away in 1934. She is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery. Ralph and Joyce were born after we moved to Fawcett. Ralph was born at a nursing home in Jarvie and Joyce was born at Boyd's nursing home at Fawcett.

Times were getting better in the outside world; the depression of the '30's was over and many were moving out. We decided to move to Edmonton. Gunnar had to get permission from the government to leave the farm. In April, 1932 we had a sale and moved out.

We kept up the taxes for many years until we sold the farm to Lenore and her husband, Murl Gammon. They also bought Bernard's quarter. They live and work in Florida, U.S.A. but spend their holidays up here in the summer. Some day they hope to make Alberta their home.

Gunnar passed away in 1975. I now reside in Calgary, Alta.

Allan Johnston Family **written by Lorne Johnston**

Allan Johnston and Mary Sargent were both born in Ontario. Mary came west to Winnipeg to teach when she was sixteen years old. Allan was working in Winnipeg, too. They were married in 1907 and lived in Winnipeg where children, Ruth and Lorne, were born. They then moved to Rutland, B.C. where their second daughter, Jean, was born. The Johnstons then moved to Halkirk, Alta. where Clair and Grace were born.

Allan and Mary Johnston with their sons, Lorne and Clair, and daughter, Grace arrived in the Cross Lake district as permanent settlers in the spring of 1933, with two carloads of settler's effects. On the same day the train dropped three cars for Mr. Joe Key. Coming from Halkirk, in southern Alberta where they had experienced three years of drought, the lush growth of this area at Cross Lake was very appealing.

They were serious homesteaders, unlike one of their neighbors, who reported to the Lands and Forests Department that he had plowed five acres that year, which was literally truthful as he had ploughed two furrows around a five acre plot.

In those days nobody locked their shack as theft was practically non-existent. People found amusing the reaction of one man, who, when his neighbor died, went over and took everything moveable to his place so that no one would steal it!

Technology was somewhat primitive then, as evidenced by the road foreman, whose only surveying equipment to ascertain drainage was a spirit level, and whose mode of transportation was a saddle horse.

The sparseness of settlement and the loneliness of those early days was brought home vividly to a young, Montreal student minister on one of his forays into the district. Taking shelter from the rain in an abandoned shack, he discovered the bones of a dead horse! It wasn't the first death the shack had seen, as the owner had predeceased the horse by a while, but had been buried properly.

Allan and Mary Johnston were active in the construction of the little log church at Cross Lake and the cemetery on the same grounds. They are both buried there.

Ruth went to teach school at Lousana, Alta. and married Ernest Forques. Ruth and Ernest now live in Red Deer.

Jean married Dick Beamish and had two children. When coming home for Christmas from Saskatoon, Sask. one year, they had a car accident near Manville, Alta. in which Dick and their daughter lost their lives.

Lorne married Margaret Hamill in 1951. They have four children — Ralph, Eric, Alvin and Maureen. Lorne and Margaret bought the J. D. MacGillivray farm, which had originally been the Paley homestead. They brought some buildings from the homestead, built a new home and moved onto the place in 1964. Lorne was on the board of the Fawcett Co-op for most of its years of existence. He also served on the United Church Board as a representative from Cross Lake district.

Clair never married. He bought Ken and Betty Nelson's farm which is next to Lorne's place. Clair built a new home on his place and is presently farming there.

Grace married Fred Farnery in 1952 and lived in Winnipeg, Manitoba until 1977 when Grace died of leukemia.

David Jones Family **by Rosalie Jones**

David Hugh Jones was born in Bala, North Wales on November 8, 1874. He immigrated to the U.S.A. with his parents when he was 9 years old. They settled near Java, South Dakota.

Martha Edna Moos was born in Eureka, South Dakota on December 30, 1885. When she was a young girl she had the opportunity to travel and see many of the States as she had obtained the job of taking tickets at the gate of a travelling show. Martha also looked after the daughter of the show's owner.



Mr. Dave Jones, Goldie, Mrs. Jones and Marion.



David Jones family, 1940. Harvey, Mr. Jones, Hazel, Mrs. Jones, Harold, and Earl. Marion, Goldie and Ken in front.

David and Martha had met and were married on January 2, 1906 in Selby, South Dakota. They had a farm between Java and Selby for their first home Violet arrived on March 4, 1909. It was not long before she had some brothers as Alvin was born on August 10, 1910; Edwin on Feb. 26, 1913 and Earl on Oct. 3, 1915. David and Martha suffered too many dry seasons back to back and had to sell their farm in the Dakotas.

David took his family to Montana. In Miles City he took a job with the railroad, first in the round-house and then with the section gang. Harvey and Harold were born in Miles City on June 19, 1918 and Feb. 19, 1921, respectively. The family stayed in Montana five to six years before they decided to head for the Peace River country in Alberta. They planned to take a homestead and again try farming in this new land.

Because of his years on the railroad, David was able to receive a pass for his family to travel as far as Lethbridge, Alta. on the train. This was in March of 1923. David found a job on a farm a few miles from Lethbridge. This job lasted until harvest was finished. Hazel was born on August 23, 1923 and Violet finally had a sister. After threshing, the family proceeded to Edmonton by train. They arrived at Immigration Hall in November. The winter was spent at the Hall where they met many different people.

There was a little Irish lady staying at the Hall who didn't know too much about cooking and she gave them many amusing memories. One time she made a type of pudding that had to be boiled in a bag for a time. She put the pudding in a used flour bag — not thinking to wash the dye and paint off the outside of the bag first. The boiling water took the dye and printing off the bag and on to the pudding. Consequently no one was very keen on sampling the pudding. She asked David to call her the morning the Jones were leaving, so she could watch him light the



Mrs. Jones, Marion, Shiela and Earl Jones, Frank Ragan and Mr. Jones.

fire in the cook stove as she had never lit one herself. Needless to say, you met all kinds of people coming to a new land.

David responded to an ad posted in the Hall for a job on the Sam Lehner farm near Fawcett. So in early March, 1924 the family took up residence on this farm. Mind you, it took Martha a full day's work to clean up the house so she could cook a meal and move her family in.

Alvin and Edwin didn't come to Fawcett on the train with the family as they travelled with Earl Mann on his covered wagon. There was no snow in Edmonton when they left but it snowed while they were travelling and made the roads muddy and slippery. When they arrived at Jarvie they ran out of any kind of trail to follow. They then had to follow along the side of the railway tracks which was no easy job with a high-wheeled wagon in the snow and mud. They were glad to reach Fawcett. Mrs. Mann had come with the Jones and the Manns took a homestead east of Fawcett for a few years.

David farmed the Lehner place for a season and after threshing he rented the Russell farm on the other side of Fawcett and moved the family there. Joe Dawkins boarded with the family the first winter. David and Martha farmed here for the next three years, and while there Kenny was born on April 24, 1926.

During this time David took a homestead grant on what is now Ralph McCann's quarter but he dropped it after closer inspection. It was too cut up by the river, a ravine, and the railroad, and was going to be too hard to clear. The children attended school in Fawcett while they lived on the Russell place.

Frank Ragan courted Violet and after they were married they lived on a farm on the Kilsyth road, two to three miles from Fawcett.

Picnics and dances were big social events and it was not unusual to travel far and through poor conditions to attend. On one such occasion a picnic was held at Thorntonville. To attend, Martha, Alvin, and Edwin went with Frank and Violet and the Ragan family in a wagon with a four horse team. They had to go through a muskeg swamp between Wheeler's and Harper's farms. The swamp was muskeg with a few high knolls through it. As the lead horses drew out of the mud onto a knoll, the other pair of horses were in the mud. This continued vise versa across the whole swamp. It was about 7:00 a.m. next morning when they returned home. But they all had enjoyed themselves and felt the trip was worth it.

At the age of 16 years, Alvin left home to take his first job near Westlock in the spring of 1927. This job was on the Gordon Guest farm, four miles west of Westlock.

In the winter of 1927, David went out to the Thorntonville area and picked out a homestead. He put up a log house and in the spring of 1928 he moved his family for the last time. They left Fawcett with a small group of livestock: a horse, one cow, one heifer, some chickens and a dog, to start farming. The children had to stop going to school when they moved as they had only one riding horse and it was too far to go to either Thorntonville or Fawcett. It was a few years before they resumed their education in the new Fifth Meridian School.

Goldie was born on June 30, 1928 at the homestead.

There was lots to keep everyone busy — chores, opening land for crops, and keeping meat on the table. The greater portion of land in the area was trees and bush so it was necessary to blaze a trail by marking trees when going some place new. This was the summer Edwin took his first job. He worked with Alvin on a farm south of Westlock. He helped with threshing and he and the rest of the crew received some nice wages. These first wages seemed especially good as it was just before the Crash of 1929 and wages took a drastic drop after that.

In late fall of 1932 Martha went into Fawcett to Mrs. Boyd's home to have her last child. Marion was born on November 5 and was David and Martha's tenth child.

As the boys were getting older they were also taking over most of the heavy farm work. David was able to spend more time around the house doing things to make it easier for Martha. David always made the bread for her. It takes quite a batch to feed a large family and Martha, being the little woman she was, found it too hard to work such a large amount of dough. They all did a lot of hunting as wild meat was plentiful.

One hunting trip which gave the family many chuckles took place when Harvey and Harold went squirrel hunting. Martha had packed some supplies for them as it was to be a three day trip. They had planned on going to Hans Bergland's place to stay in the old house by the creek. The boys decided they didn't want to pack very much so they unpacked some of the food that they didn't think they would need. When they went to cook their meal that night, they found that they had taken out the salt instead of the sugar and a few other things that they needed. The boys hadn't done much cooking up to then and so were left with very few things to eat. Three days later, two very hungry hunters came home and proceeded to eat any and every thing in sight. The trip wasn't a loss as they did bag a large number of squirrels. But they decided not to tamper with their mother's packing again.



Earl and Shiela Jones.

The boys all worked out when they could find a job. Unfortunately in the '30's there were usually more people looking for work than there was work to be had. Alvin moved to B.C. around 1933 to go to work. He met Virginia Doll and they were married on Sept. 13, 1937. Alvin is now retired and lives at Terrace, B.C.

Earl was coming 20 years old when he took up his first homestead in 1935. This homestead was on the west side of French Creek. He wasn't able to get much of a crop off of his land as the Kaliel cattle kept breaking down his fences and getting into the fields and eating the crops. So he eventually had to give up and went trapping for a few years.

Edwin joined the Army in January, 1940 and served with the 8th Battalion overseas for the duration of the war. Harvey also joined up but not until 1941. Earl was called up but as he was helping farm, the authorities decided he should stay farming. It was a hard time for Martha as sometimes it was months between letters from her sons. They sure had a couple of good parties when the boys returned home safely.

After Harvey came back from overseas he continued to serve in the Army and was given guard duty at a prisoner-of-war camp at Chisholm. The prisoners were operating a sawmill there. He also served in southern Alberta. After he was discharged from the Army he went to B.C. and worked there until he contracted T.B. and passed away on Jan. 15, 1971.

Edwin bought a farm just north of Fawcett when he came home from overseas. He also took a job working on Cats to make extra money. It wasn't long before he decided to work full time on Cats and rented out his land. He found this to work out really well and when he married Mary Bouvette, they were able to set up residence in Fawcett. Ed is retired now and has sold his farm. Mary and Ed still enjoy living in Fawcett.

Violet and Frank, after moving a few times in the area, decided to move to Vancouver, B.C. When

Frank passed away most of their family were grown up. Violet later married Andy McRea. Andy and Violet continued to farm his land by Fawcett and spent the winters in Vancouver. This continued until Andy sold his farm and then they moved to Vancouver to be near Violet's sons and daughter.

Hazel went out to Vancouver to work after she finished school. It was a great shock to the family when they received news that she had died shortly after being admitted to a hospital. This was in December, 1948.

After helping his parents work their farm for a few years, Earl bought a quarter section from George Kikernik in 1945. In 1947 he sold the farm and bought a lot in Fawcett. He put up a little house and went to work for Alex Kaliel. During the time he worked for Alex he helped build the new addition to the hotel. Earl worked with several other men on this job. In 1947 he met Sheila Swenson who had moved to Fawcett from Radway. On August 31, 1950 Earl was hired as a helper on a truck by the Dept of Highways. He did this for about a year and a half then was given a grader to operate. His route was from Westlock to Smith, grading what is now highway #44. It was necessary for him to stay overnight at Westlock, the next night at Fawcett and the third night at Smith and then back to Fawcett to make a complete circuit of the road. Earl retires on October 3, 1980 after completing 30 years of service with the Dept. of Highways. Earl and Sheila plan to stay at Fawcett.

Kenny finished school and went to work for Andy McRae for awhile. Next he got a job with Bud Kaliel operating Cats. In the winter of 1957 he became partners with Pat Yandeau and had a saw mill. Marion and Wympy Humphries were the cook and helper at the camp. In 1958 Kenny moved to Grande Prairie and continued to operate Cats. He met Margret Jobson there and they are still living in Grande Prairie which they have watched grow rapidly in the last few years.

As Goldie and Marion were the youngest of a big



The David Jones homestead house, 1928.

family, when they reached the age to go to dances they would usually go with neighbors. David and Martha were getting up in years and no longer cared to go to these things. The girls were fortunate to have Vi Thornton for a neighbor. The girls would walk to Vi's place and go to the dance with her family. They would stay overnight at the Thornton's and then walk back home the next morning. In this manner the girls were able to attend many social functions.

In June, 1954 Goldie went to Vancouver to stay with Violet. This is where she met Ray Woods and it wasn't long before they were married. They now live at Williams Lake, B.C.

Marion finished her schooling and went to work at the Fawcett Hotel, where she stayed for about a year. She then went to Vancouver to work for two and a half years. She returned to her parent's farm and there she met Wyman (Wympy) Humphries. In 1957 Marion and Wympy were married. They lived in Fawcett until 1966 when they moved to Westlock. Marion was suddenly left a widow in August, 1980 when Wympy suffered a heart attack and passed away.

Harold stayed at home and continued to farm the home place. In 1967 he married Rosie Mau and they continued to farm until 1974. They decided to sell the farm and now live in Westlock.

On June 14, 1954 David passed away at the age of 79 years. Martha stayed on the farm until 1967 when she moved to Westlock, to stay with Marion. Martha stayed with Marion for a year then she got a room in the Pembina Lodge. Martha lived there until her death on Feb. 24, 1979 at the age of 93.

Floyd Jones Family **written by Lilace Jones**

I'll start with myself. My history goes right along with the Hudkins history until I went out teaching in 1918. My school was Ard Beg, south of Halkirk and I married the first man I met.

The secretary, Mr. Merrit, met me in Halkirk with horses and buggy. While driving out, we met two young men on horseback with a herd of cattle. One of the boys was riding a beautiful horse. I was a 'horsey' person and rode a great deal, tho' my parents had a car. I saw the horse, riding boots, silver-trimmed spurs, leather chaps trimmed with black fur and a beautiful saddle with white bucking rolls — I never saw the man!

Mr. Merrit informed me that I would be walking right through the man's yard every morning to school. For a week or two we exchanged a "Good morning", till one morning Floyd came out of the barn with the horse and was all dressed up in his cowboy outfit. Of course I said, "What a beautiful



Kathleen, Lilace, Harry, Maxine and Floyd Jones, 1945.



Floyd Jones.



The Floyd Jones' home at Cross Lake.

horse". He asked if I rode and we started a conversation. He offered the horse to me anytime I wanted to ride to Halkirk, which was about five miles.

One afternoon I was going to ride to town and he said that he had to go too; so a friendship started which led to a wedding in 1922 on December 27 at Alix, Alta.

Floyd Jones was born in West Virginia in 1893. When he was seventeen, friends of his were coming to Canada. Much against his mother's wishes, he decided to come with them. Many of his family members live here now.

Floyd took a homestead east and south of Halkirk but finally moved back to Halkirk where the friends he came with lived. He later bought a home near them and we lived there when we were married.

Floyd and I had three children, Harry, Maxine and Kathleen.

Floyd had cattle and horses to water and feed so decided to leave the dry area. We left a lovely home but when one is young one looks forward not back.

Our history and move follows right along with Harry Hudkins as far as Cross Lake is concerned. We lived there till 1947 when Floyd developed emphysema and had to get out of the dust. We moved to Westlock where I was teaching.

Floyd passed away in 1974 and rests in the Cross Lake Cemetery as he wished to go home.

Now I reside in Pembina Lodge at Westlock and my mind goes back fifty years and what do I remember?

I remember the wonderful neighbors; how they worked together and played together and loved each other as a family.

I remember the muskeg roads, now paved to Cross Lake Provincial Park, where we once fished at night by the light of a flashlight. It was the 'hungry thirties' and we needed the food, but had fun doing it.

I remember Floyd and me riding horseback to



Harry Jones with dog 'Diamond'.

Athabasca across muskeg because there was no road. We got lost going around Long Lake and visited with a trapper on a trail. Now cars buzz back and forth on a highway.

I remember how children came to Cross Lake School with dog teams and a caboose to shelter them from the cold. Now they are picked up by bus and roads are kept free of snow.

I especially remember when sorrow or trouble came to a home. When Father passed on in -40 F weather and roads were piled with snow, kind neighbors made the casket and placed him in it. Others dug the grave with shovels.

I remember Mr. Fairholm coming to Cross Lake and giving so much of himself to bring the message of God to the people.

I think of the many people in the early days. Today 640 acres is a small farm as all is cleared with large machinery, then it was horses. Fewer people live in the area now.

I remember funny things — If Grandpa Hudkins was building a porch or an addition he told the children, "I am building a wart".

I remember Marian Johanses visiting us when the children were about ten. Harry, our son, was a fairly good checker player but Marian beat and licked him three games out of three. Harry couldn't let a girl beat him so he played checkers with everyone that came to visit. When he thought his game was good enough, he invited Marian to a game (about six months later). This time he beat her and never asked anyone to play again. I guess he felt he had retrieved his honor.

I remember so many things but my story would be too long if I continued so I will close and let others tell their stories.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

DEPARTMENT OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

Administration Building — Edmonton

OFFICIAL TAX RECEIPT

S 78200

RECEIVED FROM

JONES LILACE

SYLVAN GLEN ALTA

HOSP. DIST.		SCHOOL DIV.		DISTRICT		When Referring to this Tax Receipt Always Quote This ACCOUNT NO.	
						374513	63900730

00

SEC.	TWP.	RGE.	M.	LAND DESCRIPTION	PL. PLAN NO. (B-BLOCK NO.) (L-LOT NO.)	CAVEAT RELEASE NUMBER	AREA	DAY	MO.	YEAR			
	206	526	4	SOUTHWEST QUARTER				21	11	42			
MONIES AS HEREUNDER APPLIED ON TAXES													
FOR DEPARTMENT USE ONLY				WILD LAND	EDUCATION	HOSPITAL	SOCIAL SERVICE	IMP. DISTRICT	SCHOOL DIVISION	COSTS & PENALTIES	REPORTED SCHOOL	TOTAL	
150842							210	1260	1190			2660	← ARREARS
1878200							210	1260	1190			2660	← AMOUNT CREDITED INCLUDING DISCOUNT
211142												133	CR ← TOTAL AMOUNT OUTSTANDING
													← DISCOUNT
													← REFUND

\$ 2527 ← AMOUNT RECEIVED

A. SOUTTER, DEPUTY MINISTER
DEPARTMENT OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

E & O. E.

PER *64*

FORM NO. 402-71

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

DEPARTMENT OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

Administration Building — Edmonton

OFFICIAL TAX RECEIPT

S 45791

RECEIVED FROM

JONES LILACE
Sylvan Glen via Fawcett, Alta.
~~SYLVAN LAKE ALTA~~

HOSP. DIST.		SCHOOL DIV.		DISTRICT		When Referring to this Tax Receipt Always Quote This ACCOUNT NO.	
						374513	63900730

00

SEC.	TWP.	RGE.	M.	LAND DESCRIPTION	PL. PLAN NO. (B-BLOCK NO.) (L-LOT NO.)	CAVEAT RELEASE NUMBER	AREA	DAY	MO.	YEAR			
	206	526	4	SOUTHWEST QUARTER		15980		21	3	42			
MONIES AS HEREUNDER APPLIED ON TAXES													
FOR DEPARTMENT USE ONLY				WILD LAND	EDUCATION	HOSPITAL	SOCIAL SERVICE	IMP. DISTRICT	SCHOOL DIVISION	COSTS & PENALTIES	REPORTED SCHOOL	TOTAL	
221241							1716	5112	3110	2238		12176	← ARREARS
1845791							1716	5112	3110	2238		12176	← AMOUNT CREDITED INCLUDING DISCOUNT
210342												126	CR ← TOTAL AMOUNT OUTSTANDING
													← DISCOUNT
													← REFUND

\$ 12050 ← AMOUNT RECEIVED

A. SOUTTER, DEPUTY MINISTER
DEPARTMENT OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

E & O. E.

PER *27*

Alex Kaliel Family

written by George and Jack Kaliel

Our father, Alex Kaliel, came from Lebanon in 1907 at the age of 17 years. He stayed with some of his cousins at Parry Sound, Ont. and worked in a saw mill until 1912 when he moved to Blairemore, Alta. Here he worked in a coal mine.

Alex moved to Edmonton in 1914 and found work in Mr. Tarrabain's store in south Edmonton. This is where he met our mother, Elizabeth. They were married at Laura, Sask. in Jan. 1916.

Our mother's family came to Alberta from Scotland in early 1907 to be greeted by one of the coldest winters on record. They stayed in Edmonton until 1910 when they moved to a homestead at Looma; taking a half-section of \$10.00 land, some twenty-five miles from Edmonton.

Our parents moved to Red Deer shortly after their marriage to operate the E. P. Ranch in the Delburne district and stayed there until 1921. It was during this time that our sister, Edith, was born in November, 1916. Francis (Buddy) was born in August, 1918 and twins, Jack and George, were born in June, 1920.



Mr. and Mrs. Alex Kaliel with grandson, Gordon Carswell.



Alex Kaliel.



Mrs. Alex Kaliel.

The next moved was to Onion Lake, a two day trip with horses, north of Lloydminster. Dad ran a trading post in the Indian settlement bartering groceries for furs. Here we all picked up a smattering of the Cree language. Our father was the only one to remember it and many years later he would surprise the Indians with short phrases that brought smiles and laughter.

In 1925 we all moved back to Edmonton so Edith and Francis could enter school. A year later father bought a store from Tom Hundley at Fawcett.

In 1928 father built a large store with living quarters on the second floor. This store burned down in June, 1931 but with encouragement from the wholesalers he promptly rebuilt a larger store. This time the living quarters were on the south end of the store. Work on the new store started as soon as the site could be cleaned up. In the meantime we lived in an old frame house where the C & A store now stands. There was an old table and we used wooden apple boxes and nail kegs for chairs. George built a rickety chair for mother.

The new store was a one story building, 120'x30'. Cement was mixed by hand and shovelled into forms — five feet high in places! There was no shortage of available help; Hans Berglund, Roy Nelson, Horace Bratt, Mr. Godwin, Sr., Harry and Johnny McCann plus many more.

Starting a business in the '30's on such a large scale required considerable business skills and many hard hours of work. To keep the wholesalers satisfied, our father always paid them \$100.00 at a time, even though some of the accounts were much larger. It was a standing joke among the wholesalers and was probably why the salesmen called in weekly. Father always made out a cheque on the accounts before they left. Father started accumulating farms from discouraged farmers as most of them needed payment in full just to get started in life again.

They were called the 'Dirty Thirties' but our fondest memories come from those hard times. No

one had much but he shared with and helped his neighbors. There was lots of time to attend dances, picnics and go visiting. There was no money to be made so one might as well enjoy himself as best he could. There was no mad dash to make lots of money or keep up with the Joneses. Everyone was in the same boat.

During winter months father had lots of orders for firewood which the McCann boys sawed into stove lengths and loaded into box cars. The railway ties he contracted for were left along the side track. He also bought Tamarac fence posts for three to five cents each which we boys loaded into box cars. Buying and selling lumber was carried on year round.

A lot of our recollections are of picking roots, seeding grain in the spring, and clearing land with an axe after the seeding was done. Breaking land and making hay in the summer months, stooking and threshing in the fall. Fencing was done on and after rainy days.

In the winter we either cleaned the ice on the creek and played hockey or made a skating rink by the store to play on. A lot of happy hours were spent coasting on the creek hill where McCanns lived. Young people right up to their twenties participated. In the summer time 'hide and seek' was another enjoyable socializing event for the young people.

Our father sponsored both hockey and baseball teams. We leveled the ground back of the store, set up a board fence and later put up lights for a 75'x150' skating rink. Water was pumped by hand and hauled in barrels from nearby wells for the ice. Father supplied the equipment for baseball and hockey teams, arranged for the games and used our kitchen for the dressing room. Free coffee and sandwiches were supplied after the games.

With two boys in the Army, the war years meant more work for the ones at home. They were anxious years for many but the depression was over and rationing was in effect. Life went on as usual on the



Carl Sund, Edith Kaliel, Alice Aust, Miss MacDonald, Bud Kaliel, Mary Niawchuk, Margaret Niawchuk, Phyllis Bratt and Miss Nealie.



Bud Kaliel cutting ice on the Pembina.

home front. The American Army came to Fawcett and set up a repeater station for the telephone line to Alaska. Before the war was over a new (so called) Alaska Highway was built through Fawcett and the next year completed to Smith.

After the war, life continued as before except for the new generation of grandchildren. The family Christmas dinners needed all the extensions in the kitchen table, with a little table in the corner for the new generation. The sons were moving out to their own farms; every one was getting his own car and things were quieting down at the house behind the store.

The Imperial Oil agency was sold; the lumber business slackened; the I.H.C. machine agency was taken over by the sons for several years, and closed out in 1956.

Our father started to enlarge the hotel in 1949, and in 1950 it was opened for liquor sales. Father spent the next ten years dividing his time between the store and the hotel.

The sons purchased most of his land; some of it he sold to Harry McCann, Fred Tkach, Mr. Slobodian, Julius Zittlau, Edward Dul, and Louie Schriener.

The '50's were not the best farm years. Prices



Mrs. Godwin, Mary Kaliel, Elizabeth Kaliel and Edith Carswell. Children: Carol Carswell, Gail and Robert Kaliel.

were up and down, the weather was mostly bad; many of the farmers were leaving the land and those who stayed accumulated more land. Farm help was scarce; people became busier and bought more and larger labour-saving machinery just to manage with what help they had.

Our mother passed away in early 1959 after a long illness and the old home behind the store became a one-person residence. Life still went on. More grandchildren and great grandchildren came upon the scene with the start of the '60's.

After considerable persuasion by the family the hotel was sold. This left our father with the store, the biggest flower garden in Fawcett, and his old dog, Toby. With Edith running the store, our father found that for the first time the place could operate without him.

He went on three long trips. One was through the Eastern States with three granddaughters, Carol, Gail, and Kathryn. The second trip was to Lebanon and the Mediterranean area. His third and most tiring trip was with four teenage grandsons, Brian, Glen, Steve and John. They had stopovers in Ontario, Quebec, Eastern States, seaboard across to the Southern States and back up the West Coast.

After that he was content to stay home, operate the store and invite anyone who had time, to have coffee and cookies with him in the kitchen.

Outside of daily insulin injections and three minor strokes, our father enjoyed reasonably good health until 1974 when he passed away after a short illness.

Our sister, Edith, passed away after a long fight with cancer, one week before our father's death.

George and Stella Kaliel

written by G. Kaliel

George was born on a farm east of Red Deer in 1920, twin son of Alexander and Elizabeth Kaliel.



Hetty and Helen Thompson, Edith Kaliel, Jack Kaliel, Murray Thompson, George Kaliel, 1929.



George and Stella Kaliel, 1953.

The twins were delivered by their father with the aid of the doctor and neighbors, all on a rural party telephone line.

The family moved to a trading post at Onion Lake in the early 1920's. It was a rugged life among the Indians.

In 1924 the family moved to Edmonton where George's father was employed by Gainers.

In 1926 Alex purchased a store from Tom Hundley at Fawcett; the rest of the family moved to Fawcett in 1927. George started school in Fawcett, Miss Ethel Card was his first teacher.

The family moved from the old store to a new two-storey building, which had the store on the first floor and living quarters upstairs. On June 17, 1931, on George's birthday, the store burned to the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Kaliel built a new store, a single-storied building, with living quarters at the back. The structure was 112'x30' and is still standing.

George finished his schooling in Fawcett, after which time he worked in the store full time.



Sandy Kaliel.



Michel, Stella, Brian, George, Ruth, Dale, Edith, and David Kaliel.

With the onset of World War Two, George and his twin brother, Jack, enlisted in the army. This was in January, 1942 and proved to be a four year stint in the army. They recruited out of Toronto with the Second Canadian General Hospital and spent the winter of 1943 of Bromshott, England. They moved with the army to Normandy in 1944 and then to Ghent where they were stationed in an Army hospital for one and one-half years.

After the war George was transferred to England for a short stay and was home by February, 1946.

The store was still busy when he returned so he resumed working there and also helped with the farming operation.

In December, 1948 George married Stella Slobodian who was employed as a clerk in his father's store.

Stella was born in the Thorntonville district in 1930, to Barbara and Fred Slobodian. Her father was killed in a hunting accident so her mother was left to raise a family of four during those depression years.

Stella attended the Thorntonville School where she completed her eighth grade. In the meantime the family moved to a farm they purchased one and one-half miles south of Fawcett. She completed her schooling at Fawcett, after which she went to work at Kaliel's store.

George and Stella's first son, Brian, was born in February, 1950. They continued to live at the back of

the store until the winter of 1952 when they moved to the farm where they still live today.

Their second son, Michel, was born in August, 1953. Dale was born in August, 1955, and Ruth was born in August, 1957, David in October, 1959, Edith in May, 1963 and their youngest son, Alexander (Sandy), in August, 1967.

Their children all attended school in Fawcett and high school in Westlock.

Brian is in law practice. He married Ida Cimino, a trained nurse. They have three children, Lesley, Jillian and Jeremy. Their home is in Edmonton.

Michel married Rhonda Bell. They have three sons, Roddy, Luke and Joel. They are living on the home farm where Michel is farming full time.

Dale is single and is at present time in Edmonton in the Faculty of Agriculture at the University of Alberta.

Ruth married Roy Forbes. They have two children, Jeffrey and Lisa. They live on the home place. Roy is assisting with the farming. In the future they plan to move to Flatbush where they have purchased land.

David moved into the farming operation at home as well.

Edith is in her last year at Westlock High School. Sandy is in Jr. High School at Fawcett.

Jack Kaliel Family **written by himself**

I met Elizabeth Grimmeyer while we were still in High School. We started dating shortly afterwards and then became engaged in the spring of 1942. We were married at Christmas time of that same year.

Going back to the spring of 1942, it was also at this time that I and my brother, George, went into the armed services. We had basic training at Camrose and Calgary then on to Kingston, Ontario. Our wedding took place at Fawcett during my Christmas furlough and together, Elizabeth and I, went back east to Kingston until late Sept., 1943. At this time George and I sailed for overseas; first to England and then to France, Belgium, and Holland.

Elizabeth stayed in Toronto and worked in a department store until the spring of 1944 when she returned home and our daughter, Kathryn, was born. By the fall of 1945 the war was drawing to a close and I returned home on New Year's Day, 1946.

After my return there was a time of indecision as to whether we were going to farm or take over a farm machinery agency and for a time we did both. As a result we built a small house near Fawcett, on the corner of our present farm, and we also bought some land with my V.L.A. grant.

It was at this time, some eight years after Kathryn



George Kaliel, 1939.



Elizabeth and Jack Kalie, 1942.

was born, that our son, John, arrived. Also at this particular time we gave serious thoughts to going farming full time. Farming was after all what I liked and enjoyed the most, hard work and all. So a year or two later we bought some additional land, sold our share of the business, and by the late fifties we were full fledged farmers. We built a new and larger home on the other side of the creek and we also had a new addition to the family. Son, Kenneth, was born some eight years after John. Eight seemed to be our lucky number!

During the time that our children were growing up I became quite active in minor sports. I coached the little tykes in hockey and in baseball up to 1970 when I decided that there were younger fellows around to take my place. But I enjoyed every bit of it — from tying up skates, wiping tears, making sure the equipment was on the right way, to getting them back home in one piece.

Our children are now grown up and two of them are married. Kathryn and husband, Terry, live in Fort

Saskatchewan and have two children, Christine and Jimmy.

John and his wife, Carol, have moved back to the farm at Fawcett and will try their hand at farming. They have two little boys, Danny and Allan.

Kenneth lives in Fort Saskatchewan and works for an oil company. However, he plans to return to the farm sometime in the near future.

We have lived on the farm and have farmed continuously for over thirty years and hopefully will be able to continue to farm and garden for many years to come.

Karmann Family

written by Helen Yurkiw

On November 29, 1929 Frank and Josephine Karmann left Clyde to go to a new homestead 12 miles east of Fawcett. With them were two of their children, Henriette and Nickcola (Cola). The oldest son, John, was left with his grandfather at Clyde so he could go to school. It was some time before the Cross Lake School was built by the settlers and where all the Karmann children attended school. Two more children were born to the family: Helen who was born at Mrs. Boyd's home at Fawcett, and Ella who died shortly after birth at Westlock. Mathew Karmann also lived for several years with Frank and his family.

The farm was like most others of the time; small crops, wild hay, cows, horses, pigs, chickens, a few geese and turkeys.

The main income of the family in early years was from hand cut, hewed and peeled ties. Frank would take out a permit with the railway. It was an all



Nick Karmann.



Frank Karmann's house, 1941.

winter's work then and he and John would haul them into Fawcett with horses. Of course, there was always a deadline to meet and also grading by a sharp-eyed inspector.

Several teachers, who taught at the Cross Lake School, boarded at the farm. One of them was Lenard Fox who still lives in the district.

Frank was a pretty fair veterinarian and a blacksmith. He was well known by the people for his fine hand at fixing horses' teeth and setting a horseshoe. He seemed to know what ailed an animal and could help a cow deliver a calf when it was too much for her to do herself.

He also made a couple of coffins for friends when needed. This was done with the help of Lenard Fox and Josephine, who lined the front part with white cloth.

Josephine did all the things a hard-working farm wife was expected to do: milk cows, pick and can berries, garden, cook and sew. The worst part was the shortage of water and no place to keep things cool. Water was carried from a spring on the farm. That was where a lot of butter and cream was kept in a small house over the spring to be kept cool. She had a spinning wheel (which she still has) that was made by Mathew Karmann. Late into the night she would spin wool to knit socks and mitts for the family.



The first Karmann house.

John was quick to join the Army and go overseas to serve for four years as a signalman.

In early 1948 Frank, Josephine and Helen left the homestead to live in a small house in the French Creek district, as Frank worked out in lumber camps most of the year.

Frank passed away on July 6, 1959 at the age of 71 years. Josephine remarried in Dec., 1978 to Joe Vanhill and lives at Westlock.

John and wife, Milly live in Westlock. They have two children: Henriette, widow of Valois Key, lives at Slave Lake. She and her husband had four children. Nick (Cola) and his wife, Elizabeth, live on a farm near Flatbush and they have a daughter. Helen and her husband, Nick, live in Edmonton and have three children.

Mathew Karmann

written by John Karmann

Mathew Karmann and his son, Frank, each filed for land in 1928. Mathew got SE 35-66-26-W4 and Frank got SW 35-66-26-W4. In 1929, Mathew, Frank and Josephine with their two children, Nick and Henriette moved from Clyde. Their other son, John, stayed with his grandfather in Clyde for the school term.

Later on John and Henriette attended the Hillman school at Dapp. They stayed at Ed Hess's place at the time.

Mathew and Frank were among the first in getting the school district of Cross Lake started.

During the time spent in the Cross Lake District Frank and Josephine had another daughter, Helen, born to them.

Mathew died some years later and is buried at the Clyde cemetery.

Frank and Josephine spent a few years living in the hamlet of Flatbush. Frank died in 1959 and is buried in the Flatbush cemetery. Twenty years later, Josephine remarried and is now Mrs. Joe Vanhill.

In 1942 John enlisted in the Army. After the war he married and moved to a farm at Flatbush. During that time two children were born, a boy and a girl. John sold the farm and now lives in Westlock.

Nick married Elizabeth Kosirowski and lives on a farm at Flatbush. They have one married daughter.

Henriette married Valois Key and they raised four children, two boys and two girls. Valois passed away in 1978 and Henriette now lives in Slave Lake.

Helen became the wife of a schoolteacher at French Creek school. They have three children, two boys and one girl. They now live in Edmonton.

Joe and Magdalena Kaschuba

written by Kathy Kasawski

Joe and Magdalena Kaschuba were both born in

Yugoslavia, where they met and were wed during the Second World War. In 1948 they fled to Germany, along with their eldest daughter, Barbara. They lived in a small town near Stuttgart for the next nine years. They have most of their relatives over in Germany.

Joe worked at the Mercedes Benz factory during the time they lived there. They had two more daughters, Frieda and Kathy.

In 1957 they immigrated to Canada by ship, which was an eleven-day journey. In Montreal, they took the train to Edmonton, Alberta where Joe's two sisters were living. Joe and Magdalena's eldest daughter, Barbara, had just got married six weeks before they left Germany and decided to stay in Germany with the thought of following in a year or



In Germany, 1952. Mr. and Mrs. Kaschuba, Barbara, Frieda and Kathy.



Coming to Canada, 1957. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kaschuba, Kathy and Frieda.

so. However, that never happened but she and her family have visited here several times.

Those first few months in Canada were not easy, as jobs were scarce and lack of speaking English didn't help matters. Magdalena was ready to go back to Germany anytime and at one time they almost did, but were persuaded to stay on by good friends.

During the next two years they lived at several different places; the longest at a farm near Edmonton, where they worked as hired help for a wonderful old couple. However, by now, Joe dreamed of his own farm and through the paper bought their present farm near Fawcett.

The first six weeks Joe stayed with his job in the city while Magdalena and the girls remained on the farm. Those first few years were tough but somehow there was always enough food to eat and hand-me-downs for the girls to wear; but few luxuries. As they had no vehicle at first, they did all their visiting by foot. It was nothing to walk three miles to visit the neighbors. During the harvest season, Joe and Magdalena, did custom work, like stooking, for neighbors.

Joe and Magdalena eventually, went into the dairy business and make a comfortable living on their quarter section farm. Their youngest daughter, Kathy, married Phil Kasawski in 1968 and they reside near Flatbush. Frieda married Siegmar Maul in 1969 and they live on an acreage near Westlock.

Otto Keller Family written by Bernard Keller

Otto Keller came to Westlock from Uberlingen, West Germany in 1929. He filed on a homestead across the river from Fawcett in 1930, not taking up permanent residence until 1936. For six years he worked for a number of farmers around Westlock, Mr. Betson, Bruder, Gross, and Baxandall. In 1936 Otto moved permanently to the homestead and Fawcett.

In 1937 he married Olga Kielbart and they have two sons: Bernard born in 1938, and Charlie born in 1942.

In 1946 the Kellers sold the homestead to Bill Hiller and bought the Kielbart farm, mainly so the boys would be closer to Chain School.

In 1947 they purchased the Gus Plitt farm, giving them the south half of 36-63-2-W5.

Bernie and Charlie went to Chain School until it was centralized to Fawcett in 1954.

Olga and Otto sold their farm to Harry and Martha Mielke and retired from farming in 1967. They moved to Kelowna, B.C., where they reside today.

Charlie and Donna (nee McCann) have two children, Lori and Trenton. Bernie and Elaine (nee

Stolee) have two sons, Mark and Eric. Both Charlie and Bernie have made a career in education and have teaching positions in Westlock.

Jack Kerik Family written by Betty Kerik

Jack Kerik and his brother-in-law, Joe Toth, came to Fawcett in the summer of 1921 from Bashaw, Alta. Jack filed on SE 20-65-26-W4. They then went back to Bashaw and in the spring of 1922 Jack and his brother, Louie, returned. They brought a team of horses and a wagon plus a hay rack and some saddle stock. They settled on Jack's quarter.

I (Betty Ruxton) met Jack at a July 1 picnic the summer of 1922. The picnic was held at Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thornton's farm as they had the largest yard in the district for such events.

In the spring of 1926 Jack's dad sent word that he was needed at home as his father was getting up in years. Jack was certainly missed by the people as he had a good singing voice and was always singing

when driving a team of horses and working. The people enjoyed hearing him singing at gatherings throughout the district.

On December 20, 1928 Jack and I were married in Edmonton and went to live at Bashaw. We lived there through the terrible winds and droughts until 1934. In the spring of '34 we returned to Fawcett and filed on W 20-65-26-W4 as Jack's first quarter had been abandoned and was retaken by Frank Grudele. We stayed with my father that summer until we had built some buildings on our quarter. Jack put up a shelter for the horses and a two-room shack for us. This was another 'go' at working the horses from early in the morning (3 o'clock in the morning) until mid-morning and then 8 o'clock at night until it was too dark to see anything. The reason for such awful hours was on account of the flies and mosquitoes. Those hours seemed to be the best for less bites!

In the summer of '35 we moved down to Tom Gagne's place in order to be near the district nurse as Jack was away trapping and hacking ties.



Louie and Jack Kerik with back packs on for hunting.



Jack and Betty Kerik's wedding picture, 1928.



The Jack Kerik family; Dwayne and Chester on top, Jack, Steve, Jim, Gordon and Betty. Dennis and Keith in the front.

We have seven boys in our family. Jim, Steve and Gordon were born at Bashaw — 1929, 1931 and 1933. Duane (1935), Chester (1936) and Keith (1940) were born at Fawcett and Denis (1944) was born at Westlock. Denis was the only boy born in a hospital. Keith was born at Mrs. Boyd's nursing home and the rest of the boys were all born at home.

We raised our boys during the 'Dirty Thirties' but we were lucky compared to many others as food was no problem on the homestead. Jack was a good hunter and we always had some kind of meat. Also we had a good garden.

I was fortunate as Jack had bought me an old Singer sewing machine, for \$8.00, as a surprise. Many a pair of pants, shirts, and parkas were sewn on it. I was also handy with a pair of knitting needles and kept everyone in mitts, socks and touques. Jack was handy with wood and made our table and chairs and some cupboards. So we were comfortable in those times.

I remember canning 285 quarts of meat during the winter to tide us over the summer. Then came canning fruit and vegetables in the summer — some 500 quarts of anything that was able to be canned!

In the spring of 1937 we moved back to the homestead and in 1943 Jack built a log house on the south end of the quarter. Jim and Steve had started school at the Fifth Meridian School but when we moved to the homestead Cross Lake School was the

nearest, even though it was 6½ miles away. By building at the south end of the quarter it made it a mile closer to the school. The boys went by dog team for two winters and then Jack built them a cutter to use. In the spring and summer they used the buggy. In 1947 the French Creek School was ready and the boys went to it until they were bussed to Fawcett School.

Jack started working for the Westlock School Division, as a carpenter, in 1947 and stayed until his retirement in the fall of 1968. He used to 'bach' in Westlock during the week and then come home on the weekends. There was always one of the boys home with me so we managed the farm quite well with Jack's help and advice on the weekends.

On March 8, 1954 we moved into the hamlet of Fawcett. We lived in the Deray house for a year until we had a home on our own place. When we first bought the place it was a bare field; now we have trees and flowers all around us. Jack planted about 50 trees including plum, crabapple, large pie apple, apricot and small cherry; also 3 kinds of currant bushes, raspberries and strawberries. The soil here is wonderful for growth and the trees seem to do well in this area.

Four of our boys live quite close to us. Chester lives here at Fawcett and runs his own backhoe service. Jim, Gordon and Duane all have farms at Flatbush. Their farms are all in one large block so they work together. They also do logging in the winter. Steve owns and operates the Iron Creek Lodge situated on the Alaska Highway in the Yukon. Keith lives at Valemont, B.C., where he operates his own Cat and his wife runs a motel. Denis is at Surrey, B.C., where he drives for Yukon Freight to Cassiar. All the boys are married and we have sixteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Jack's brother, Louie, used to make his home with



Jack and Betty Kerik's 50th wedding anniversary, 1978.

us when he wasn't working. In 1940 he married Mary Mino from Jarvie. Louie filed on W 9-65-26-W4 and they lived there for awhile. He later sold out and went to work for an oil company for which they moved all over Alberta. They had three children, Edwin, Margaret, and Gordon. Louie passed away in the early 1950's.

At the time of this writing Jack and his sister, Rosie Toth, are the only ones living out of the original family of seven boys and one girl.

Jack and I started our life together in what they called 'The Depression' years and things were not easy but it was a thrill to see what you could accomplish with so little and to do it with your own hands. I recall making Christmas toys for the boys at night and hiding them in the attic. Jack made them a wheelbarrow, a wagon and a sleigh and I sewed them each a pair of pants and a shirt. The work was well worth it when we saw the delight on their little faces on Christmas morning.

In 1978 Jack and I celebrated 50 years of marriage. When I look back over the years I don't regret one moment of anything as everyone seemed more content and happier. We worked so hard and put in such long hours that when we did have a moment of leisure we enjoyed it to the fullest.

Joseph and Gudbjorg Key

written by Frances Iampen and Henriette Key

Joseph Bernal Key married Gudbjorg (Bertha) Bjornson in 1917. They rented land near Bertha's parents' place and later bought land in the Happy Hill district near Markerville. There they brought five children into the world: Frances, Valois, Annie, Peter and Worris.

In 1934 they sold their land at Markerville and bought the Karl Zempkey farm, northeast of Fawcett near Duck Lake.

Many hardships were endured in this move; Joseph took the machinery including a threshing machine apart so as to get all the machinery and livestock into three box cars. Joseph and Valois came with the three carloads of effects. Bertha, Frances, Annie and Worris (6 years old at the time) drove from Markerville in a Model T Ford. Barney Eymundson came at the same time with his Model A Ford roadster which he still has.

The Keys had brought horses, cattle and sheep; this was in the spring of the year. Roads were bad, some of the cows had calves and the ewes were about ready to lamb. Joseph and Valois assembled two wagons, loaded them and started the 18 mile trip to the new farm.

I, Frances, and my little brother, Worris mounted two horses and started out with the cattle and calves. Mother and Annie came with the sheep. The sheep, being short legged animals, played out and had to be left at Ole Paulson's place for a day or two. We got the cattle as far as French Creek by midnight. We were getting pretty hungry as I hadn't had any supper or breakfast and Worris was very tired.

Dad met us at the creek and helped us the final two miles; the calves were so tired they had to be helped up when they lay down. We got to the farm at 2:00 a.m.

I was 16 years old at the time and didn't think much of the new place with its mosquitoes and flies. The furniture and machinery were hauled to the farm by wagons. The house was a small bachelor house with one small window and wide cracks in the floor. The beds hadn't arrived yet so we slept soundly on the floor — we were so tired!

I had done a lot of baking for the trip and packed it and the dishes in two identical tea boxes. These boxes held 50 pounds of tea and were made out of thin plywood. Dad and Valois brought the dishes but



Bertha Key, Beverly Tate, Francis, Joseph, Pete, Annie, Valois, and Worris Key, 1934.



Four generations: Francis Iampen, mother, holding Lorraine, great-grandmother, Helga Bjornson, and grandmother, Bertha Key holding Albert Iampen.



Mrs. Bertha Key.

not the one with the grub so we were hungry for a while longer!

Joseph worked for the C.P.R. out of Calgary. The rest of the family stayed on the farm with Bertha who travelled between Fawcett and Calgary trying to be with her husband and family. Joseph came home on holidays and in the following spring built a nice new log house and later two log barns.

Our grandparents homesteaded a fraction on the east side of Duck Lake. This joined our quarter at the northwest corner. Grandmother, Helga Bjornson, lived well into her 99th year and is buried by our grandfather in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Joseph B. Key passed away on May 23, 1945 at Coombs, B.C. He was 52 years of age at the time.

I, Frances, married Roger Lampen in 1937. We rented the Paulson farm from Mr. Kaliel for five years. In 1942 we bought the Robert Burger farm and moved to it where we still live. In 1948 we bought the place that Alvin Lundquist lived on. Two years ago we sold this to Glen Kaliel.

Roger and I have seven children — three sons and four daughters: Ronald, Lorraine, Marcel, Albert, Margaret, Virginia and Sandra.

Annie married Harry Morrison of Coombs, B.C. and they have two boys. Peter married Agnes Thiesen and have seven children. Worris married Margaret Sharkey of Coombs, B.C. and they have seven children.

I, Henriette Karmann, married Valois and we have four children. Valois bought the home place from his mother and this is where we raised our family. Valois passed away suddenly on March 9, 1978 and is buried in the Flatbush Cemetery. The farm is now owned by our one son, Joe. I now live at Slave Lake, Alta.



Joseph Key's threshing outfit, 1920s.

Bertha was 65 years old when she went cooking for oil companies and did this until she turned 75. She had a small cottage on her son's place (Peter) that she came home to when she wasn't cooking. Bertha went to live in the Pembina Lodge at Westlock where she passed away on Feb. 16, 1974. She was 83 years at the time of her passing. Bertha is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Peter B. Key **written by Pete Key**

My father came from Paris, Missouri to Fort George, B.C. where he was a fireman on the Grand Trunk Railway. At Fort George he met and married my mother who worked in the hospital as a nurse. My oldest sister, Francis, was born there. They moved to Evarts, Alta. in 1920 where my mother's family lived on a quarter section on the Medicine River.

I was born in Evarts on Sept. 5, 1923. Following me were three more children, Valois, Annie and Worris.

In 1934, after listening to stories by Jimmy Clark, my parents decided to buy land near Fawcett area. They bought the NW 20-65-26-W4 which had been owned by Carl Zempke. They moved everything in three box cars; cattle, sheep that were lambing, horses, machinery and household goods. Many said we were rich but little did they know we only had \$30.00 left! Living off the land became a way of life, plenty of small game, fish and berries.

My father worked off and on since the '20's for the C.P.R. until 1939 when he worked steady. They then moved to Calgary.

I missed a lot of the hard work as I stayed at Evarts to finish school. I came here only in the summer months. After I finished school, I came to Fawcett and farmed with Valois and Annie until I enlisted in the Air Force in 1942.

I trained as a navigator, was commissioned and sent overseas in 1943. I was further trained and sent

on a tour of duty on heavy bombers, B24 Liberators, into Burma and Siam.

I came home in 1946 and took up farming on the SW 21-65-26-W4 which we had bought from Joe Westman. We had previously bought the SE 20 from Frank Grudel. Later I bought the NE 20 from Pete Czekanski, and the SE 21 which I bought under the Veterans Land Act.

Baching was hell but I knew when it was dinner time at the neighbors. Nobody went hungry in this country. Thank God for good neighbors! I married Agnes Thiesen in 1949 and soon we were building on the shack.

Agnes was born in 1929 of Mennonite parents, north of the Black Sea in Russia. The Russians took her father in 1939. The family, left to fend for themselves, were occupied by the German Army. Later when the Germans retreated to Germany a lot of Mennonites went with them by wagon train. Agnes lost her mother, two sisters and a brother behind the Russian lines at the close of the war. Eventually she found her uncle in Yarrow, B.C. and came to him.

We have seven children. George, born in 1950, married Brenda Bergeron. They have two children, Rochelle and Leanne. George works for Remington Tire.

Lorne, born in 1952, married Faye Mullins. They have one son, Cory. Lorne is manager for PWA at Sandspit, B.C.

Kathleen, born in 1953, married Rob Howes of London, England. Rob is the son of Jim Howes who was my wireless operator on the Liberator crew.

Eric, born in 1957, works for Union Oil in Edmonton.

Ruth, born in 1958, works for the Alberta Government and University of Alberta.

David, born in 1960, works for Stolberg Construction.

Robert, last of the bunch, born in 1966, attends school in Fawcett and is at present home with us.

With the help of the children, we have built up the cattle herd so at times there are around 300 head. The trials and tribulations of a cow-calf operator is another story. My wife and I still keep going on the farm.

Robert and Lidia Kielbart written by Emma Plitt

My parents, Robert and Lidia Kielbart, were both born in Poland and were married there. Father was a hard working man and made a fair living according to standards in Poland. There was no future for young people there though. I was the oldest girl in our family. My older brother and I decided to go to Canada. My mother didn't like the idea of her two



Lydia's wedding day. Back Row: Olga Keller (sister), Ruddy, John, Julius. Middle Row: Mrs. Kielbart, Mr. Kielbart, Emma Plitt (sister), Lydia. Front Row: Evelyn, Elizabeth Schwartz (grandmother), Gus.

oldest children going so far from home. My parents decided to sell their small farm, leave their homeland and migrate with all of us to Canada in 1928. I was sixteen years old then and had three brothers and two sisters.

We spent our first summer in Saskatchewan, where my father, my brother Julius, and I, worked for farmers. My parents read an article in a German newspaper that said it was easy to get started on a farm near Edmonton, Alberta. So away we went by train to Edmonton and bought a quarter section of land near Alcomdale, Alberta, with very little land cleared on it. There was a fair house and some outbuildings.

There wasn't much money left after paying for tickets for eight of us from Poland. The money we earned that first summer in our new country all went for a down payment on that farm. It was quite a struggle to get started. They borrowed money from relatives my father had in the States. On top of it all, my parents had another son born in Westlock hospital on the 14th of August and named him John. Gus Plitt and I were married on November 10th of the same year, 1929. It seemed shortly after that, times got sort of rough. Prices went to pieces. There wasn't money for anything. They couldn't see how they could make payments on the farm, so in the fall of 1931, they moved off the farm and let it go back to the former owner. My parents with their family and Gus and I, then moved to Fawcett and started from scratch, as the saying goes. My father was fifty years old and my mother was forty-one. I am sure it was very hard for them to start all over again and to live with Gus and me. It wasn't until 1933 that they were able to move

on to their own homestead in Fawcett. They were quite happy then. Their happiness was short lived though. My father fell off a bundle rack which he and Otto Riedel were hauling to a threshing machine at Bruno Frankoviak's place. Father was disabled for quite some time. After a couple of months at home we had George Thompson bring the district nurse out to see father. The nurse sent him to Westlock to see a doctor. After some tests the doctor said there was nothing they could do for him and sent him home. He wasn't quite well yet when mother took sick. The nurse said she should be in the hospital. So we got her dressed, put a couch in the sleigh box for mother to lie on and took her to Fawcett to meet the south-bound train. The nurse had made all the arrangements to get mother from the station to the hospital. In a few days we got word that mother was very low. There wasn't money for train fare. Frank Wanders was at our place and offered to take father and me to Westlock with his team and sleigh to see mother. We left early the next morning and it was almost dark when we got to the hospital. To our relief mother was feeling much improved. We had to find some place to stay the night. Gus had given me all the money we had, which was only a few cents. We had a friend living in Westlock, a widow with two small children. I looked until I found where she lived. She kept us overnight and gave us breakfast. We went to the hospital again to visit mother before we started home. Our trip home was much more pleasant knowing that mother would soon be well again. That same



Four generations: standing, Emma Plitt (mother). Seated: Elizabeth Schwartz (great-grandmother) holding Arthur (great-grandson), Lydia Kielbart (grandmother) holding son, Gus Kielbart.

summer, my brother, Rudy, had lung trouble and was hospitalized in Edmonton for two months.

As they cleared more land and got on their feet, they were able to pay back the money they had borrowed and were finding it much easier.

In 1937 my youngest sister Evelyn was born. This was unusual as my mother was forty-seven years old at the time.

My parents raised a family of eight, four sons and four daughters. They left Fawcett in 1946 and lived for a year at Barrhead, Alberta.

Father passed away in 1960 and mother in 1978. They are both buried in New Westminster, B.C. where they lived the last years of their lives. Two of my brothers, Julius and Rudy, are retired and live in Vancouver. My brother John is working at a plywood mill in Surrey, B.C. The youngest brother, Gus, teaches mechanics at Dawson Creek, B.C. Olga, Mrs. Otto Keller, lives at Kelowna. Lidia, Mrs. Albert Brandt, lives at Rutland. Our youngest sister, Evelyn lives in Ottawa, Ontario.

My maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Schwartz, came to Canada the year after we did. She lived with mother and father until her death in January of 1940. She is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Koncohrada Family

written by E. Boyd

Nick Koncohrada and Hedwiges Zarwana were both born in the Ukraine in 1897 — Nick on April 3 and Hedwiges on May 9. They were married the fall of 1918. Two of their children, Raymond and Anna, were born in the Ukraine. Two more sons were born after they settled at Fawcett, William in 1932 and Terry in 1935.

Nick came to Canada in 1923, working for awhile in Saskatchewan. Then he went to Cadomin, Alta. and worked in a coal mine. Hedwiges and the two children came to Canada in 1925 and joined Nick at Cadomin. While working at Cadomin Nick met Mike Kapuscinski from Flatbush, who told him about homesteads at Flatbush and Fawcett. In the spring of 1930, Nick filed on the SE¼-Sec. 1-T64-R1-W5. May of that year he moved his family to the homestead at Fawcett. Nick and his family, like so many more, managed to survive the 1930's and prospered in the following years.

At the time of this writing, Mr. and Mrs. Koncohrada are both in their 83rd year, both in fair health. They have retired and still maintain their own home. Their son, Bill, took over the farming some years back, and has added two more quarters of land to the farm.

Nick and his wife tell a story about flailing grain in the early days. It seems that George Thompson

came along when Mrs. Koncohrada was doing some flailing. George wanted to try, so she gave him the flail. On the first swing, the flail hit the back of his head. He said that he had enough of that thing and went home.

They had close neighbors all through the years. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Mielke lived across the road to the east. Gus Hensch was across the line to the north.

Terry didn't marry. He has worked the last sixteen years for Giant Mines at Yellowknife. Before that he worked on the Dew Line, also on barges in the Arctic.

Bill married Mary Doroshenko of Athabasca. They have two children, Mary Ann and Jimmy. Bill stayed home and is the farmer of the family. He built a house on the home farm in the same yard where his mother and father live.

Anna is now Mrs. Kobrichik, she and her husband live in Burnaby, B.C. They have no children.

Raymond was sixteen years old when Chain School opened. He went to school there for one year. After that he stayed with Charlie Davidson at the West Ferry and attended the Fawcett School. He bached at Jarvie and took some high school. Raymond was in the Army and after he got discharged he went back to school, then to university and became a chemical engineer. He works for Home Oil as a chemical engineer. He, his wife, and three daughters live in Calgary.

The Kruger Family written by Allan Tober

Sam and John Kruger, along with their nephew, Ed Kruger, came to the Fawcett area in 1933. They went to Saskatchewan to do some farm work and while there, John and Ed married. Sam returned to Fawcett and farmed on two different farms until his death in 1973.

John lived in Calgary with his wife, Mathilda, and their two children, Selma and Larry, up to his death in 1970.

Paula Kruger (Sam's sister) came to Canada in 1952 and worked in the Calgary area until 1954, when she moved to Fawcett and lived with Sam. She subsequently moved to Westlock in 1974 and presently resides in the Auxiliary Hospital in Westlock.

Archibald Andrew Laing by Marie Laing Meyn

Archibald Andrew Laing was born on February 6, 1891, in Newcastle, Ontario. He lived on a farm on Lakeshore Road, six miles out of Newcastle, with his parents, William and Isabella, six brothers and one sister.

In 1911, Archie came to Calgary on a harvest train to see his brothers, George, Frank, and Jack. (In later



Archie Laing with first wife, Jessie (Whyte) and youngest daughter, Irene, Aug., 1932.

years Jack came to the Fawcett area, too, and passed away in 1969). Archie worked for different farmers and ranchers in and around the Fort MacLeod area. He worked for the Bar U Ranch which still operates in southern Alberta.

On October 22, 1914 Archie married his first wife, Jessie Whyte, in Granim, Alberta. They lived near MacLeod for five years. While living there, Jessie gave birth to their first daughter, Isabel. They moved to Edmonton in the spring of 1919, where Archie worked for both Swifts and Burns Packing Plants. Other jobs he had included delivering water and coal, and moving houses from the 66th Street and Fort Road area. While living in Edmonton their second daughter, Irene, was born in 1922.

In the spring of 1925, the family loaded up their belongings and moved by horse and wagon to the Dapp area where they lived on a farm. Archie worked his farm and also sold Kresee Products as far away as the Athabasca, Jarvie, Sunnibend, Westlock and surrounding areas. In the winter he did as much trapping as he could do, as well. In the year 1936, the family lost their loving mother and wife who was in poor health.

In the spring of 1942, Archie and his youngest daughter, Irene, moved to the Jarvie area west of the river, onto the Dubec and Desroches place. Isabel was married at this time to Paul Boutin and was living in Edmonton. Later Isabel and Paul adopted two children, Joe and Adele. Archie and Irene lived on the Dubec and Desroches place for about two years. From there they moved to the Andrew Odden farm house, where they lived for two and one half years. While living on the Odden place, Irene married Tommy McCann in the year, 1945. They had seven children.

In the fall of 1946, Archie bought the quarter



Archie Laing with second wife, Elaine (MacLachlan), Feb., 1980.

across from the Odden place for the back taxes that were owing on it. He moved a shack from the north to the south side of the quarter, near the roadway that led on to the quarter. Archie had been living on this place for about a year, when he asked a young, local girl to marry him. Elaine was the daughter of Roy and Marie MacLachlan. Elaine and Archie were married on February 21, 1947. They had to go by train to Edmonton to get married because there was no minister in the Fawcett area at that time.

While living in their one room shack, Elaine gave birth to a son, Robert, and later on a daughter, Marie. When Robert turned six years old, they had to find a new place to live because the bus would not come that far to pick him up for school. So in 1953, they packed their family and belongings and moved once again to a leased quarter and built beside the highway.

Archie and his son-in-law, Tommy, built a three room shack for them on this quarter. Here in the next five years, Elaine gave birth to two more sons, Jesse and Peter.

Archie continued to farm the old quarter for a short time and later sold it to buy the one adjoining their leased quarter. In the winter months Archie and his sons would go to their trap lines on the Pembina river and trap for beaver, mink, rats and squirrels.

Today Archie and Elaine still reside on the farm by the highway. The old three roomed house has been torn down and replaced by a trailer. They are very proud of the good gardening spots and their fruit trees. Archie still likes to go out with the boys to do some trapping in the spring.

All his children with the exception of Isabel, live in the Fawcett area, and help with their farm work. Robert married Mary Sanderman and they have three children. Marie married Dwayne Meyn and they have two children. Jesse married Peggy Laughey and they

have two children. Peter married Deanna Bratt and they have one child. To date Archie has seventeen grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

Alois Lehner

Alois Lehner was born in Vienna, Austria. He became a bricklayer by trade. In 1921 he married Rosella Ritter. Mrs. Lehner helped her husband with his bricklaying work. They had three children born to them in Vienna — Alois, Jr. in 1921, Rose in 1924 and Mary in 1925.

In 1927 when Alois was 32 years old he left his family in Vienna and came to see his brother, Sam Lehner, at Fawcett. Alois filed on NW 15-65-1-W5.

He built a log house and some out buildings, then in 1929 he sent for his wife and children. Rosella and their three children arrived in Fawcett on Dec. 23, 1929. Alois took them to the homestead; he and his family were together again. I imagine that was one Christmas the Lehnners will not forget.

Mary, the second daughter, had her birthday, Dec. 13, on the ship coming over to Canada. There were three more children born to Alois and Rosella here at Fawcett — Helen in Sept., 1930, Fred in January, 1933 and Eric in March, 1936. The Lehner children attended the Clyde Lake school which was built and opened in Sept. of 1929.

The Lehner homestead was quite heavily timbered. It was a slow process getting the land under cultivation. They bought the quarter east of them in later years.

Rose, the oldest daughter, married Julius Stockman, Dec. 2, 1945. They live on a farm at Flatbush and have eight children. Mary married Melvin Pfaltz and lives at Merrill, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Helen married Russell Clark. They live at Fort St. John, B.C. on a dairy farm.

Alois Jr. never married, he had land of his own southwest of Fawcett. He kept this a few years and sold. He lived in Edmonton and passed away April 6, 1969 at the age of 48 years. Fred remained a bachelor and lives at Edmonton. Eric lives on the home farm. He married Gloria Barons and they have a young family of four children.

Alois Lehner, Sr. passed away January 12, 1962 and is buried in the Mount Pleasant cemetery at Fawcett. Mrs. Rosella Lehner has quite good health at 81 years of age and now lives in the Pembina Lodge at Westlock.

Sam Lehner

written by E. Boyd

Sam Lehner left his home in Austria and as a young man, went to the United States where he worked for a year or two before coming to Edmon-

ton, Alta. Sam got work on the E.D. and B.C. railway which started in Edmonton in 1912 and by fall of 1916 was at Smokey River in northern Alberta. While working in the district known as French Creek, later to be named Fawcett, Sam decided to file on SE 15-64-1-W5.

The railway cut Sam's land in about two equal parts in a southeast to northwesterly direction. The highway went through later and followed along the south side of the tracks. In 1960 the new highway was built on the north side of the railway and the old highway went back to the original owners.

Sam farmed his land with horses. He always had good horses and fat cattle. Sam walked to Fawcett for his mail and usually had about four dogs following him. Sam remained a bachelor all his life.

His only use for water was to make tea. He carried his water from the French Creek, about an eighth of a mile away. Maybe that would be the explanation for his using water for drinking purposes only! He was known as "Dirty Sam". When Sam came visiting, he never knocked on the door. He would stand outside and holler "Hello" or "Come out".

Sam took very poor care of himself; he got pneumonia and passed away in the Immaculata Hospital at Westlock on June 5, 1948 at the age of 64 years. He is buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Fawcett.

The Joseph Litke Family

written by Jean Litke

Joseph Litke was born in Little Falls, Minnesota on March 17, 1895. He moved with his parents to Alberta in 1900 and settled in the Round Hill area. He came to Ryley as a young man where he rented some land and began to farm. There he met Anna Klawitter. She was born in Grand Rapids, Wisconsin on June 14, 1900. Her family came to Alberta in 1901 when she was one year old. Joseph and Anna were married in Ryley on November 29, 1917. They continued to live in Ryley for 14 years where four sons, Clarence, Lawrence, George and Roy, and one daughter, Myrtle, were born.

Drought hit the prairies around 1925 and withered crops, dried up pastures, forced many farmers off the land.

Joe heard of some land being offered as homesteads further north and they decided to give this a try. He visited the area around Flatbush and returned to Edmonton and filed on the NW quarter of 14-Township 65-Range 26-West of the 4th meridian.

In the spring of 1931, Joe and Anna loaded their family and possessions into wagons and made the journey to the wilderness where they would spend most of their lives.



Joe and Anna Litke, 1977.

Their homestead was 20 miles from the nearest town of Fawcett and one mile from Cross Lake which has since been made into a Provincial Park. In those days, it supplied the family with jackfish, as well as cranberries and blueberries along its shore. Black bears were plentiful in the area and Joe usually took his .32 Special along when the family went berry picking. He shot several bears as well as numerous moose and deer to keep his growing family alive. Two daughters, Jean and Olive, and one son, Marvin, were born at Fawcett.

There was no school in the area until 1932 when Joe helped his neighbours build the log school house called Cross Lake School. All the Litke children attended this school in the years it was in operation. When it was closed in 1952, Joe moved his family nearer to town so the two youngest children could continue their education.

They are still living on this farm in Thorntonville where their youngest son, Marvin, is farming the land.

Joe and Anna celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary in 1977 with all their children, grandchildren, family and friends at Thorntonville Hall. They have seven surviving children, nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.



Wedding reception for Marvin Litke and bride, 1966.

Lawrence G. Litke Family

written by Gerald Litke

The fall of 1928 was the first time Lawrence saw the Fawcett-Cross Lake-Flatbush area. He had come up on a hunting trip with several others from the Holden-Camrose area. When he got home he had some very impressive stories to tell about how plentiful the moose and deer were, how good the fishing was at Cross Lake and how big they were, how tall the trees were and what nice building logs there were in the Cross Lake-Fawcett area.

The following summer he came back looking for a homestead, somewhere near where he had been hunting the fall before. Being an avid hunter and fisherman he wanted to be close to lakes and creeks so finally filed on NW 10-65-26-W4 near Cross Lake. He also filed on a "Soldier's grant" quarter namely SE 14-65-26-W4. His brother, Joe, filed on NW 14-65-26-W4. The abundance of waist high grass in the lower areas and the amount of moisture was, in their minds, a very sharp contrast to what they were used to on the so called 'prairies'.

At this particular time the economy of the country was on a very sharp downhill decline with money being very hard to come by, as in 1928 the crops were all frozen and in 1929 all dried out plus the fact that the stock market crashed.

Consequently the only time Lawrence got near his homestead for the next two or three years was in the fall or winter to get a supply of moose meat and fish. Finally the crops were in the ground in the spring of 1932 and Lawrence decided it was time to get back up to what he called "God's country" to do his bit of breaking and built a small house in order to 'prove up' his land. He had a nearly new 18-36 Hart Parr tractor, a new 22" I.H.C. breaking plow and an all steel-wheeled wagon which was to be the first machinery on his homestead.

The tractor, of course, was 'on steel' and even in those days it was illegal to travel on highways with lugged tractors. To overcome this we took off some of the lugs and bolted green poplar firewood blocks — 5 to 6 inches in diameter and about 2 feet long — all around the circumference of the rear wheels so the lugs were not sticking out above the wood and would not mark the roadway. This got around the illegal part so the top speed of the tractor was now a good 6 miles per hour. Really moving! I don't know the mileage from Holden to Cross Lake district but do know that it took Lawrence 6 days to drive his tractor up with the breaking plow and wagon trailing behind. The wagon served as a place to haul 2 or 3 barrels of gas and supplies as well as a place to sleep at night, covered with a binder canvas.

That summer he got out logs and built a small

house. He did his required breaking on the "soldier's grant" quarter but found, to his dismay, that just under all that nice leaf mold the rocks were so thick that you could step from one to another in most any direction. So consequently, he 'threw up' that quarter later on.

Around this time the Cross Lake school was being built. Originally it was going to be built on the north side of the 'muskeg' (about one quarter mile north of where it was built) but due to the fact that there were more children to the south side it was decided it should be built to the south side of the 'muskeg'.

In the summer of 1934, after school was out, Lawrence brought his wife, Beatrice, and two sons, Ronald and Gerald (me) up to the area. They lived on the Jimmy Clark place (where Clarence and Shirley Whitelock now live) for the summer while Lawrence plowed back some of the land on his place and did some clearing and breaking on the NW 10 so he could prove it up.

I should mention that Steve Turner was one of the people the Litke family became very attached to or should say Steve became attached to them, as he spent a lot of time at both Joe Litke's and Lawrence Litke's farms. Steve, being a carpenter by trade, was a welcome sight at that time and didn't ask for much besides his board.

Finally in the fall of 1936 Lawrence started to move his belongings to the homestead country. He bought a 1927 one ton Chev truck and made numerous trips back and forth from Holden. The cattle and feed were shipped via N.A.R. to Jarvie. In December, 1936 he brought his family up for good. With only room for two in the small cab of the old truck, the boys had to ride in the back with household items and tried to keep warm with blankets.

It was a three day trip; the first day we made it to Edmonton. The next morning it was 30° below zero and with only water in the radiator, it made for a lot of problems. The second day we made it to Westlock and finally, after bouncing over nearly 2 miles of corduroy road north of Irish Creek, we made it to Cross Lake on the eve of the third day. I don't think any of us had ever been so cold in our lives and certainly never hope to be again!

I remember on the afternoon of the third day we stopped at Mrs. Stanton's place in Jarvie and had some hot soup and coffee. I shall always remember her place as she wouldn't take any money but we had to go out back and saw and split some wood. Also she had more elbows in the stove pipes than I have ever seen. The idea was, she told us, to conserve as much heat as she could from the wood she burned. Something tells me that it was a pretty cold place!

That evening when we arrived at Joe Litke's farm it was well over 30° below zero. Two days later we had to unlload a stock car of cattle at Jarvie and herd them from there to where we lived that first winter (Ernie Herrick homestead, now part of the Provincial Park). A very long, hard day indeed!

The first thing that had to be done when we got settled was to make two desks for the boys to use at school as everyone had to make their own at that time.

That winter Lawrence, along with several others, cut railroad ties and hewed them up in the Banana Lake country. He was trying to make enough money to buy a quarter section of land from Howard Clark which adjoined his own quarter. A deal was made in the summer of 1937 and he still lives on this quarter.

One of the first necessities seemed to be a sawmill to utilize some of the abundant timber. So with very little to work with and a lot of ingenuity a small sawmill was built. The only 'hard cash' that had to be laid out was for a saw blade, a bit of flat iron, and a rope that served as a cable to pull the carriage. The rest was scrounged here and there with a lot of adaptations being made. The mill was a 'Godsend' to the area and nearly everyone around brought logs to be sawn into lumber. The slabs were used for roofing and fencing, and the sawdust was used in the ice houses. There was always lots of activity around the Litke's at sawing time. In 1940 Gerald had a shingle mill and sawed shingles from Jack pine and sold them around the country.

During the late '30s and '40s Lawrence did a lot of breaking with his outfit. Also had a threshing machine that was brought up from Holden and threshed every fall all the way from Twidts and Johnstons in the east, to Roy MacLachlans in the west, and from Whitelock and Keriks in the north, to Tommy Burtons and Barney Thates in the south.

He also had a '490' Chev touring car that was cut off and a box put on the back that was painted red and white and called the 'Red Devil'. It was used to haul cream, eggs and what-have-you to Jarvie and Fawcett. On the way back home it would haul mail, groceries, parts, etc. We charged from 15¢ to 25¢ for a can of cream and that included returning the empties. For some time that was one of the first vehicles in that area.

'The muskeg' as it was commonly known by local residents to the north of Cross Lake School, was a bad one and the trail had to detour a half mile to the east through open land and through Paul Rudwall's place. It was finally decided that we should 'corduroy the muskeg', so the local residents got together and laid the corduroy and dug a ditch on both sides with

shovels. This was done on a quarter mile of swamp so we could cross with vehicles.

The school, of course, was the centre for local dances, spelling bees, boxing, pie socials, box socials, suppers, etc. Music for dances was supplied by such people as the Atkinson boys, Carl Browning, George Richardson and local boys who played guitars. Steve Turner played his "bones" or spoons or whatever was handy. Christmas concerts and Mother's Day picnics were always looked forward to as the big events of the year.

Numerous teachers boarded at the Litke's place and Beatrice was secretary of the local School Board for a number of years. Among those staying at our place was a young man just out of Normal School, Kitchener McCallum. Others were Larry McLay, Mrs. Burchall, Mildred Pugh (Mrs. Joe Claeys), Miss Lees, Tillie Hoffman, and many more.

Lawrence who was 84 years old at the time of this writing, still lives on his quarter section and has no intention of leaving it. Beatrice passed away in 1964, of cancer.

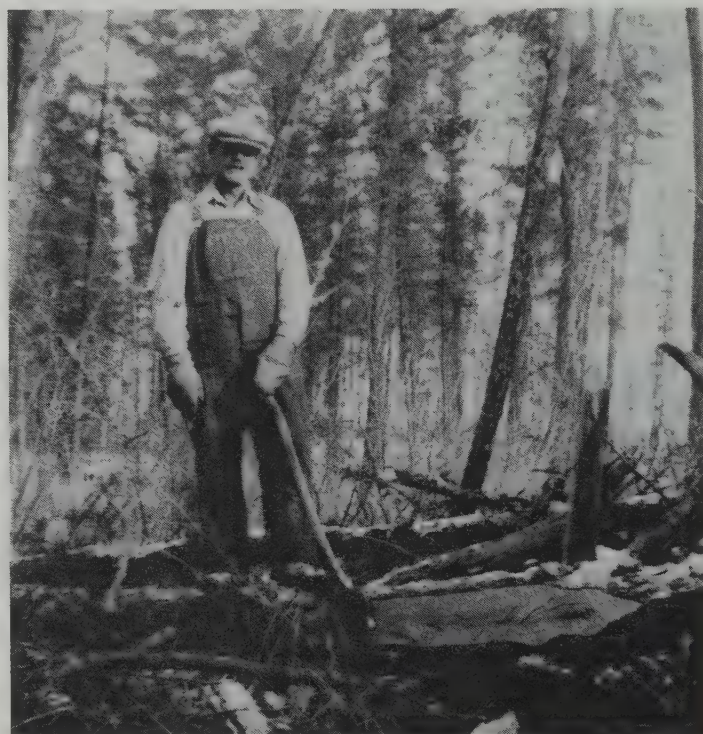
Ronald married Elsie Sanderman and they live with their family on his farm, a short distance from his dad's place.

Gerald married Lois Thornton and lives at Jarvie where they were in a garage business for a number of years.

Jack C. Little

written by Betty Kerik

Jack C. Little came to this area in the fall of 1921 with Bill Clements. Bill took up a quarter east of my



J. C. Little with a broad axe.

father's farm (J. Ruxton) and Jack lived with him. They made a dug-out shack in the bank near the lake and made this their home for the winter.

J. C. came from Butte, Montana, U.S.A. and later took up a quarter south of George Zempkey in the French Creek district.

When we came back from Bashaw, J. C. helped my husband to move up here. We had shipped some of our cows up on the rail but J. C. and my husband brought the rest of them over-land in two wagons. They were lucky as there was hardly any snow that spring, so did not have to change over to sleighs.

J. C. had a few acres of land broken on his place but just had a horse. In the winter time he would help with the traplines and also hacking up ties for a few extra dollars for the summer months.

J. C. lived more or less with us for about five years then went to live with Harry Dunn in the Jarvie district. They lived there for several years then sold out and went to Penticton, B.C. I believe J. C. still lives there today.

Llewellyn Brothers

written by E. Boyd

Dan and Bill Llewellyn came to Fawcett the fall of 1919 and homesteaded N½-35-63-1-W5. They later homesteaded SW34-63-1-W5 plus two fractions in 3-64-1-W5, giving them a total of 800 acres. After getting their land located and a shack built, they went to work for the winter in Edmonton. They walked the ice of the Pembina River early in October when they went to work and brought a team of horses back across the same river on the ice in May of the following year, claiming that the ice was just as sound as when they first went across.

Bill was the business man of the brothers and Dan was the one to stay home, looking after things there and doing the cooking. They were both small men and had been through the First World War, where they were wounded and gassed. Yet with all this behind them, they were able to accomplish a great deal. When they left the farm, they had approximately 200 acres under cultivation and all the necessary buildings for a farm.

Bill had been shot through the shoulder in the war, then had the misfortune of having a horse kick him in the face. He spent that whole summer with his jaws wired together and said that he never drank so much milk in his whole life. Bill was the Postmaster here for about two years. He and Joe Dawkins bought the first radio to come to Fawcett. It didn't have a speaker and you listened to it with earphones. I remember listening on it when I was 10 years old.



Jim Russell with milk pails and Bill Llewellyn standing behind.



A spring bee at the Llewellyn Bros. farm. Dick Yaggy, Henry Rochat, George Boyd, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Boyd, Herb Bell, Bill and Dan Llewellyn in May, 1939.



Bill Stretton painting.

Bill was also our first Justice of the Peace and served in this capacity for three or four years.

After being gassed in the war, Bill had a running battle with lung trouble and lost the battle to pneumonia in June of 1943, at the age of 53 years.

Dan lived 20 years after Bill. He lived on the farm and rented the land to W. G. McCann for years. In 1961 he sold it to Bud and Jim Rockwell. Dan moved up to Fawcett to take care of Joe Dawkins, who was failing fast due to arthritis, until he passed away. Joe passed away in 1954 at the age of 82 years. Dan also took care of Bill Stretton, a cousin of Joe Dawkins, while he lived.

My uncle, Herb Bell and I went to visit Mr. Dawkins when he was bedridden and had been for a couple of years. Both of us had marvelled at the neatness and cleanliness of the house and Mr. Dawkins, taken care of by 'Little Dan', as he was affectionately known.

Our 'Little Dan' passed away in 1963 at the age of 77 years. Both Bill and Dan are buried in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Fawcett.

The Majors

written by Cliff Major

On return from service overseas in World War I, David Major decided to leave Winnipeg and homestead in the Grand Prairie area. He left Winnipeg in June, 1918 and enroute he met Tom Hundley who persuaded him to look at homesteads in the Fawcett area. Mr. Major found what he wanted and filed on E19-64-1-W5.

He then returned to Winnipeg and brought his wife, Kate, and two youngest children, Kathie and Clifford, and a family friend, Miss Annie Law, west to Fawcett. Miss Law lived with the Majors a short time and then moved to Edmonton.

After discharge from the services the family was rejoined by the three older boys, Dave Jr., Edward,



Mr. and Mrs. Dave Major, Sr.



The Majors; Ed, Kathy, Harold and Clifford.

and Harold. All three filed on homesteads and proved them up. In later years Dave Jr. left to live and work in Medicine Hat where he remained until his recent death. Edward returned to Winnipeg to work for the C.P. Telegraphs. He is now retired and living in Winnipeg. Harold moved to Kimberly, B.C. where he worked for C.M.&S. until his retirement and now lives in Comox, B.C.

Kathie married Herb Bell on his return home from overseas. Theirs was the first wedding in Fawcett and was performed by a travelling minister, as there was no regular church in the area. Kathie and Herb with their family lived in Fawcett for many years before retiring to Edmonton.

Clifford was one of the first class of pupils to attend school in the first school house. Later he worked on the home farm before leaving to work on a farm at Fort Saskatchewan. He returned to Fawcett in 1925 driving his first car. Clifford recalls that the road between Westlock and Fawcett was just a trail and necessitated the opening and shutting of twenty-two gates in order to pass through the many farms en-route.

Clifford opened and operated a garage out of the old Hundley store. He married Ethel Card, who came to teach at the Fawcett School in 1925. Ethel also taught at Ferry School. Clifford, Ethel and their daughter, Audrey, lived at the garage a few years and later moved to Chisholm where they lived until 1943. At this time they returned to Fawcett and lived on the home farm.

In addition to farming Clifford also worked on

clearing and building Highway #44 from Dapp through Fawcett to Chisholm.

A few years later Mr. and Mrs. David Major Sr. left Fawcett and spent their later years in Edmonton. Clifford, Ethel, Audrey and their son, Richard, joined them in Edmonton shortly afterwards and lived there until retiring to Enderby, B.C.

Patrick Makey Family

written by Mrs. P. Makey

In the fall of 1937 we came to the Cross Lake District with our first son, Pat Jr., who was less than one and a half years old. We drove a Model T Ford from Coronation across the Battle River to the North. My husband had put a second transmission in the car to get more power, which we needed on the Battle River's hill and the hills of Gwyn, Alta.

Before we left on our journey, we thought it best to leave the mowing machine because the trailer, with our bit of belongings, was heavy enough.

I remember that as we came through Edmonton, and approached a crossing in the Calder area, a street car came zipping out of the bush towards us. We hurriedly backed down a slight grade. It seemed to me that the driver of the street car looked quite relieved that no harm came to him or his fares.

After a couple of years in the Cross Lake district, we took up land south of the Pembina River, 2 ½ miles south and a ½ miles west of Bill Godwin's ferry, which we used for several years.

The Homestead Act was changed and a couple could file on a quarter each. This was called a home-



Mr. and Mrs. Dave Major, Sr. with grandchildren. Two older boys are Bert and George Bell.



Mr. Makey with grandsons, Gary and Matt Chatters.



Pat Makey, Jr. and walking plow.



The Makey men cutting grain.

stead lease. As soon as enough land was cleared for crops, which normally took three years, the government took an eighth of the crop.

Our second son, Tom, was born at Mrs. Boyd's maternity home. Both Pat and Tom received their first years of schooling at the Ferry School. It was a ½ mile east of us. Later Pat was bussed to Jarvie for his high school years. Tom went to Fawcett for his high school where he graduated.



Makey twins, Evelyn and Erma, 1953.

Our girls happened to be twins, Evelyn and Erna. They both went to Jarvie for their early years of school and then bussed to Westlock for high school.

During the first years of farming we wondered if we would ever get the land cleared. First the trees, then stumps had to be removed. After the land was broken, it took years of picking pieces of roots out of the worked land. This had to be done so roots wouldn't clog the machinery as a piece of root could do a lot of damage to a binder canvas or slats. Later it was the combine to watch out for, both the table and sieves.

Many changes have come about and many of the old times are here no longer. Now others grow large gardens, and I imagine, some still do canning. We used to do quarts of raspberries, wild strawberries, and cranberries. We finally had our own tame strawberry patch. There were pin cherries along the river which made good jam.

Bears would wander across the farm now and then but never interfered with us. At times they had an eye on a porker but we never lost one to them. We did lose a year old calf once not too far from the house, either.

Patrick had to give up work after his stroke in 1972. He had to go to the laboratory at the Westlock Hospital every week after that, so we stayed in Westlock most of the time in order to be closer to the doctors and the hospital.

Zidai Malesko

written by Helen Turner

Zidai Malesko was born in Russia. He fought in a war in central Europe and was wounded in battle. He came to Canada in 1912 and worked as a farm laborer in southern Alberta before coming to the Fawcett area in 1914.

Zidai filed on his homestead NE 19-64-26-W4 on July 29, 1914. This is the land that Leslie Richey bought in 1921 and still lives on.

Imen Levi stayed with Zidai at times. The two of them owned a team of oxen between them and broke land with the oxen. One of the oxen was a good worker but the other one was broken winded. Zidai used to say, "Whoa, Mike has to make more wind."

Imen and Zidai were making hay on French Creek when Imen had an accident. Imen was adjusting the mower knife; the oxen moved and so did the mower knife and Imen got a bad cut on his forefinger. They bandaged it with a red bandana handkerchief and rode behind the oxen to Fawcett. Mrs. Selvyne Hundley took off the handkerchief and there was the finger almost completely severed! Imen wouldn't let her cut it off as he was a furrier by trade and needed that finger for sewing. He went to Edmonton on the

first train going south. A doctor there was able to sew it on again. Imen was also a fur buyer and walked through the country buying furs from anyone.

Zidai died in the spring of 1920, the first death in the district. Tom Turner found him dead in bed. Tom had known Zidai quite well as he lived a mile north of Zidai. Sergeant Watt came out from Westlock and certified the death as a heart attack. He was buried on his homestead. The coffin was made by Bob Simpson, and James Turner read a passage from the Bible.

A simple funeral for a good neighbor.

Eugene Manchester

written by his son, Walter

Father was born August 5, 1886 at Colfax, Washington, U.S.A., the second child in a family of three. His younger brother, Edison, who worked in the shipyards at San Diego, California, died in his eighties. His older brother, Theodore, was a chemist for the Carnation Milk Co. in Seattle, Washington and later chief chemist with California Fruit Growers Exchange in Los Angeles where he worked until his retirement. Theo and his wife, Grace, raised my sister, Grace from the time she left the care of my aunt (Mrs. W. Brownlee of Edmonton) during the thirties. After a lengthy illness, Uncle Theo died in his ninety-fifth year.

The three Manchester brothers lost both their parents at an early age and were raised by their uncle, Benjamin Manchester, a rancher and orchardist at



Eugene Manchester, 90 years old, 1976.

Colfax, Washington. All three worked hard on their uncle's farm and all completed their high school education which was quite an accomplishment in the later part of the 1800's. Theodore went on to become one of the leading organic chemists of the United States and wrote several important thesis on citrus fruit chemistry.

In the summer of 1905, father and Uncle Edison came to Alberta with about 200 cattle and 30 brood mares. They shipped them from Colfax to Browning, Montana and drove them from there to Grainger, Alta. (between Carbon and Acme). They and two other ranchers worked together driving their herds overland via Lethbridge, arriving in the Grainger district in late midsummer of 1905. They had time to put up prairie wool for winter and build their sod shacks. Fortunately, the winter of 1905-1906 was exceptionally mild, but the winter of 1906-1907 turned out to be the worst winter Alberta has ever had. Uncle Edison did not like Alberta so he sold out his interest and returned to the States.

In March, 1906 father homesteaded NE 6-29-24-W4 and in 1908 he pre-empted the SE7 and later purchased three quarters of Hudson Bay land in Section 8.

During the period of 1905 to 1928, father raised hundreds of registered livestock, Shorthorn cattle, Percheron horses, and Tamworth hogs, and was one of the original developers of Broadbreasted Bronze turkeys.

Over the years father took an active part in community affairs and organizations. He served on the founding board of the Berkley School District and then served several more terms. Also he played an active role in the founding of the Alberta Wheat Pool, United Farmers of Alberta, and the local telephone mutual.

In 1910 and 1911, having a large number of excellent Percheron horses, father purchased quite a number of scrapers and various other equipment and contracted building the Grand Truck Railway (now CPR) from Calgary to Camrose.

During the summer holidays in 1914 father and Patricia Gillis were married in Edmonton. Mother was from a large family and was born in Summerside, P.E.I. She taught school for several years in the Grainger district. The first five in our family were born while father and mother lived at Grainger.

In the early summer of 1928 we sold our five quarters of land and moved to an acreage at East Farms, on the Spokane line of the C.P.R. near the Idaho border. There father raised turkeys and worked as manager-caretaker of the Liberty Lake Park which had a large dance hall, bath houses, merry-go-round, ferris wheel, etc. plus numerous concessions. After



It Was a Long Time Between Visits for Eugene, Theo and Edison Manchester. Show at Right as They Are Today and at Left as They Were in 1895.

They've Had 2 Reunions: 1 a Century

By TERRY NOBLE

Daily Report Staff Writer

UPLAND — The Manchester boys—Theo, 84, Eugene, 82 and kid brother Edison, 80—got together again last week for the first time in the 20th century. They were separated seven years earlier when their mother died. Edison was nine months old at the time.

When Mrs. Manchester died, Edison went to live with a foster family in Winona, Wash., and his brothers moved in with a grandparent and an uncle.

Theo, who lives at 1660 W. Arrow Highway, became a chemist and was, incidentally, the first chemist the Carnation Milk Co. ever hired. He worked 40 years as a chemist and was employed 17 years as a research chemist for the Sunkist Orange

Products Division in Ontario. He retired in 1948.

Eugene, of Jarvie, Alberta, Canada, became a farmer and still raises livestock.

Waterfront Clerk

Edison is a retired waterfront marine clerk and lives in San Pedro.

Although the brothers are in their 80s, longevity apparently does not run in the family. Besides Mrs. Manchester, their father also died at an early age.

What do brothers talk about when they haven't seen each other for many, many years. "Well," said Theo Friday, "we can remember some of the old days and we also speak about some of our experiences since we were separated."

Red Tile Roof

Theo lives in a comfortable, Spanish-type house with a red tile roof.

They went their separate ways again Friday. Eugene caught a train for Alberta and Edison went to his summer cabin in Big Bear.

Newspaper clipping of E. Manchester.

the owner died, father lost his position there but soon got a job with the Washington State Highway Department. We then moved into the city of Spokane.

Mother had chronic asthma and with that and the flu she died on Jan. 9, 1932. After her funeral my youngest brother, Doyle, and my three sisters returned to Canada with my aunt Aileen (Brownlee) and Aunt Mary (Veninni). My youngest sister, Grace, went to live with Uncle Theodore in California.

On July 4, 1932, with the hope of taking a homestead in the Peace River area and gathering the family together, father loaded the car with what possessions it would hold and together with John and me, returned to Canada. There were lots of good homesteads left in all parts of the North Country but none with good drinking water. Accordingly we returned to Edmonton and late that fall rented an acreage

south-east of Winterburn where we engaged in market gardening.

During the winter of 1942-43 father went up to Muskwa, on the Alaska Highway, doing carpenter work as a sub-foreman. There he came to know Bill Meldrum of Jarvie who told him of the former Jack Cochran farm that was for sale north of Jarvie. As we were renting land with no chance of purchasing at a reasonable price, I took an option on the farm and after extensive investigation completed the purchase. In the spring father returned to live and work with me at Jarvie and has been with me most of the time since.

For several years he raised a fairly large number of registered Tamworth hogs, having sold breeding stock all over this area and leasing out herds to several growers. Several years ago he sold the herd and equipment by auction and went to live with my

sister, Grace, in California. But soon he returned to Jarvie to work with me on the farm.

Over the years father has done extensive work at improving various plants: notably, potatoes, wheat, oats, winter wheat, gladiolus and other ornaments. Due to the government-hierarchy monopoly on licensing of new varieties of grains and potatoes, he failed to get anywhere with any distribution of his improved strains of plants.

His latest project involved an elite group of gladiolus-hybrids which I intend to continue developing.

On July 30, 1980 father returned on the bus from the last of his many trips to Edmonton. Next morning

Westerner Grows Frost Resisting Variety of Wheat

Northern Alberta Farmer Says Grain Rigidly Tested Over Several Years

JARVIE, Alta. -(CP)- E. W. Manchester of Jarvie who likes to experiment with cereals and other plants has a frost-resistant wheat and so far as he knows it is the only one in existence.

Mr Manchester who grows about 30 varieties of his own as well as many other kinds of cereals as he can get was testing this wheat as a heavy-yielding kind when it proved itself something of a freak by turning out to be highly frost resistant. He called it Endurance.

In 1950 there was 13 degrees of frost for three hours Aug. 16. That spoiled all the standard kinds of wheat but Endurance matured into a pretty good grain.

"It has been rigidly tested for frost resistance for several years by planting some of it very late," said Mr Manchester. "It has always withstood frost abnormally well when standard kinds planted beside it at the same time were completely spoiled by frost.

Mr Manchester who breeds purebred Tamworth hogs and with his son operates a nursery to reproduce ornamental trees, flowering shrubs and bulbs also has produced a wheat that will ripen before the normal frost-hazard period becomes a threat to harvest and shatter-proof oats that should be ideal for the combine harvester.

He farms in the Jarvie region 75 miles north of Edmonton and has been growing and selecting wheat, oats and barley for 15 years, an arduous task for any individual dependent on his own resources.

Tedious Work

Intricate plant breeding, selecting the best strains, testing for yields, growing habits, disease resistance, milling and baking qualities are usually left to the experimental farms and universities which have the finances, trained technical staff and facilities required to conduct the long, involved and often tedious years of testing and proving before a variety is licensed for sale in Canada.

So far Mr Manchester has had no official check on his selections but he has arranged to place some of his best samples with the University of Alberta field crops department for field and laboratory testing.

Because he is not working with registered or certified varieties of grain, he was unable to obtain any field inspections from the plant production services of the Dominion government.

Mr Manchester said he fared no better in requests to the provincial department of agriculture and has been unable to find any public facilities available to him for milling and baking tests.

Reviewing his 1952 activities, Mr Manchester reported that his Early Harvest variety of wheat started to head out seven weeks after planting. No Alberta frost would occur early enough to spoil Early Harvest if seeded as early as possible.

Early Harvest yielded 49½ bushels an acre while other early kinds such as Early Sunrise No. 1 and Early Sunrise No. 2 gave more than 52. Rainbow yielded 65 bushels to the acre and Oilar yielded "only 57" because the seed was old and the land dry.

He has developed a variety of oats he calls Gibraltar which he describes as 100 per cent shatter-proof. Because the oats does not shatter, parts of fields on high ground where grain ripens earlier, may be safely left standing, waiting for the grain on the lower ground to ripen.

he had a severe septic throat and laryngitis. I phoned my sister in Edmonton advising her of father's condition and stating that it was highly improbable that he would be well enough in time to attend the planned, annual family reunion on Sunday, August 3. This was to be in honor of his birthday. While he was very weak, his throat improved and his voice returned and we were able to attend the reunion.

During the next two days father spent most of his time sleeping. On his birthday (August 5) Mr. and Mrs. Bud Rockwell and Aileen and Doyle came to visit him. We put him in the hospital and on August 9, 1980 father passed away, the fourth day of his 95th year.

There are six of us in the family, all living and in reasonably good health. In descending order of ages we are Walter Francis of Jarvie, George Ernest of Genesee Bridge, Alta., Mary Aileen (Passmore) of Edmonton, Joyce Ruby (Levas) of Sacramento, California, Patrick Doyle of Victoria, B.C., and Theresa Grace (Longson) of Alta Loma, California. Father left twenty-five grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.

Walter Manchester written himself

I was born on March 18, 1919 in the Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, Alberta, to Eugene Walter and Patricia Manchester. My family consisted of two brothers and three sisters (all younger than I): John, Aileen, Joyce, Doyle, and Grace. Grace was the only one of the family who was born in the United States.

I received grades one and two at Berkely School, near Grainger, Alberta, with Miss Lobb as my teacher. In 1928 our family moved to Spokane Valley in eastern Washington, U.S.A. where I completed grades three and four. I went to school at the Otis Orchard Composite School with Miss Kenney as my teacher. We then moved to the city of Spokane where I struggled through my next three grades in various schools throughout the city.

To add to the confusion I was absent a great deal through those three years due to mother's illness. On January 9, 1932 she passed away from complications of chronic asthma and the flu. After mother's funeral my four younger siblings returned to Canada with my aunts in Calgary and Edmonton. In the summer I came to Canada with my father and John and we moved to Winterburn. I completed my eighth grade in the Winterburn School with Miss Yvonne Battaille as the teacher.

My high schooling was completed at the Splan Rural High School, a centralization of five districts. Miss Dorothy McAlpine was the only teacher for the High School and was, without a doubt, the most



Walter Manchester, Floyd Morrow, George Houle, John Cervinski and Armand Houle.

influential teacher in my education. She also helped me with any problems I had during my twelfth year which I took at home.

Basically I was a good student, but due to so much moving, different systems and absences during my mother's illness, my marks did not reach their potential until in high school. I was second in the class in grade nine and then managed to obtain first place throughout the remainder of school with yearly averages of: 68.8, 72.7 and 85.3%.

Besides my schooling, I supplemented my studies with books on electricity and other sciences from the Spokane Public Library. At Winterburn, I studied agriculture, plant breeding, botany and allied subjects from books borrowed from the Edmonton Public Library. Later I augmented these with more recent books from the University of Alberta Extension Library, often selected for me by Miss Lillian Young, a childhood friend from Grainger, who was a librarian there during the 1950's.

I never lost sight of my many advantages and good fortune in education and spent many hours helping fellow students to learn and better understand their studies. After leaving school, I helped many bewildered students to a logical concept of mathematics, spelling, grammar, and other sciences. I also helped ethnic people to have a better concept of the English language. Very often someone seeks my advice on horticultural matters, wiring, or mechanical problems.

On April 9, 1943 I moved to land I had purchased at Jarvie, SE10-64-27-W4. I brought fruit trees, nursery stock, hives of bees, etc. I developed a wartime apiary of up to fifty hives over the next few years.

Rather briefly the following is a summary of my forty years at Jarvie having father with me during most of the time.

We planted and maintained a considerable orchard of crabapples and plums and an extensive raspberry patch consisting, for several years, on an area no more than seven acres.

After the war I built the greenhouse and mailed started plants and bedding plants all over Canada. During the same period we established a hardy plant nursery and shipped ornamental plants, fruit trees, seed potatoes, gladiolus, etc. almost everywhere in Canada. However, railway express service became non-existent after all of the station agents struck themselves out of a job and nearly every station was closed. The mail services became worse with strike after strike and less railway mail service. Even the T. Eaton Company, Canada's oldest and largest mail order firm, was forced to close the catalogue part of their services. Accordingly, we too, have pretty well gone out of the nursery business.

In 1967 I rented Lorrie McKilligan's farm with the option to purchase and later completed the agreement. However, due to the shortage of the necessary capital and mostly to repeated tractor failure and long waits for repairs during critical seasons, I ended up by selling the east quarter to get an even footing with the remaining land. Sometimes it appears that this is the world's greatest next year country.

During the years here at Jarvie I have taken a great interest in community affairs. I have served for several years on the local School Board, Fawcett's Home and School Association, several years as secretary and director of the Jarvie Mutual Telephone Co., and a few years as a director and organizer of the Pembina Gas Co-op.

We are fortunate that the Jarvie-Fawcett area and surrounding area is one of the best districts in Western Canada and I am pleased to see the younger generation taking such an interest in our community affairs.

Isaac Martin

written by Carl Sund

Isaac Martila, known as Isaac Martin, was born in the south of Finland around 1871. His family were fairly wealthy farmers in that area. Isaac didn't get along with his father so left home. He signed up as a sailor on a French Trampler ship on which living conditions were terrible. They made it around Cape Horn to Boston, Mass., U.S.A. and Isaac jumped ship in 1896.

Isaac worked on the railroad throughout most of the United States and then went logging. It was through this that he met up with Herman Sund and they became partners. When Herman got married their partnership dissolved and Isaac took up with Risto Maki.



Isaac Martin, Herman Sund, Elof Peterson and Joe Dawkins, 1916.

Risto and Isaac came to Fawcett and farm west of here. Risto was a veteran of the First World War in which he served in the Canadian army. Risto homesteaded the quarter known as 'Isaac's place' and took another quarter on a soldier's grant. Isaac and Risto farmed the two quarters together; after some years, due to a third party interference, they broke up the partnership.

Isaac never became a Canadian citizen; he had land in Finland and when he sold his land at Fawcett he returned to Finland to spend his last days. Both Isaac and Maki were, as they wanted to be called, 'Pure Finns'.

Claude Martinier

written by E. Boyd

In February of 1912 Claude Martinier and Henri Flouquet came with an ox team from Dapp to Fawcett on the Pembina River. They landed on the place now owned by Avalt Hensch. They located the corner mounds and filed their respective homesteads. Henri filed on SW 10-64-1-W5 and Claude filed on NW 10-64-1-W5, March 19, 1912.

That summer they cleared and broke five acres which they thought would be half on Henri's land and half on Claude's. When they found out where the line was, they discovered the new breaking was all on the Martinier place. Henri was peeved over this development so he threw up his homestead and went back to Edmonton.

Claude built a nice log house and two barns by the creek and broke some more land. He received his title on October 25, 1915. It is not known if Mrs. Martinier ever lived here or not.

Claude was quite an adventurer. He was in San Francisco during the earthquake and fire of 1906. He

also took part in the Klondike Gold Rush. Claude enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1915 and served overseas. He came back to Edmonton on furlough after the war. He returned to France where his wife joined him after she sold the homestead to George Boyd in 1920.

This quarter of land was homestead just once, proved up for title and then sold to my father. I bought it from my father and mother in 1948.

Earl Mattice Family

written by Alberta Mattice

Earl and Alberta moved to Fawcett from Edmonton in April, 1965. Earl wanted to establish his own auto shop in his home town and it was felt a small town was a better place to raise Michelle and Melanie. Both ideas turned out to be best for our family.

Alberta has taught in Fawcett since September, 1965 and truly never missed leaving the big city schools to walk the halls of the Fawcett School, where most of the children and parents are at least casually known.

Living on an acre of land next to Earl's parents has given our children the privilege of plenty of room to run and play. Many a time the yard has been a ball field; the road out front a busy street for the girls and neighbor's children as they played all the games that children dream up. They always had the security of knowing Dad was home and if he wasn't, Grandma was and the tea pot would be hot and waiting.

Fawcett has never had a lot to offer children in the way of recreation but there was always a place to skate or play ball. When the girls were in elementary school there was Brownies and Guides to participate in. Every kid in town has used the creek for a swimming hole and a place to meet the other kids. What it has lacked has perhaps been equalled out in fact, "It wasn't all good that is missed out in these little towns". Kids lead a more protected life out here. What's wrong with that?

The Mielke Family

written by Mrs. Otto Mielke and son, Riney Gustav and Matilda

Gustav immigrated to Canada from Germany in June, 1923. He worked on a farm in southern Saskatchewan. In 1924 his son, Otto, immigrated to Sask. to join Gustav, and in 1926 Gustav sent for his wife, Matilda, and daughter, Elfrieda. At last the family was together with the exception of William and Else who remained in Germany. William passed away at Hamburg, Germany in Dec., 1978 and Else (Hiese) is still living in West Berlin at the age of 80 years old.



Mr. and Mrs. Otto Mielke and family on their homestead.

In June, 1927 Gustav, Matilda, and Otto came to Fawcett (Elfrieda stayed in Sask. and later married Adolf Rech). Gustav bought a portion of SE 5-64-1 W5 from J. L. Pumphrey. They lived on this land until 1939 and then let it go back to Mr. Pumphrey. After this they lived in a house in the yard of their daughter and son-in-law, the Adolf Rechs, who had moved from Sask. to Fawcett.

Gustav passed away in March, 1953. Matilda passed away in June, 1955. They are buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Fawcett.

Otto and Natillia

Otto moved to Fawcett with his parents and homesteaded SW6-64-1-W5. He met Natillia Ryll during the summer of 1927.

Natillia had immigrated to Canada from Poland in Dec., 1926. She and her brother, Adolf stayed with their sister, Rose Hensch, at Bashaw, Alta. When Gustav and Rose Hensch moved to Fawcett in April, 1927 Natillia and Adolf came with them. Natillia worked for several people and on April 1, 1928 she married Otto Mielke.

They lived on Otto's homestead and while there they had seven children born to them: Harry (April, 1929), Walter (November, 1930), Richard (December, 1933), Henry (March, 1935), Arthur (August, 1937), Reinholt (October, 1939) and Herta (November, 1942). Arthur passed away in April, 1941. His appendix had ruptured and the ice was breaking up on the Pembina River so it was impossible to get him to the hospital.

In 1946 Otto sold the homestead to Adolf and Elfrieda Rech and they moved to Warburg. In October, 1948 Lawrence was born to them, giving them a family of six sons and one daughter.



Alvina Hiller, Mrs. Tala Mielke, Grandmother Mielke, Mrs. Hiller holding a grandchild. Little ones in front; Henry Mielke, Reinholt Mielke, Richard Mielke, Elnora Hiller.

Otto and Natillia farmed at Warburg until Otto passed away on November 30, 1961 after he was involved in a traffic accident near Leduc. Otto is buried at Fawcett.

Natillia stayed at Warburg until she sold the farm in 1967 and moved back to Fawcett with her son, Lawrence. She then purchased NE13-64-2-W5. She had the land cleared and broken for Lawrence.

Lawrence recently sold this land and is now living in Edmonton.

Natillia lives and helps her son, Walter, on his farm, SW7-64-1-W5.

Harry married Martha Bittner in October, 1955 and lives on his own farm at Fawcett. They have four children, Fred, Gordon, Rodney and Linda. Harry and Martha celebrated their 25th anniversary in Oct., 1980.

Richard has remained a bachelor and lives on his own farm across the river.

Henry married Jeanette Fischer at Warburg in November, 1967. They now live at Barrhead and have two sons, Sheldon and Blaine.

Herta married Ed Gatzke in 1964 and lives in Edmonton. They have a daughter, Joan, and a son, Randy.

Riney married Irene Hellerman at Edmonton in April, 1966. They live at Coaldale, Alta. where they operate a hotel. Riney and Irene have three children, Bobby, Blair, and Tammy.

So ends the past history with the future ahead of the third generation.

The Carl T. Miller Family written by Herb Miller

Dad, Carl Miller, and my uncle, Joe Miller, homesteaded at Fawcett in 1913. Dad homesteaded



Müller family, 1948. Carl, Elsie, Herbert, Mrs. Müller and Amelia.

SE10-64-1-W5 and Uncle Joe homesteaded SW15-64-1-W5. Dad was 18 years old at the time and Uncle Joe was older. Uncle Joe stayed on his land until 1920, when he sold to Alex Teha and went back to Germany. He later returned to Canada and lived in Edmonton. Uncle Joe passed away in Victoria, B.C. in 1966.

My father, Carl, married Louise Stockman, from Flatbush, in 1918. They started their married life on the homestead. In 1920 they went to Edmonton for a year. Then they returned to the homestead to live until they sold in 1953 and moved to Edmonton to stay. While in Fawcett, they bought the Henri Devin land and the Rau place; giving them three quarters in Sec. 10. Dad and Mom had four children — Carl Fredrick (deceased), Amelia, myself, Herbert, and Elsie.

Amelia, who is now Mrs. Amelia Carty, has four children: Mildred (Mrs. Ken Stedel), Carol (Mrs. Dan Rozak), Annet (Mrs. Russell) and Joe Reinhart, who farms in Pibroch.



Amelia and Herbert Miller, 1926.

I married Patricia J. Swift and live in Edmonton. We have two children. Elaine works in Calgary and Allan is still at home.

Elsie, who is Mrs. Evan Evans, lives at Edmonton. They have two children: Janis, living at home and working in Edmonton and Gordon, also living at home and going to university. Evan, Elsie's husband, passed away in 1956. Elsie never married again.

Mom and Dad worked hard at raising and providing for their family. Dad cleared all that could be cleared on his three quarters of land by hand, before the days of brush-cutters pushed by caterpillars. I broke a lot of the land with a T20 International tractor that Dad had bought brand new. We used the T20 over a lot of land before we traded in on a TD6 International track tractor.

Mother passed away in 1966 and Dad in 1967; they are both buried in the Beechmount Cemetery in Edmonton.

(The following is an excerpt written by Elwood Boyd)

I remember going to the Miller place, one time, with my D2 cat to help Herb get his TD6 out of the creek. Herb and Carl were making a bridge over the creek. Herb was skidding a big balm log along, when all of a sudden, there was nothing but air under the one track. The TD6 rolled clean over and came to rest on its tracks on a log jam, six or seven feet below. His cat started and with mine pulling, it came out quite easily. Nothing was hurt but Herb's pride and a cut on his heel. I don't know, and I don't think Herb knows how he got off that cat when it went over.

The three Miller children walked up across our place and on to school with us, throughout our school days. I remember well, the fall that Herb started school. He was a tall boy and grew into quite a tall man; there were not too many doorways that he would walk through without having to bend his head.

The Millers were all hard workers. They were wonderful neighbors and good citizens.

The Mosers

written by Gwen Deray

Alfred Leslie Moser was born in Sutton, Surrey, England on July 10, 1892. When he was 14 years old he joined the British Navy, staying six or seven years. He left the ship and Navy at a Canadian port.

He joined the Canadian Army and was sent to England then to France where he served until 1918, when he was gassed at Vimy Ridge. He was sent to an English hospital to recover. When he was discharged he married his childhood sweetheart, Lilly Cattell.

Both of my parents came to Canada in 1919 and lived in Edmonton a short while until they took up a homestead at Sunnybend. They farmed there for



Les and Lilly Moser, 1942.



Army Cadets under Les Moser.

eleven years. It was while they were living there that we six children were born, three girls and three boys: I (Gwen), Douglas, Hazel and Arnold (twins), Margaret and Norman. Margaret died of scarlet fever when she was two years old.

In 1930, Les, as Dad was known by the people here, and the family came to the Fawcett district. We moved to a homestead across the river, near a farmer by the name of Maki. Dad built a log house, a barn and a chicken house close to the river. He also had a team of horses. He grew a garden along the banks of the river which was ideal as it was relatively free of frost.

We cleared land with an axe and used a shovel to dig around the roots of the trees. Then the horses would pull out the stumps. When the land was cleared, Mr. Maki came with his four horses, breaking plow, disk and harrows and worked the land for Dad.

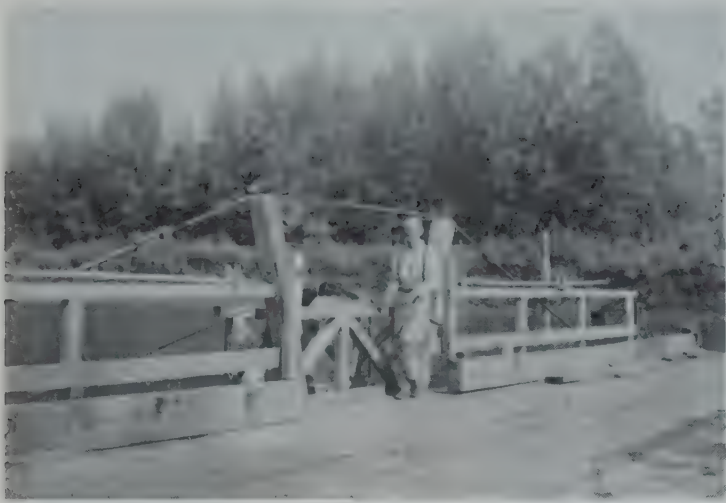
In 1931 all of us cleared 10 acres of land for Jim Russell — all for the price of a cow.

In the fall of '31, we children tried walking to school from the farm. We used a boat to cross the river when it was high. Otherwise, when it was low, we waded across on the rocks and would go up the banks, across the Orr farm and down the tracks to the school in Fawcett. It seemed as if we were always late for school or didn't make it at all, so Mom and the kids moved into Fawcett and rented a house from Mr. Card. We later moved into a house owned by Mr. Russell. On weekends and summer holidays we would ride the ferry operated by Joe Dawkins and stay on the farm with Dad.

Dad was the ferryman at the south ferry from 1944 until the government built a bridge and retired the ferry. Through the years Dad worked as a carpenter.



Les and Arnold Moser on the south ferry.



Alfred Moser, ferryman at the south ferry.

ter, a time keeper and gravel checker for the Dept. of Highways.

In 1945 Dad bought an acre from Cecil Carter, south of the old school and by 1950 he had built a two storey house on it. He planted fruit trees and shade and flowering trees. Dad loved gardening and had a well kept vegetable garden.

Mom was caretaker at the old school and at the church as long as she had good health. She passed away on Nov. 1, 1955.

Dad was community-minded and took part on the hall board, school board, and sports club. All knew his supporting hand. He helped train Cadets and was instigator and carpenter of the rifle range that was built just east of the hall on Mr. Frose's place.

In 1949 he bought a brand new Chevy truck, his pride and joy. He got a great deal of pleasure out of his little truck.



Gwen Moser, Les Moser (dad) and a friend.



Les Moser and great-grandson, Randy Kerik, 1961.

Dad retired in 1967 and lived at the Pembina Lodge in Westlock for awhile. He stayed with friends in St. Albert until he became sick. Some time was spent in the Auxiliary Hospital at Westlock. Then he was moved to the University hospital in Edmonton, where he passed away on March 7, 1969 at the age of 75 years. He was given a military funeral by the members of the Westlock and Jarvie Legion. Mom and Dad are buried in the Fawcett Cemetery.

During the years in Fawcett the family grew up and moved away. I married Julian Deray and lived in our own home on the Deray farm. We raised five children: Charles, Louise, Lewis, Jean and Helen.

Douglas enlisted in the Canadian Army and after the war, he married Blanche Price. They live at London, Ont. and have two daughters, Nancy and June.

Hazel is married to Rodney Tyreman and lives at



Les and Lilly Moser, Hazel, Julian and Gwen Deray, Sarah and Hank Ragan.

North Surrey, B.C. They have two daughters, Sharon and Charlotte.

Arnold, Hazel's twin, lives at Vancouver, B.C.

Norman married Alwynn Landals and they now live at Hardisty, Alta. They have two children, Todd and Lorrie.

The Mullers Three

written by E. Boyd

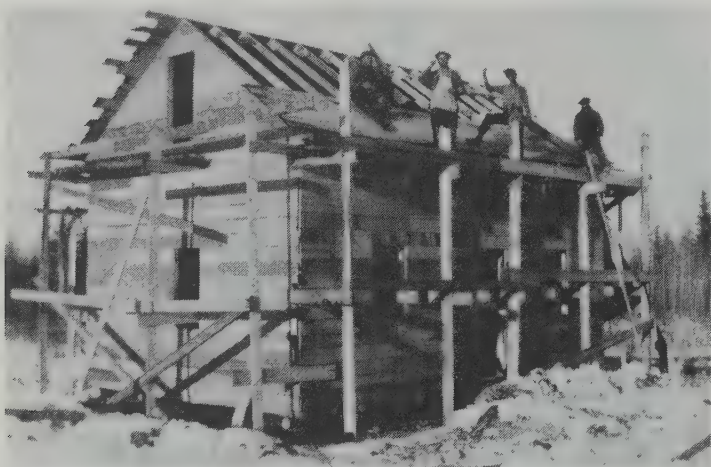
Karl, born in 1901, Conrad, born in 1902, and Willie born in 1908, came to Fawcett from Germany in 1928. Willie celebrated his 20th birthday in Winnipeg, Manitoba on their way to Fawcett. All three filed on homesteads; Karl on SE29-63-1-W5, Conrad on NE30-63-1-W5 and Willie on SW30-63-1-W5.

Conrad stayed at Fawcett for about twelve years, then sold his land to his brother, Karl, and moved to Hanna, Alta. He worked and lived in Hanna until his death in 1972. Conrad is buried at Hanna, Alta.

Karl went back to Germany and married Miss Emelie May. They returned to Fawcett and through the years raised three daughters: Elizabeth, Edda and



Building Herman Pieper's homestead house, 1929. Carl Müller, Willie Müller, and Herman Pieper.



Building Conrad Muller's home, 1930. Carl Muller, Emil Hensch, Herman Pieper, Conrad Muller.



Willie Muller and his breaking outfit, Allis Chalmers tractor and Cockshutt plow, 1935.

Hildagard, and one son, Willie, Jr. The girls all live in Canada and Willie lives in the States.

Karl's health started failing in 1970, so he and his wife moved to the Pembina Lodge at Westlock. Karl passed away in 1972 at the age of 71 years and is buried at Westlock. Mrs. Muller still lives in the Lodge.

Willie lives on the homestead he filed for 50 years ago. He is retired and rents his land to his neighbor, Alan Wilson. Willie's first tractor was a Model U Allis Chambers that he bought from Lloyd Tyerman, who was the Cockshutt agent in those years. Willie told me that back then he cleared and broke land for \$8.00 an acre. One can hardly believe that wages were so low. Willie also recalls that their three homesteads were the first ones taken south of the big muskeg. There were no roads then, just trails through the bush.

Willie does not have power but does have a T.V. that runs off a battery and produces a good, sharp, clear picture. He is thinking of going back to Germany for a visit. Willie has a sister living there who is 80 years old and would like to see her brother again. I shall keep trying to persuade him to make the trip.

Barbara Boyd — MacCrimmon

written herself

I was born in 1943 at Manville, Alberta. I spent my childhood and received my education at Fawcett. At the age of eighteen I went to work at the Westlock Dental Clinic. I lived and worked at Westlock for the next two years.

Don MacCrimmon and I were married on August 17, 1963. We lived at Darwell, Alta. (Don's hometown) for the first year of our marriage. Don worked for a powerline construction company for the next few years so we moved around quite frequently. We had a small house trailer and lived in many of the small northern communities.

Don and I had two children. Our son, Jody, was born on July 15, 1964 and our daughter, Heather, was



MacCrimmon family; Barbara, Heather, Don and Jody.

born on June 16, 1965. We lived in Edmonton for the next ten years. Our daughter passed away on July 31, 1977 at the young age of twelve years.

The following fall Don and I bought a home at Morinville. Jody attends High School here. We enjoy our life in the country very much and spend many weekends visiting my parents and brother at Fawcett.

Children of John and Mary MacGillivray written by E. Boyd

Mr. and Mrs. MacGillivray brought five sons and four daughters into this world — Archie, Ruthevan, John Donald, Murdock, Malcolm, Mary, Della, Jessie, and Nellie.

John Donald, known as J.D., and his wife, Violet, and daughter, June, moved to Fawcett on Septem-



Murdock, Archie, John Donald and John Derik MacGillivray. In front, Malcolm.



John Donald MacGillivray, 1933.

ber 5, 1933. J.D. had homesteaded SW22-67-W5 at Flatbush and went to the homestead with some machinery and horses. J.D. cut a road to his homestead through the timber. This roadway was cleared wider in 1934-35 by the government and became Highway #44.

J.D. worked for \$3.00 a day with a team pulling logs off the right-of-way. Relief in 1933 was \$4.00 a month; 100 pounds of flour was \$4.20. J.D. sawed shingles for the Catholic Church at Flatbush and for George Boyd at a price of \$1.65 per thousand.

J.D. gave his homestead up that same year and in turn filed on Roy Collier's place where he stayed for a year before moving to Fawcett. A year later J.D. and Violet moved to Camrose where they stayed seven years. After this they moved back to Fawcett and purchased the Paley place. They farmed this land from 1942 to 1950. J.D. worked for construction companies for two years, rented out the land and then came back and sold it.

J.D. and Violet (Mattice) MacGillivray had three children. June was born before they came to the district. Darlene was born at Fawcett with Nurse Waddell in attendance, and Donald was born in Camrose.

J.D. and Violet moved to Fort St. John after leaving Fawcett and have resided there since.

Archie was the oldest of the MacGillivray children and didn't come to Fawcett to live. Ruthevan passed away in his youth.

Murdock and Hazel Shepherd were married the



Malcolm MacGillivray, R.C.M.P.

fall of 1933. Murdock worked that winter in the gold mines at Barkerville, B.C. Hazel came and stayed with the MacGillivrays until spring. When Murdock came in the spring of 1934, he and Hazel moved to a homestead at Flatbush. They didn't care for homesteading so came back to Fawcett and rented land from Alex Kaliel for eighteen years. This land is now owned by Louie Schriener.

Murdock and Hazel had three children born to them: Charlotte, Jean, and Jack. All three children were born while they lived here at Fawcett.

Murdock and Hazel left Fawcett to live in Edmonton where they still reside. Murdock worked for the Alberta Government for many years.

Malcolm was twelve years old when his parents came to Fawcett. He finished his schooling at Fawcett and after graduation he joined the R.C.M.P. He was stationed at Yellowknife for a few years and while there he also had a taxi service.

Malcolm married Gloria Enger in 1946. They had three children, Neil, Malcolm Jr., and Susan.

When Malcolm left the R.C.M.P. he moved his family back to Fawcett and went into business with the Kaliel brothers as International machine agent.

After leaving the machinery business, Malcolm went to work for the Department of Welfare. He moved his family to Edmonton where they resided until his passing away.

The two eldest daughters, Mary (Mrs. Oscar Thompson) and Della (Mrs. Garnet Freebury) were married and away from home when their parents moved to Fawcett. The Thompsons moved to Fawcett in 1935 and stayed one year and then moved to the Grand Prairie district. Garnet Freebury was a school teacher and lived in Edmonton. Della passed away in 1970.

Jessie, the third daughter, stayed at home and since her parents' passing has lived at Deer Lodge in Red Deer, Alberta.

Nellie, the youngest daughter, married Hollis Guyette and they moved to Ontario. Their first son, Lyle, was born while they lived in Ontario. They moved back to Fawcett in the fall of 1942. While here two more children, Lila and Charlie, were born.

Hollis took work with the Government of Alberta at Fort Assinaboine. They moved to the Fort and resided there until Nellie passed away in July, 1968. Hollis has remarried and is retired at Fort Assinaboine.

Nellie is buried here in the family plot.

MacGillivray History

written by E. Boyd and A. Mattice

John Derik MacGillivray was born on April 23, 1861 and was raised in Glengarry County, Ontario. He went to Madison, South Dakota in 1880 where he was a river-logman on the Mississippi River. In 1893 he returned to Ontario to marry and then he and his wife returned to the States. In 1901 they moved back to Canada and settled down at Ponoka, Alta.

John became Ponoka's first mayor in 1904 and went to Edmonton that year to witness the driving of the golden Spike, marking the completion of the Canadian Northern Railway.

In 1911 John moved his family to New Brigden, Alta. where they lived until 1933. In that year they moved to Fawcett. Arriving at Fawcett with John and his wife were some of their children, Jessie, Nellie, and Malcolm.

The MacGillivrays rented the buildings on the Arthur Sutton farm until the spring of 1934 when they moved to Frank Hellerstad's place. A neighbor boy, Fred Tie, came up that spring to help with the seeding of the crop and then returned to New Brigden in the fall of the same year.

John farmed the Hellerstad farm until 1950 when



A gathering at J. D. MacGillivray's.

he retired to the hamlet of Fawcett. At this time Jessie was the only one of the children at home. Mrs. MacGillivray passed away in 1954 and was buried at Fawcett Cemetery.

John and Jessie stayed at Fawcett with Mrs. Fernand Rochat as their housekeeper until 1959. Jessie was accepted into Deer Home at Red Deer and John went to stay with one of his daughters in Edmonton.

If it hadn't been for the dry years on the prairie, Fawcett wouldn't have known the MacGillivray family. John and his wife were quite an asset to the community. They will be remembered a long time.



John Derik MacGillivray's birthday, 1957.



Mr. and Mrs. J. D. MacGillivray's 60th wedding anniversary, 1953.



Mr. and Mrs. John Derik MacGillivray.

John was hard of hearing. It was hard to visit with him on account of his hearing impairment but he dearly loved to have a good visit with his neighbors and friends.

On Sunday, April 23, 1961 the hamlet of Fawcett put on a wonderful 100th birthday party for John Derik. The guest of honor was the centre of attraction almost all day.

Mr. Les Moser was incharge of the arrangements;



J. D. MacGillivray, 100 years old.

councillor Grant Burrows was Master of Ceremonies. A delicious lunch was served by the Ladies' Club to over two hundred well wishers.

A telegram was read from Prime Minister Diefenbaker and a certificate was presented from J. Percy Page, Lieut.-Governor of Alberta. The Hon. Mr. Reirson, Minister of Labor, read a personal letter of congratulations from Premier Manning.

John Forrest sang and played his accordian, much to the delight of Mr. MacGillivray and the two hundred guests in the hall.

Mr. MacGillivray was piped into the hall by three young Highland Pipers who had lived at Fawcett when their father managed the Co-op store. They were Ruth, Beth, and Mary Johansen of Red Deer.

John Derik MacGillivray passed away on February 17, 1963 in his 103rd year. He is buried beside his wife in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Fawcett.

Jimmie and Mollie MacLachlan by Joan MacLachlan Dunford

James Roy Alexander, the son of Roy and Marie MacLachlan, was born in Westlock on August 7, 1924. He has lived on the same quarter of land all his life (NE 5-64-1-W5). Jimmie and his three sisters attended Fawcett school. He had a two mile walk to school as the family lived two miles south of town. Jimmie can remember having his Grandpa MacLachlan for a teacher. He was a strict disciplinarian and he wasn't very well liked by the students. Jimmie was no exception. On one occasion one of the students was making faces behind the teacher's back. Of course, the rest of the class were laughing; they thought it was a great joke. Mr. MacLachlan very slowly backed up to where the student was sitting and picked him up by the hair on his head. Needless to say, this boy didn't make faces behind his back again.



James and Molly MacLachlan.

Jimmie can also remember going to Lake Isle (across the Pembina) for the end of the year school picnic. There was a team of horses and wagon for the younger children, but the bigger ones walked all the way. It was a 7 or 8 mile walk going across the west ferry.

In 1939, when the King and Queen came to Edmonton, a truck load of kids from Fawcett went in to see them. Most of the kids had to ride in the back of the truck. It was in June, but it was a cold day, and as a result of this trip, Jimmie caught a severe case of pneumonia. While he was sick, he stayed at Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd's place. They ran a nursing home and Mrs. Boyd looked after him. During the time the disease was running its course, Jimmie was quite often delirious. At one time his temperature dropped so low that it gave Mrs. Boyd such a scare she ran all the way into Fawcett to get some brandy from Miss Gavin, who was the district nurse at the time. It took Jimmie a long time to recover, but he was fortunate that he lived.

Growing up with three sisters wasn't easy, especially when one of them was Imogene. At one time, a salesman came around wanting to buy some horse hair. Jimmie wasn't home, so Imogene ran out and cut the tails off his beautiful big black team, and sold them to the salesman so she'd have enough money to go see the show in town. This team was Jimmie's pride and joy, and when he saw them with their tails cut off, he was furious. Another time, Jimmie was raising Angora rabbits. When he wasn't around, Imogene mixed up the Angora rabbits with the scrubs. Afterwards, she put them back in their own pens. A month later, when the little ones were



The MacLachlan girls; Nancy, Della, Janice, Sandra, Lorna, Joan.

born, they were somewhat different from what Jimmie expected.

Although Jimmie's sisters did get some good ones in on him, he wasn't exactly a little angel himself. When John Henry owned the quarter of land next to MacLachlan's, the kids would often go and see him. One day, John was in his shack, resting his head on the table, and thinking about the bear he'd seen down by the river. Jimmie came along and the door was wide open. John was sitting there daydreaming, so Jimmie crept up behind him and went "Roarr". The hole in the ceiling is still there.

Jimmie worked at the box mill at Chisholm for a few months when he was sixteen years old. He also worked with a survey gang on the building of the Alaska highway when he was eighteen years old. When he was nineteen, he worked in the winter at Burns Packing Plant in Edmonton. Most of the time, however, he stayed at home and farmed. In 1948, the farm legally became his.

In 1948, Jimmie also met his future wife, Mollie Avery. She had previously been married, but had lost her husband in the second world war. In March 1948, Mollie and her 5 year old daughter, Nancy, came to Fawcett to work in Carlson's hardware store. Mollie originally came from Donnelly Heights, a small community north of Donnelly. Her maiden name was McGuire. Jimmie and Mollie were married in November, 1948. They had seven children, Della, Janice, Sandra, Lorna, Joan, Sharon, and Roy. There have been a lot of changes in the past thirty years. Della has lived in Papua New Guinea as a missionary for several years. The rest of the children live in Alberta. Some of them are married and so far, there are nine grandchildren.

Jimmie and Mollie hope to keep farming for as long as possible.



Roy MacLachlan.

Roy and Marie MacLachlan as told to Joan MacLachlan-Dunford

Roy Hansford MacLachlan was born on March 3, 1896 near Strathroy, Ontario. At the age of three he moved with his parents and older sister Laura, to Marchett, Michigan. They lived there for three years and then moved on to Jonesville, Michigan. After living there for three years they packed up and moved once again, this time out west. They claimed a homestead on a quarter seven miles north of Hardisty, Alberta. A sod shanty was built for a home. Later on they bought another quarter of land near their homestead. They lived on the farm for six years. During this time Roy's father had the job as schoolmaster in Sedgewick and then later on in Hardisty. Since it was too far to travel back and forth every day, he stayed in town during the week. At this time Roy was expected to help on the farm so it wasn't very often that he had the opportunity to go to school. However, by the time Roy turned twelve his parents moved into town and went into the storekeeping business. Roy worked in his father's general store and attended school at the same time. During his schooling years he also picked up odd jobs such as janitoring at the school, working at the drug store and hardware store, and lighting the fire in the R.C.M.P. barracks. Many times he'd get up as early as five o'clock in the morning and not get home until suppertime.

After he completed grade five he worked for six months for the C.P.R. as a wiper and fireman. At the age of eighteen he attended Albert College in Edmonton. After going to college for three months he decided to quit and join the Canadian Army. The first world war had already been raging for a year and he decided the army looked more attractive than college at that time. Thus he entered another stage in his life.

The army years were one of the most successful periods of his life. He not only proved himself as a

soldier, but also an outstanding leader. During the four years he was in the army he worked his way up from a private to a lieutenant. He also earned two decorations and three medals. Once while he was in a hospital in France with shrapnel wounds (45 pieces), he became well acquainted with the doctor who attended him. This doctor would often tease him about being a confirmed sergeant at the tender young age of twenty. "Doesn't the Canadian army have any older men to take a boy's position?" he would often ask. After being questioned by this doctor several times he finally became irritated and answered in a disgusted manner, "It's guts that count in the Canadian army, not the age of a man!" After that the doctor didn't ask anything more about his age. Roy saw action in England, France and Belgium. During this time he endured many hardships and had many close encounters with death, but he was one of the fortunate soldiers who lived through the first World War.

After the war was over Roy came back to Canada and spent one summer tending cattle on Major Eat-



Roy and Marie MacLachlan on the Pembina.



Roy MacLachlan with his children; Jimmy, Laura and Ilene.

on's ranch in southern Alberta (close to Hanna). Then Roy and a war buddy by the name of Bob Robinson went to Coalspur and spent the winter hunting and trapping. After this Roy worked on the telegraph lines for C.N. from Sangudo to Whitecourt. Due to a leg injury received during the war, he was unable to continue with this job, so he went back to Hardisty and worked on his Uncle George's farm for one winter. Towards the end of the winter he received a letter from Bob Robinson. Bob had settled in the Fawcett area and he wanted Roy to go there also. He gave him a wonderful description of this country and told him how much he wanted him to come and settle there. The letter sounded very convincing so in the early spring of 1921 Roy came to Fawcett. He built a log cabin.

Every once in a while there was a country dance held in Fawcett and quite often Roy was called upon to play the fiddle. It was at one of these dances that he met his future wife, Marie. She was the daughter of French immigrants by the name of Jules and Louise Dera y. They had settled on a quarter just south of Fawcett about ten years prior to this.



Marie and Roy MacLachlan at their cabin.

In November of 1921 Roy and Marie were married. At this time there was no regular minister in Fawcett so they went into Edmonton to get married. Roy was twenty-five at the time and Marie was seventeen.

They lived on their homestead in the log cabin Roy had built. Their first summer together before any of the children were born, Roy can recall living on pigweed and the eggs from one chicken. Apparently, in order to keep the land they had to clear a certain amount of it within a number of years. Therefore, Roy was so busy clearing that summer that he never had time to do much hunting or fishing. After this, however, Roy got a few bucks and bought a fish net. The Pembina River bordered the south and west corner of their quarter so Roy had easy access to the river. He not only supplied themselves with fish but many of their neighbours as well. Most of the time they enjoyed a good variety of food. Roy, being a good hunter, was able to supply the family with various game such as moose, deer, duck, and partridge.

On their first anniversary Marie gave birth to their first child, a daughter. They named her Laura after Roy's only sister. In the next ten years there were three more additions made to the family, a son, James, and two more daughters, Eileen and Imogene.

During the years on the farm Roy spent some time in the fox farming business. However, just as he became fairly well established in it, the market went rock bottom. Roy spent quite a few years on the farm. However, farming never was a big interest of his so in the year 1948 Roy and Marie moved into Fawcett. Their son, Jimmy, and his wife, Molly, then moved on to the farm and took it over.

During the trapping season, Roy and Marie would leave their little house in town and go out to their cabin on the trap-line west of the Pembina. They trapped muskrat, beaver and mink. Marie would



Roy MacLachlan and fox farm.



Marie and Roy MacLachlan with beaver pelts, 1955.

sometimes play hide and seek with their dog Ginger around the big pine trees by their cabin. She also spent a lot of time making their one room cabin a nice place to live. The wallpaper consisted of various pictures she'd cut out from the Star Weekly. These quiet, secluded days spent out on the trapline were among the happiest times of their lives.

During the summer months in their place in Fawcett they spent a lot of time planting a big garden and growing a raspberry patch for themselves and their children. Marie was well known in the community for her lovely flower garden. She was also well known for her generosity and kind heart. Her grandchildren remember the cakes and cookies she used to bake when they went to visit her. No one went without a treat when they went to visit Gramma and Grampa MacLachlan.

Marie passed away in 1969 at the age of 65. Until his death late in 1979 Roy kept active, taking care of the garden and raspberry patch. The house was always open to visitors and the kettle was always on. He enjoyed visiting with people and reminiscing about the war years, early days on the farm, trapping and other local history.

All of his children now live in the Fawcett area except Laura, who lives in Mission City, B.C. To date Roy and Marie have twenty-one grandchildren and twenty-four great-grandchildren.

Roy's father, Alexander MacLachlan, also spent a few years in the community farming with Roy and teaching at Fawcett School.

Harry and Germaine McCann written by Gordon McCann

My father was born in Red Deer, Alberta on February 22, 1915 and lived in Red Deer until 1929, when he moved to Fawcett with his parents and all his brothers and sisters except Margaret.



Harry and Germaine McCann, 1937.

My mother was born in 1916 along with her twin sister Alice. They were born on the Iampen homestead east of Fawcett.

Dad worked for his father on his farm part-time and in the bush in the winter time, between 1930 and 1936. He started going out with Germaine in 1936 and they were married on October 12, 1937 in a double ring ceremony with Johnny McCann and Alice Iampen.

They rented a house on the farm they have today; this farm belonged to Mr. Floquet. In 1939 Mr. Floquet sold the farm to Mr. A. Kaliel and my parents rented the farm from Mr. Kaliel for a number of years and then bought it. They have been on the same farm for 43 years.

To their marriage were born three children, William, Norma, and Gordon.

Billy (William) lives on a farm north of Fawcett at Kilsyth. He married Evelyn Twidt and they have three children, Darren, Grant and Diane.



McCann family; Gordon, Norma, Billy, Harry and Germaine, 1980.

Norma lives on a farm with her husband Peter Stasiuk and they have two children, Deborah and Norman. They live in the Nestow area.

I still live at home and rent the farm from my parents.

Samuel McCann Family

written by John and Harry McCann

Samuel William McCann was born July 2, 1878 in Port Hope, Ontario. The family moved from Port Hope to Brace Bridge, Ontario in 1879. They took up land and farmed there until they moved to Red Deer, Alberta in 1896. Evelyn MacInroy was born in Essex County, Ontario on November 6, 1890 and came west as a small girl.

Sam filed on a homestead in the Balmoral district, 5 miles northeast of Red Deer. This would be about 1898. He proved up on his homestead before 1905 and spent the next few years working in lumber camps in B.C. and some where along the way met Evelyn MacInroy.

On September 22, 1910 Sam and Evelyn were married in Red Deer and took up farming on Sam's homestead. There were nine children born to this marriage; eight of them in Red Deer and one in Fawcett. Margaret, Johnny, Harry, William Jr., Thomas, Hugh, Betty and Ralph were born in Red Deer and Marion was born in Fawcett.

Sam and Evelyn had quite a lot of their homestead under cultivation in a short time and became mixed farmers. They kept about a dozen dairy cows (milked them all by hand), a few beef cattle and a few hogs for market. They also kept a nice flock of Rhode Island red hens and we think they enjoyed looking after these hens more than anything on the farm. They won some prizes with them at poultry shows.



Evelyn (McInroy) McCann, as a young girl, 1900.



Sam and Evelyn McCann, 1910.



McCann boys, 1930. Johnny, Ralph, Harry, William, Hugh and Thomas.



W. G. McCann.



McCann brothers; Johnny, Harry, Thomas, William, Hugh and Ralph in front.



Mr. Sam McCann with his team of horses.



McCann family. Men: Harry, Hugh, Ralph, Thomas, John and William. Women: Betty (Nelson), Margaret (Alexander) and Marion (Hensch).

They farmed the old homestead for 19 years and in early fall of 1929, they sold the farm and moved to Fawcett, Alberta. They rented a farm from Mr. A. Kaliel, called the Levi place. This farm had about 30 acres under cultivation, a hard looking, old, log shack and an old, log barn with no roof. Some place to start in a new district! But after a few years, Mr. Kaliel had a new house and barn built and broke up another 80 acres of land and that made things a lot better.

In 1939 our oldest sister, Margaret and her husband, Bill Alexander, moved to Fawcett and bought Henry Ragan's homestead and took up farming. Shortly after that, Sam heard that the quarter, north of the one that Bill and Margaret had bought, was for sale. It was Clifford Major's homestead, so Sam bought it in about 1941 and bought Fred Johnson's place a year later. Sam was close to 60 by this time and to start in and build buildings and clear land didn't come easy.

There was some timber on this land, so Sam was in his glory. He always liked working with timber so he and a couple of the boys got out logs with the horses and had them sawed into lumber to build on

his new farm. In a very few years they had a good comfortable set of buildings and most of the land under cultivation. Ralph and Marion were home until the early 50's when they met and married their different spouses. But Sam and Evelyn didn't give up their farm. They gave up the old horses and bought a small tractor. Sam learned to drive this tractor after farming with horses for 50 years. He was then past 70 years of age. He kept on farming his land, doing most of the work himself, until about 1960 when Ralph took over the place. Sam and Evelyn lived in the yard with them.

Mother passed away on December 15, 1964 and father passed away August 19, 1965. Most of the family reside around Fawcett area except Hugh, who lives in Edmonton, and Betty, who is at Cold Lake, Alberta.

Margaret is married to William Alexander; Harry is married to Germaine Iampen, who is a twin sister to Alice Iampen, who is married to Johnny. William is married to Margaret Niawchuck; Thomas is married to Irene Laing; Hugh is married to Joan Pane; Betty is married to Ken Nelson; Ralph is married to Maxine Bratt; and Marion married Reinhart Hensch.



Gathering of the clan. Mr. and Mrs. Sam McCann's Golden wedding anniversary.

Thomas A. McCann Family

written by Irene McCann

Tommy McCann was born in June, 1917 in the Balmoral district at Red Deer. He was the third son of Samuel and Evelyn McCann. Tommy came with his parents and family to Fawcett in November, 1929 and lived east of the bridge at Fawcett. Tommy finished his schooling in the old Fawcett school which Bud Kaliel now owns.

Tommy worked at the box factory in Chisholm for fifteen cents per hour and paid his board out of that. On September 14, 1940 he joined the Edmonton Fusilliers but received his discharge on Feb. 6, 1941 due to medical reasons.

Tommy bought his first saw mill from Herbert Gallasch in 1945 and is now working on his seventh saw mill which is close to completion. He has sawed lumber from Chisholm to Dapp, and from Clear Lake to Topland. His other mills are portable but the last one is stationary.

On April 30, 1945 Tommy and Irene Laing were married in Edmonton and lived in Fawcett for a couple of years before moving across the railway tracks from Tommy's folks. In 1953 the road was poor and there was no school bus then to take Malcolm to school so they moved into Fawcett again.

Tommy and Irene had seven children born to them; Malcolm (1946), Helen (1949), Audrey (1951), Ian (1953), Lois (1954) and the twins, Lynn and Lorna (1956).

They moved to Westlock for a year, 1956-1957 where Irene had an operation. When they moved back to Fawcett Irene started to make flowers for corsages, weddings, anniversaries, funerals and ban-

quets. She had started this career in Westlock for the flower shop but didn't receive her license until she had returned to Fawcett. Irene still makes these flowers for anyone in the community.

In 1958, Tommy bought the Minard Nelson farm, NE 32-64-1 W5, at an auction sale. He and his family built a house on it and moved there in July, 1959. They have eighty acres under cultivation and keep cattle and pigs. Tommy still cuts his crop with a binder and threshes every year. He has threshed at Dapp for Bud Wolff and Oliver Bell, George Johnston at Sunnibend, Ken Allen at Chisholm, and for a number of people in the Flatbush area.

Tommy and Irene's children all attended school in Fawcett. Ian, Lois, Lynn and Lorna went to Westlock to attend High School. Ian took two years at N.A.I.T. in a cooking course. He cooked at the General Hospital in Edmonton for six months but didn't like city life so went up North to cook for a geophysical crew for the winter. On his return he decided to work at Chisholm in the saw mill. Ian married Erika Hoffman of Flatbush and they now reside at Slave Lake. Ian works for Lindsey Construction and Erika is a teacher's aid at Kindergarten.

Malcolm married Linda Parson and resides at Slave Lake. They have a girl, Karey, and a boy, Shawn. Malcolm worked for Rainbow Pipeline and has started his own trucking firm. He took an electrical course at N.A.I.T. Linda is a teacher at Play-school.

Helen married Elmer Konopka and lives beside Tommy and Irene. Helen is kept busy looking after their two children, David and Brenda. Elmer drives "Cat" for Braught and Sons of Swan Hills, Alta.

Audrey, Joe, and Michael Albrecht live in Westlock. Audrey works at Field's store and at Doherty's garage. Joe takes the Westlock News to Spruce



Four generations; Tom McCann (grandfather), Archie Laing (great-grandfather), Michael Albrecht (grandson), Irene McCann (grandmother), and Audrey Albrecht (mother), 1971.



McCann twins — Lynn and Lorna.

Grove to be printed and does some farming. Michael plays hockey in Westlock and does very well.

Lois married Gary Bober and lives in Millwoods, a suburb of Edmonton. They have two boys, Clayton and Tyler. Gary is an insulator.

Lynn and Dennis Armstrong have their own lot and house trailer at Rainbow Lake. Lynn does ceramics and Dennis works for Flint in pipeline construction work.

Lorna and Dave Beauchamp live in Slave Lake where Dave has his own trucking firm and Lorna is a teacher's aid at kindergarten.

Alistar and Mabel McCrae written themselves

Bert McLean, Jim Ekerley and I rode horseback from Erskine, Alta. We arrived at the Sylvan Glen Settlement on June 30, 1922. That evening we met Wm. Logan who had a cabin near the meadow, west of where Harry Hudkins later located.

Mr. Logan had about 30 head of horses running there but never did file on a homestead. We stayed there for three days and then I got him to take me out to Jarvie to the train. I had to get Mr. Logan to take me as I had lost my saddle horse; guess the trip up was too much for him.

I filed on a quarter in early July at Westlock. Jim Ekerley and Bert also filed. Bert located on land that was later occupied by the Johnstons.

In Oct. of '22 Bert and I drove from Erskine to the

homestead and put up a log house, stable and other out buildings.

Mabel and I were married in December of 1922 and moved to the 'Honeymoon Ranch' at the beginning of 1923. We lived here off and on until 1926. Our children, Bertha and Lewis were born there.

We travelled on horseback as there were no roads, only trails through the trees. We had muskeg to cross and at times the saddle horses would break through up to their bellies. We would have to step off. Then the horses would give two or three heaves and come out on top again. Our closest neighbor lady was six miles away.

We abandoned the homestead and moved to the Thorntonville area in the spring of 1926. Mr. Walsh filed on the homestead. We lived at Thorntonville until July, 1938 when we sold out to Ernie and Nellie Richey.

We left for Nova Scotia where we bought land at Great Village and that is where we now live. Both of us keep busy with our garden and flowers which we enter in various shows, and have many ribbons and trophies to show for our efforts. Our children live out here near us. Bertha is in Halifax and works for the Royal Bank. Lewis retired as manager of Light and Power and is raising his family.

We have seen hard times and good times in our almost 58 years of married life and still keep going on.

Up North

written by Vernie McKeag

My Parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert James McKeag, left their home in Owen Sound, Ontario and came out West to the Coronation district in Alberta in 1914. They brought with them their family consisting of four young daughters, ranging in age from two to ten years. There was Violet, Hyacinth, Ivy and Vernie (me). Later Iris, Pansy (Pat), and Robert (Bob) joined the family.

Dad eventually bought a farm in the Silver Heights district, about 25 miles northeast of the town of Coronation. It was here that Marjory (Marj) and George were born.

For years Dad farmed his land with the help of his faithful horses. He hauled his grain to the Coronation elevator and shopped in the town.

In April of 1929 Dad caught pneumonia and died in the Coronation hospital at the age of 54 years.

Mother was left a widow with young children to bring up. By now Pat was eleven, Bob seven, Marj not yet five and George was only two years old.

The next few years brought many changes in the family. My eldest sister, Violet, who had been teaching in Coronation, left to teach in Nordegg. Hya-



Allister McCrae's home, 1938. Drawing composite of log cabin.



Mrs. Pearl McKeag and son, George, 1927.

cinth, who was a nurse at the Coronation hospital, left to marry Patric Makey. They lived at Lakesend, not far from mother's for awhile. Later they decided to come to Cross Lake so they packed all their earthly belongings into an improvised Ford Model T truck and drove up. In time they each filed on a homestead near the town of Jarvie and farmed there until they retired to Westlock in the 1970's.

Next to leave was my redheaded sister, Ivy who had married Ernest Herrick. They went North to live on Ernie's homestead in the Cross Lake district. Last to leave was my sister, Iris, who married Alan Wilson and was living not far away in the Lakesend district.

The Depression had now begun and farm prices kept on dropping lower and lower. The dust storms of the 'Dirty Thirties' had blown the top soil from the

cultivated land in whirling clouds that blackened the sky. The wind blew the soil into the roadside ditches. It was sad to see the land look so dry and devastated.

As the years went by mother became more and more discouraged with farming especially since she had to hire men to help cultivate her farm and also pay the truckers to haul her grain to the elevator in Coronation.

Ivy and Ernie came down to visit us in the summer of 1933 and while they were there, Ernie suggested to mother that she should file on a homestead in the Cross Lake district, near his homestead where he and Ivy lived. He said, "There is a school nearby, taught by Mrs. Floyd Jones and homesteaders can buy almost anything from Mr. Kaliel's store in Fawcett. Mother thought over the idea of homesteading and later she filed on a homestead quarter, about 5 miles from where Ivy and Ernie lived.

It was during their visit in 1933 that Ivy and Ernie became the proud parents of Robert Lester Herrick, born in the Coronation hospital on July 4, 1933.

As the spring of 1934 rolled around, we McKeags were busy as bees preparing to move up North (as we called the Cross Lake district). Ernie came down from his place to help get everything arranged for the trip; such as the number of wagons and teams, implements, horses — other than the wagon teams, cattle, tools, etc.

Mr. Fred Rahn had heard of our proposed trip and had asked to join our wagon train so that he could get a first hand look at the Cross Lake area with a view to filing on a homestead if he should approve of what he saw upon arriving and checking out the land. He brought along his team and wagon and hauled a load of our goods on the trail and he proved to be a very valuable addition to our wagon train. (Mr. Rahn did file on a homestead the following year and he and his family moved up to the homestead near the little log school of Cross Lake where Mrs. Lilace Jones taught the Rahn children and mother's three, Bob, Marj and George, and their peers.)

Previous to our trip North, mother had arranged with Ernie to hire his neighbor, Charlie Atkinson to build her a two storey house of logs on her homestead at Cross Lake. The builders agreed to accept a certain number of horses and so much for their wages.

Time flew by; we said good-bye to all of our friends and longtime neighbors at Silver Heights and now the day had come to leave for Cross Lake.

On the sunny morning of June 6, 1934 our high-wheeled wagon train was loaded and ready to roll. Ernie Herrick was our trail master so he drove the lead wagon; Mr. Fred Rahn drove the second wagon, and nine year old Marj drove the third wagon. Moth-



Bob and Marj McKeag in the '20s.

er followed with her team and hayrack and was accompanied by brother, George, age seven.

The men had fitted the hayrack with a tent in the back section where we women folk and George could sleep. In this tent was placed a small cook stove, a 'grub box', dishes, pots, pans, cutlery, etc. It also contained our bedding and clothes and so on.

Bob (now twelve) rode with me as we trailed our small herd of cattle behind the wagons, as they went through the gate and turned West.

We looked back at the farm for the last time with sadness for it was the only home that the three youngest children had known. Now we no longer had a house to sleep in and our new home was many miles away in an entirely different setting. Oh well, we were young and everything promised to be exciting as we travelled along in the clear morning air.

The aroma of the fresh grass and the delicate perfumes of the deep pink prairie roses filled the atmosphere with their magic.

Iris and Allan Wilson came with us for the first mile or so to give us a farewell send off. They were our last link with the prairie and Silver Heights.

After they left us, we proceeded west toward Brownfield and then went north in the direction of the Battle River area. We camped near there the first night on the trail.

Sometimes we found campsites where previous travellers had camped, for in those days it was a common sight to see loaded wagons passing by our farm at Silver Heights and going on to other parts of the country. Wagons came by from as far as Hanna, Alta. which is a lot further south than Silver Heights or Coronation.



Bob McKeag and a bear.

In the following days of our trip we all had to rise early in the morning. Mother and I made breakfast while the men took care of the stock. They had to find places where they could graze and water the stock before choosing a camping place for the night. Most farmers along the way were very good at letting us put our animals in their pastures overnight.

In the early mornings Bob and I would round-up our cattle herd and hit the trail as soon as Ernie gave us the signal to start. We would wait until we saw him raise his hand and call, "All right let's go", or "Roll out", or "Okay, hit the trail". Then with a snap of the quirt we were off. It was our job to get the cattle on the road well ahead of the wagons being as the cattle moved much more slowly than the horses.

I was first on the road so it was necessary for me to know how far to go and where to turn. For this reason the men and I used to sit along a wagon tongue in the evening and, by the light of the setting sun, we'd spread out our road maps and plot our next day's journey. Sometimes a local man would stop by to chat and Ernie would check our position with him and get his advice on our best route to go.

Invariably, Ernie's advisor would gesture, with a wide sweep of his arm toward the unknown and say, "Go to (such and such a place)", and then add, "You can't miss it — turn there and then bear to the north". This advice would be accompanied by a sweep of the arm in the general direction of the north.

Mother was a very nervous person and sleeping in a tent along a public road didn't do much to ease her nerves after a tiring day. She had brought along her homemade set of wool carders which were made of 1/2" wood, loaded with sharp, pointy shingle nails. Normally carders were made for combing wool into batts for lining homemade quilts. Mother's carders, however, were kept by her pillow at night and were to be used as weapons, should an emergency arise.

One black night, mother fancied that she heard an intruder climbing into our hayrack where we slept in our tent.

'Where's my carders?'. she shispered, desperately frightened; then grasping her carders tightly, she sat on her bed and waited like a tigress at bay.

Another 'weapon' which mother possessed was a most eerie, bloodcurdling scream. Had any luckless intruder heard that scream, he would have fled in panic to the outer Hebrides — there would be no need for mother to attack him with her carders. (No real intruder ever came to bother us, thank goodness!)

One evening we were travelling along a nice big field of green grain, bordering the road and there, part way down its side, stood a large iron gate. This gate was neatly closed and was securely fixed between staunch, old Cedar posts. Oddly, the gate

stood alone — no sign of a fence on either side as far as the eye could see. One wondered if a fence had once existed there but had been removed, or it was yet to be built!

We tried to keep off the main roads and out of towns in order to save the animals from getting sore feet and also to avoid traffic. Because of these detours, we quite often found ourselves camped beside a cemetery. Marj and I liked to go in and see the variety of tombstones and to read the names inscribed thereon. We were often saddened to see the names of so many young men who had been killed in World War I. We never dreamed that in a few short years all our lives would be changed by World War II. Ernie Herrick would be a soldier in the Canadian Army serving in England, Italy, Holland and such places, Marj would be a Wren in the Navy and sister Pat would be in the Air Force. Mr. Rahn's brother-in-law, Leonard Schafter would be in the Canadian Army overseas. That was all in the future for now though.

Meanwhile we had left Pat behind on the prairie at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pruden, so that she could finish her school term at Silver Heights and write her final departmental examinations there. She was to join us at Cross Lake later on.

One evening we camped near an old deserted farm about a half mile down the road from our tent. On this farm sat a big, white house, quietly fading into decay. The house still showed traces of dignity in its old, but once elegant, structural design. We wondered what the people had been like that lived there so many years ago. There was a large barn and also a carriage shed and in this shed sat two fine old carriages silently reflecting the glories of an age gone by. The grass was tall around the old buildings and partly hid the old pump and rusting machinery. All was quiet and one could almost feel the passage of time and know that there must have been a very interesting story buried there.

At one place along the road, Marj and I were trying to drive the cattle across a bridge which spanned a river; one heifer dashed away into the thick brush, overhanging the bank of the river, near the bridge. I rode after the beast but stopped my saddle horse at once when I saw that the ornery heifer had fallen into the river and was now swimming across with only her head and a bit of her neck showing above the water. Meanwhile, my horse was leaping and plunging, trying frantically to regain her footing in order not to fall into the river below. She finally made it back to safety with me still in the saddle. We both trembled for a while after that episode.

We passed many little towns such as Daysland, Round Hill, Ryley and Toefield.

In time we came to a very big lake called Beaver

Hill Lake. This lake looked silver gray and seemed to stretch forever. There, flocks of ducks were busy quacking noisily; some flocks came in to land while others rose up and flew away — the lake seemed alive with wild fowl. It seemed to take about a day to drive along this lake's west shore as we headed north.

Rain came down before we got as far as Chipman so we had to make camp along the road that night.

During the night our tent began to leak over my bed. The drops insisted on falling on my chest so I got up and grabbed one of mother's black baking pans and returned to my bed armed with the pan which I put on top of the bedcovers where, hopefully, it would catch the drips. The plip, plop of the raindrops soon put me to sleep and I must have slept soundly for I didn't awaken until the gray dawn when I felt a pressure on my chest. Upon peering over the rim of the pan, I was surprised to see that it was brimming full of water. Mother came to my rescue and removed the pan of water from my chest so that I could get up.

It was during this wet weather that mother decided to make a baking of bread instead of buying it in little towns along the trail. She set the bread dough. It didn't rise properly so she threw it out. Soon there was shouting, running and yelling outside of our tent. Mother and I looked out and there we saw the males of our group having a hilarious dough-ball fight which lasted until all of mother's ill-fated bread dough-lay scattered in bits along the roadside ditches — mother decided to forego any further attempts at bread baking!

Food tasted so good in the fresh air that mother would sometimes wonder aloud what next she should serve her hungry group. "Have some pork and beans, Maw", the three children would shout; that apparently being their favorite food at the time.

In the mornings mother often served hot cakes with butter and good old Roger's Golden Syrup, sometimes adding sausages. These sausages had much more flavor than those we buy now. Meat was cheaper then but so were wages — for instance, I had worked for a neighbor lady for \$20.00 per month before I left Silver Heights.

While we were rain-locked in Chipman, we had the pleasure of meeting a nice young lady from a nearby farm. She shyly brought us fresh milk and vegetables almost every day and she wouldn't take any pay for them. We really appreciated her kindness and that of her parents. The girl said that her people came from the 'old country'. Her home was plastered on the outside and looked very white and clean.

After leaving Chipman we turned west along Elk Island Park. We camped there for one night. Early in the morning the men took Bob, Marj and George for a walk along the Park fence to see a herd of buffalo

that were grazing close to the road. The children had not seen any buffalo before so they were really excited and rushed back to camp to tell mother and me all about it at breakfast.

Moving steadily along we passed Lamont and Bruderheim and eventually came into Fort Saskatchewan where we hoped to cross the Saskatchewan River by way of a long bridge beyond the town.

The local police stopped us and asked us to wait for a while until the rush hour traffic had slowed down. We waited for about two hours along a fence bordering what appeared to be a prison farm or some such place. Later on one policeman went over the bridge to the far side and stopped the cars and trucks from entering. Meanwhile another policeman came and escorted our wagons and cattle across. We felt like a Royal train!

The scene began to change more noticeably as we moved further north. We felt we were really nearing the bush when we saw lots of trees crowding the road. There were Spruce, Pine, Tamarac and other trees such as Poplar, Birch and willows. On the prairies we had only seen Spruce trees once a year and that was at Silver Heights' hall on the night of our school Christmas concert. On that night the chosen Spruce tree was transformed into a fantasy tree complete with glittering ornaments and shiny tinsel. Lighted candles flickered from the thick branches; oddly, none of those trees ever caught fire.

The days were passing by more quickly now, or, at least, they seemed to be. It wasn't long before we were passing Morinville and nearing the Jarvie area and, as so often happened, we found ourselves camped near a cemetery.

I am sure Ernie must have been greatly relieved to see the hamlet of Jarvie because that was the last town we were to pass before reaching Cross lake where Ernie's wife, Ivy, and his baby son, Lester, were waiting.

Marj and I rounded up our cattle herd early the next morning and prepared to 'hit the trail' north of Jarvie. We had some problems keeping the cattle from straying into the bush because of the lack of fences along that part of the road.

While in the bush we saw many big, old trees that had fallen down and were lying like grotesque creatures with gnarled limbs reaching starkly skyward.

Ernie lead the wagon train along bumpy trails which were beautiful with scenic growth of trees on every side. Sometimes they were interspersed with stretches of spongy muskeg which with its various shades of colors did much to relieve the eye after viewing miles of dense green foliage which engulfed

the forest primeval. We prairie McKeags knew that we were really "Up North" now!

Toward evening our wagon train arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelock — pioneers of the Cross Lake district. The men stopped to chat for a few minutes while preparing to line up the wagons before crossing a bridgeless creek beyond the Whitelock barn.

Soon, one by one, the wagons plunged into the murky water and splashed out on the other side. Marj and I had quite a time to persuade our cattle herd to follow the wagons across but eventually we all splashed our reluctant way through the uninviting water of the creek.

The cattle repaid us by straying off into the bush, all of which delayed us and soon we lost track of the wagons along the winding trails which stretched through the now darkening timber. We couldn't see the wagons but we could still see their freshly-made wagon ruts in the squishy area. Further on we had a bit more persuading to do to get the cattle to cross the strange sections of road known as 'corduroy road'. Corduroy roads were new to us and our cattle and not fully appreciated by any of us at the time.

In time, Marj and I began to wonder if we were still on the right road and, at this point, Marj may have wished that she hadn't changed jobs with Bob who was now driving her wagon. Finally we came out into a clearing where someone had cleared land and had built some farm buildings.

We could see a house in the distance and since the wagon tracks seemed to lead that way, we followed on. When we came nearer to the house we could see a lady standing by the door and she appeared to be holding a baby in her arms. As we rode closer we discerned the lady's red hair then we knew she was our sister, Ivy, with Baby Lester waiting to welcome us!

Needless to say we were all very, very happy to see each other again. Marj and I knew we had arrived in Cross Lake at last — this was the end of the trail — to heck with the wagons now!

Ivy had a hot meal ready and we weary wagon-train members sat down on real chairs and ate at a real table for the first time in 28 days since we had departed from our prairie home in Silver Heights, Alta.

This night mother could sleep in a solid house with a door. (Though no one bothered to lock their door in those days). She could henceforth retire her burglar-defying wool carders and sleep in peace again.

This was an eventful day and it was made even more eventful as we all arrived in time to wish Baby

Lester Herrick a 'Happy Birthday' on his very first birthday, July 4, 1934.

Andy McRae

written by E. Boyd

Andy McRae came to Fawcett from Coronation, Alta. in 1934 and bought the Bill Godwin homestead. He arrived after harvest and stayed only a few months. He then returned in the spring of 1935. He shipped some horses and a few head of cattle by railroad. A 10-20 International tractor and a breaking plow came with the homestead. He did custom breaking around the country in his spare time.

Andy rented the Frank Rice farm for a few years and farmed it with horses. He also rented the Henry Devin farm for a few years. A fire burned a lot of muskeg off Andy's place which helped with the clearing.

Throughout the years Andy built up a nice herd of black cattle by using a pure bred bull. Andy had a lease on the school section adjoining his place and used it for pasture. He later broke it up for farm land; Andy bought the Darbyson place which had been the George Durant homestead and farmed it until 1960 when he sold it to one of the Logans from Jarvie. This place is now owned by Ludwig Schreiner.

Andy married Violet Ragen in 1958. Violet is a sister to Edwin and Earl Jones. Andy and Violet sold machinery and household furniture at a sale the fall of 1962. In the spring of 1963 they sold the place to Dave Cromie of Picardville, Alberta.

The McRaes moved to Surrey, B.C. where Andy worked until he retired just recently. Since retirement they have moved into Vancouver.

During Andy's early farming years in Fawcett, he and Jim Godwin travelled together to dances, picnics and meetings. You didn't see one without the other at community gatherings. Jim and his mother moved away to Toronto, so Andy was left on his own.

Andy says he wasn't an early settler of the Fawcett district, although Fawcett was only about twenty years old when he moved here. Andy came to Fawcett as a young man. He worked hard and did well for himself and at the same time he was a good neighbor.

Mohammed Nassar and Alex Teha

written by E. Boyd

Mohammed Nassar and Alex Teha arrived in Fawcett from Lebannon, around 1920-21. Mr. Nassar homesteaded the NW 12-64-1 W5. Alex Teha homesteaded NW 14-64-1 W5 which he later sold to Dick Yaggey, a countryman of his. Alex then bought SW 15-64-1 W5 from Joseph Muller.

In 1926 Alex married Fern Nichols from Doris,



Dick Yaggy and his brother.

Alberta. They had two daughters born at Fawcett, Marion and Jessie. Alex sold the farm in November, 1929 to Alex Kaliel and moved to Edmonton. From there they moved to Doris, Alta. and bought land. Alex and Fern had a store and post office at Doris for quite a few years.

Although I was only 13 years old when Tehas left Fawcett, I can remember Alex quite well. One time Alex was hunting beaver along the creek, he was carrying a .22 rifle that went off and shot right through his big toe. He came to our place and had mother wash and dress it for him. This was before he was married.

Alex was a good farmer and neighbor. He built the barn that stood for a long time east of Jack Kaliel's buildings. The log part of the barn is still standing but the roof fell in some years ago. The barn was built in around 1925. The logs for it were cut on August Fauque's place and hewed on two sides to make a very nice job. Quite a few people lived in Alex's buildings for a number of years after Alex moved.



Sol Collins training horse, 1923.



Marion and Jessie Teha in front of their parent's store.

Mohammed Nassar had a housekeeper by the name of Mrs. Collins. She had a crippled son, Saul, who lived here with her. Saul's hands and forearms were crippled but even this handicap didn't stop him from doing things. Saul trained horses and dogs to do many tricks. I remember his dog's name was 'Flossy'. She could do almost anything Saul told her — walk on her hind legs, sit on a chair, or shake a paw. Saul also drove his own horse and cutter. He couldn't hold the reins in his hands so the reins laid on the floor of the cutter and he would direct the horse with words; it was quite remarkable. I saw a sample of his writing one time, and was told that he had written it with his toes as he could not hold a pencil in his hands. After Saul left Fawcett, he sold shoe laces and pencils on the sidewalks of Edmonton. He lived in one of the fire halls and the men of that particular fire hall looked after him up to the time of his death.

Mr. Nassar married Mary Dempster around 1928. They had three children — Margaret, Lilly and Albert. Albert was killed in a farm accident in 1940 at the young age of six. Mr. and Mrs. Nassar farmed here until 1947 when they sold and moved to B.C.

Mr. Nassar passed away some years ago. I believe, Mrs. Nassar is still living. Dan Smith now owns the Nassar place. There is no remaining evidence of the original buildings.

Henry Nelson Family written by Kenneth Nelson

Henry was born January 8, 1885 in Oaks, North Dakota, U.S.A. Ragna was born May 1, 1892 in Duluth, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Dad immigrated to the Ponoka district in Alberta on Nov. 4, 1898 with his parents. Mother also immigrated to Ponoka in July, 1904 with her parents.

Eventually they met and were married April 7, 1913 and farmed in the Calumet School District, east of Ponoka where their family was born: Kenneth on



Henry Nelson with sons, Lester and Ken, 1947.

Feb. 11, 1914; Foster on Aug. 15, 1915; Iona on March 3, 1917; Nettie on July 2, 1918; Emma on Nov. 16, 1921; Mary on Sept. 3, 1924 and Lester on Sept. 15, 1926.

In the year 1931, our parents decided to pioneer once again. That summer they took a trip to Fawcett to see what land was available for homesteads. Dad had two brothers, Minard and Roy Nelson who had previously homesteaded and lived with their families at Fawcett. They helped find land suitable to raise cattle and sheep on the west side of the Pembina River about 1½ miles southwest of Kilsyth station. Dad, mother, Foster and I homesteaded a quarter



Moose and deer hunters; Earl Jones, Ken Nelson, Wayne Harper.

section each. That fall after the crop was off, Dad and Foster went back to Fawcett to cut logs for the house while I stayed home to take care of the farm.

After the crop was sown in 1932, Dad and I loaded up two wagons of tools and a breaking plow and drove from Ponoka to Fawcett in five days. We spent the summer building, clearing and breaking. In the fall, Foster and I stayed for the winter to get out more logs for building barns. Dad went back to Ponoka to harvest the crop and prepare the family and their possessions for moving.

In the spring of 1933 their move was finalized after loading two box cars of cattle, sheep and the balance of their belongings. Foster and I met them to move everything out to their new home beside the river. We enjoyed a pleasant summer with the exception of all the mosquitoes and flies that almost ate mother and the girls.

We did a lot of work that year — building, clearing, breaking and putting up hay, while mother and the girls raised a garden and picked berries. The four younger ones took correspondence courses that year. Iona went back to Ponoka to work and did not return. That winter was exceptionally cold and lots of snow. Foster and I hauled hay every day, all winter, from the Fifth Meridian on French Creek, which was a full days work, while father fed the stock all the hay they could eat plus some oats.

The spring of 1934 the cattle were too weak to survive and half of the 32 head did lack of nutrition and died. As a result, Dad made other arrangements that summer and rented a half section of land in the Fifth Meridian district and bought a quarter section, NE 22-64-27 W4, where he built, cleared and broke. He also logged and cut 100,000 feet of lumber which sold for \$8.00 per FBM.

Mother passed away April 23, 1939 at age 47 after suffering with pneumonia and pleurisy.

The following year Dad sold his quarter to Foster and moved to Edmonton, later to Wabamun. There he had a stroke which paralyzed his right side and eventually caused him to sell and move to the Senior Citizens home. He moved into Rimoka Foundation at Ponoka in 1958 and was later transferred to the Northcott Nursing Home where he passed away December 18, 1973 in his 88th year.

Mother and Dad are both laid to rest in the Calumet cemetery east of Ponoka.

Foster and I farmed in the Fawcett district until 1957 when we both sold out and left Fawcett and farming.

The family were all married and now reside as follows: Kenneth married Betty McCann and has six children and lives at Cold Lake, Alta. Foster married Mary Glebe, has five children and lives at Mill Bay,



Ken Nelson, Walter Zaumsiel, and Elwood Boyd at a logging camp, 1936.

B.C. Iona married Danford Foell, has one child and lives at Ponoka, Alta. Nettie married Seth Briggs, has five children and lives at Vegreville, Alta. Seth died in 1955. Emma married Cecil Brand, has four children and lives at Gunn, Alta. Cecil died in 1977. Mary married Grant Ivie, has nine children and lives at Calgary, Alta. Lester married Leona Clark, has four children and lives at Edmonton, Alta.

Karl Nelson Family written by E. Boyd

Karl Nelson was born in Loshult, Sweden on May 5, 1909. He came to Alberta after landing at Halifax in mid-April, 1929. Karl went to work as a section hand for Northern Alberta Railways at Saulteaux, Alta.

In 1931 Karl was made section foreman at Saulteaux where he stayed until 1933. While at Saulteaux Karl met and married Violet Moger from Slave Lake. There were two sons born to this union — Elmer and Vern, who passed away when he was eight months old.

Karl and his family were transferred to Kilsyth, Alta. which is just a siding, five miles up the track from Fawcett. Karl stayed here as section foreman until February, 1942. Then they moved to Picardville where Karl once again took up the duties as section foreman.

Violet Nelson passed away on December 26, 1946 and is buried at Westlock.

During the winter months of 1942-43 Karl was on loan to the American Government. He ran the track motor hauling men, dynamite, caps or whatever was needed. The American Gov't was building a telephone line to Alaska. Karl said that was the coldest work he had ever done.

Beginning in 1944 Karl worked as foreman on a welding gang for the N.A.R. and went out every

summer for fifteen years. Then in 1958 he was promoted to operator-mechanic on a tamping machine and worked on this every summer until his retirement on May 31, 1974. Karl also held Class B mechanics papers and worked during the winter months in the track equipment repair shop at Dunvegan yards.

Karl married Kay Sutherland in August, 1949. Three children were born to them: Eric, Miles and Corralie. Kay had three children from previous marriages: Larry, Carol and Ernie. Karl's second marriage didn't stand the test of time. They have been parted for several years. Kay lives and works in Edmonton. Karl lives in retirement here at Fawcett. His son, Elmer lives by himself and takes good care of his father; mowing his lawn, washing the floors and cooking a meal once in awhile.

Karl has been and still is a good citizen of Fawcett and Canada. During his younger years he was active in the affairs of the community. In his retirement, here at Fawcett, we wish him well.

Minard Nelson Family

written by Minard Nelson

Eva and I were both born in Oakes, North Dakota, U.S.A. I was born on March 8, 1892 and Eva was born on August 9, 1898. Eva's maiden name was Haybak.

On October 31, 1898 both of our families left Oakes and came to Canada to the N.W.T., which was



Nelson family; Lynn, Eileen, Alvin, Evelyn, and Ralph. Seated: Minard and Eva.



Alvin Nelson riding a calf on Joe Dawkin's farm.

to become the province of Alberta in 1905. My father filed on a homestead 8 miles east of Ponoka and we moved on to it on August 13, 1900.

Eva and I were married on March 20, 1918. While living at Ponoka, three sons were born to us: Lynn in 1919, Ralph in 1924, and Alvin in 1927.

In the spring of 1930 we moved to the hamlet of Fawcett where two girls were born to us: Eileen in 1935, and Evelyn in 1937. Evelyn was born at Mrs. Boyd's nursing home with Miss Evelyn Waddell, district nurse, in attendance. Everything went well and mother and baby received kind, loving care.

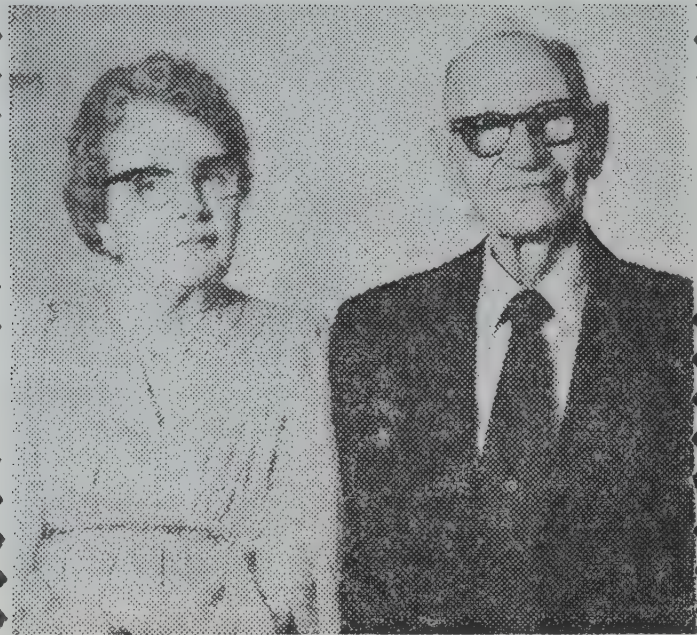
When we arrived at Fawcett we brought two box carloads of livestock, machinery and household effects. We secured a house, in which to live, which was Joe Dawkin's place. Joe ran the west ferry. In the spring of 1931 we moved to the Saik place whose half section we rented. This is where we stayed with the exception of one year when we lived on the Werner Radloff place.

While living at Fawcett I would, during hunting season, go west on the Athabasca River where I always got my quota of moose and deer. The hunting trips were enjoyable and there was always enough to share with relatives and neighbors.

Our boys attended the 5th Meridian School and Fawcett.

We had nine years at Fawcett, leaving on Dec. 15, 1938 for Edmonton where we have lived since. We loved the country and the people and will always have fond memories from there.

Lynn lived in Marysville, Washington, U.S.A. Ralph lives in Donalda, Alta. Alvin and Eileen live in Edmonton, and Evelyn lives in Nelson, B.C. All are married. We have twenty-five grandchildren and twenty-two great-grandchildren.



Mr. and Mrs. Nelson
March 20, 1978

Nelsons celebrate 60 years together

Childhood sweethearts Minard and Eva Nelson recently celebrated 60 years of marriage.

More than 100 friends and relatives honored them at a reception and dance and they received congratulatory messages from the Queen, Prime Minister Trudeau and a number of provincial and local dignitaries.

In 1898, the Nelsons immigrated as children on the same train from North Dakota to what Mr. Nelson now calls "the best province in Canada."

Their parents homesteaded near Ponoka and the Nelsons were married there on March 20, 1918.

They farmed east of Ponoka and near Fawcett, until moving to Edmonton in 1938 where Mr. Nelson became a house builder.

After getting out of the building trade about 20 years ago, he kept working at a variety of jobs until he was 75, and retired as greenskeeper at the old Edmonton Bowling Greens at 104th Street and 84th Avenue.

Now 86, Mr. Nelson attributes their long married life to "looking at the sunny side of life and good co-operation."

Mrs. Nelson does a lot of needle-work and Mr. Nelson is looking forward to starting his garden at their 76th Avenue house.

They are the parents of five children: Ralph, Alvin and Mrs. Eileen Hinchberger of Edmonton; Mrs. Evelyn Whelan of British Columbia; and another son, Lynn of Washington. The Nelsons also have 25 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren.

Minard Nelson's news clipping.

The Roy Nelson Family written by Chester Nelson

In November of 1929, Roy Nelson with wife, Borghild, and children, Lorna, Chester, Harvey, Ver-



Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nelson with their children; Verna, Chester, Lorna, Harvey, Sidney, Marvin and Jean.

na, Marvin and Sidney moved from Ponoka to Fawcett. We lived on the Tom Hundley farm, which is owned now by Louis Schreiner. We stayed there until we built a house on the homestead, which was four miles north of the hamlet of Fawcett. The homestead was on the N.E. 64-R1-W5 and is now owned by Walter Elgert. The move was made, as so many were in the depression years, to seek new ground in order to support the family. In 1933 our youngest sister, Jean, was born.

The community activities such as house parties, baseball games, berry picking, and picnics were always well attended and the friendliness of the community was always enjoyed by the family.

We children, with the exception of Jean, all attended the Fawcett School. Some of us attended Clyde Lake School after it opened.

One of Roy's first jobs in the community was to help build the hotel and post office. He was also one of the carpenters in the building of Mr. Kaliels's store. Dad was also one of the instigators and builders of the Clyde Lake School. He served on the school board for many years.

Roy Nelson passed away in January of 1938 and was buried in Ponoka.

After Dad's death, the family moved to Spurfield where my brother Harvey and I obtained work in the sawmill.

Lorna married Ken Richardson of Athabina. They moved to the west coast where Ken worked for many years. They had no children and both passed away in 1977.

I spent three and one half years in the army during

the war. When I came back from overseas, I went mink farming for a couple of years near Slave Lake. Then I went to work for C.N. Telecommunications and spent about a week working at Fawcett, in the early summer of 1949. I was sent to the northern part of B.C. and southern Yukon and the following June was stationed at Whitehorse. While I was in the Yukon I met Cathy and married her. I liked the Yukon but it was time to get out of that cold country. I stayed with C.N.T. until April, 1976. Then I took early retirement and moved to Chilliwack, B.C.

My wife and I have one child.

Harvey and Gladys live in Burnaby, B.C. and have four children.

Verna, whose husband died in 1979, lives in Maple Ridge, B.C. and had four children.

Marvin and Edie live in Chilliwack and have two children.

My mother, Borghild Nelson, lives at Maple Ridge, B.C.

John Niawchuk Family

written by Mary Kaliel (Niawchuk)

John was born in the village of Dubevtci, in the Province of Bukovina, Ukraine on April 17, 1890. He went to school in the city of Chorneveta. After grammar school he was conscripted to the army where he stayed for three years. After his release from the army he immigrated to Canada in 1912. He came to Canmore where he worked in the coal mines.



John and Likaria Niawchuk, Mary, Steve and Margaret.

Likaria Dronyks was born in the village of Beromete, province of Bukovina, Ukraine on July 25, 1899. She immigrated to Canada with her family in 1904. They settled in the Two Hills area.

While visiting relatives at Duvernay, John met Likaria Dronyks and they were married in the fall of 1915. John and Likaria homesteaded in the Two Hills area for a few years. While they were at Two Hills, Stephen was born in 1916 and Mary in 1917.

They returned to Canmore where John resumed work in the coal mines. Here Margaret was born in 1920. In 1922 they moved to Beverly where John worked in the Clover Bar coal mines. Here four more children were born: Walter (1925), Dennis (1927), William (1929) and Annie (1931).

John filed on a homestead in Fawcett. In the spring of 1932 the house in Beverly was sold. John bought a team of horses, a cow, two calves, a wagon, a walking plow, and staples. With Steve he headed for the homestead at Fawcett. A few days later the rest of the family followed by train.

Upon arrival the family, met by John and Steve, were taken across the Pembina River (west) on the Joe Dawkins' ferry. They all stayed at the homestead of Nick Koncohrada for several days while their household goods were being hauled by team to the homestead (about 12 miles on the old road).

On the homestead was a one room shack, a small barn and about 10 acres of land broken by a previous homesteader.

When the family arrived on the homestead, Likaria sat down and cried, "What in the world did we do bringing our family way out here and with no neighbors?" With so much ahead this was soon forgotten.

It wasn't easy but the family survived. They planted a large garden, milked a cow, raised their



Niawchuk house on homestead.

own chickens and had eggs. Likaria and Steve chinked a neighbor's barn in return for two weaner pigs. John planted wheat for the chickens and the rest of the land was seeded to greenfeed for the cows and horses.

John and Steve cut telephone poles, hauled them into Fawcett by team, and sold them to Alex Kaliel for \$1.00 a pole. They also cut fence posts and sold them.

Steve did a lot of trapping and shot a lot of squirrels. One winter he trapped a silver fox and got \$40.00 for the pelt which was a lot of money. He also caught red fox and coyotes.

One year Likaria raised turkeys, when they were butchered she took them to Edmonton to sell. She received enough money to buy clothes for the whole family.

In the summer the boys would go either to the Athabasca or Pembina River which were both 5 miles away, to catch fish.

There were a lot of good times, too. Our nearest neighbors would invite us down to their house on a Saturday night. The Zausiel boys would play: Herbert on the violin, Walter on the accordian, and Rudy on the cello. We would take lunch, dance all night, get home in time to do chores, and then go to bed. The neighbors took turns having the parties.

When our large house was finished our folks had their own house party. We had no radio but we had a

gramophone which we put to good use. Steve played a banjo or guitar and we sang or danced.

Until the Chain school was built in 1937 all the children took school by correspondence. In summer they walked or rode horseback, in the winter they went by horse and cutter as it was 5 miles to the school. As the children grew up they got jobs and moved away from home.

Steve filed a claim on his own homestead in 1939 just north of the home place. While working at Breadner sawmill, he met Hazel Suttley and they were married the following spring. They lived on the homestead for a few years where their children, Ronald, Loretta, and Margaret, were born. They then moved to Jarvie where they farmed for awhile; then to Edmonton where Steve worked for the C.N.R. as a mechanic until retirement in 1978.

Mary went to Fawcett and worked for the Kaliel family, first as a housekeeper, and then as a clerk in the store until she married Francis Kaliel in 1942. Here their family was born; Gail, Robert, Glenn, and Steve. Bud and Mary still live in Fawcett today as well as their children who are grown up and have families of their own.

Margaret, in 1937, went to work in the Fawcett Hotel where she worked until she married William G. (Bill) McCann in 1949. They rented land for several years where their daughter, Lorraine was born. Then they bought the David Major, Sr. farm where they live and farm today.



Steve and Hazel Niawchuk.



Niawchuk family; Danny, Walter, Annie, Billy, Mary and mother, Likaria.



Mr. and Mrs. John Niawchuk.

Walter, after working away from home for a few years, bought his own land near the homestead. Later Walter bought the old homestead and continues to farm it along with his own land.

Dennis (Danny) went to work on the oil rigs and in 1952 married Olive (Ollie) Nix, who was then working for Farmer's Supply in Fawcett. They moved around for several years where his work took him. Their children, Leanne and Brian, were born at this time. They then settled down in Edmonton where they live today.

William (Billy) worked for the Kaliels doing farming and logging in the bush for a few years. He met and married Evelyn Boutin in 1955. They lived in Fawcett a couple of years and then moved to Fort Assinaboine where he worked as a grader operator. After this he was transferred to Slave Lake and worked for the Dept. of Highways as a foreman, living at Widewater. They have two children, Karen and Billy. Bill and Evelyn still reside at Widewater.

Annie attended school at Chain then moved to Fawcett to attend high school. She passed away in December, 1949.

John and Likaria lived on the homestead until his passing away in 1960. After his passing, Likaria lived on the homestead with Walter until Walter's new house was finished and then they moved into it. Likaria lived with and kept house for her son until her death in 1974.

The Norris Family

Asa Norris was born in 1867 and his wife, Mary Romig, in 1873, both in Eastern Iowa. They were married there in 1891. Their first son, Elmer, was born there. In 1894 they moved to Enid, Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado before coming to Canada in 1913. They lived at Strathmore, Alta. where a daughter, Edith, was born. Another daughter, Elsie, was born after they moved to Castor. They lived at Castor until 1931, when Asa, with his wife, son Elmer and the two daughters moved to Kilsyth, midway between Fawcett and Flatbush.



Golden wedding anniversary of Asa and Mary Norris, Dec. 31, 1941. Back Row: Ted Norris, Joe Pensith, Alec Lowe, Elmer Norris, Dick Fletcher, Ivan Dunford, Raymond Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Norris. Centre: Edith (Norris) Dunford, Vina Fletcher. Front: Milton Dunford, Gordon Dunford, Richard Fletcher, Edward Fletcher, George Norris.

In the fall of 1921, someone from the Fawcett area worked on the Johnston brothers' threshing outfit at Castor and talked Fred Johnston into making a trip up into that country to hunt and look it over. Fred persuaded Leonard Norris to go with him. Both liked what they saw. Fred bought an Indian Script and filed on a homestead. Leonard filed on a homestead along the Pembina River, directly west of the Kilsyth railroad station.

There were very few roads in the country for the next few years, just trails winding through the timber here and there on the higher ground, so as to dodge the softer muskeg patches. In travelling with a team and wagon, one carried a saw and axe along to cut his way through any tree that might have fallen across the trail since it was last used.

In the spring of 1922, Leonard drove through from Castor with a team and wagon loaded with equipment and started in to make a farm out of his homestead. He soon became acquainted with Bill Kelm who had a homestead south of Flatbush. The



The Asa Norris home at Kilsyth, 1940.

two exchanged work in improving both homesteads. In the winter of 1922-23 they got a tie contract with the railroad and Leonard's two brothers, George and Ernest, joined them. The next spring, George returned to Castor but Ernest stayed and in a few years filed on a homestead of his own.

Both Leonard and Ernest spent part of each year at Castor helping their parents and working for others. Here, Leonard married Vina Shipton in 1925. She was born in London, England and came to Alberta with her parents before 1914. They had one son, Raymond. Leonard sold his homestead at Kilsyth to his father in 1931. He passed away in 1934.

Elmer farmed with his father until his father's passing away in 1944, then did farming for his mother until her death in 1955. Elmer then went to live with his sister, Edith, and her husband at Dapp until his death in 1973.

George farmed at Castor for several years after his parents left there and joined them in 1944. After his mother's death, he worked on grain elevators and construction crews for a few years before he retired and joined his brother, Elmer, at Dapp where George still resides.

Ernest enlisted in the Royal Canadian Engineers in 1942 and was overseas until late 1945 when he was discharged. He then remained on his homestead until ill health forced him to go to the Pembina Lodge at Westlock, and later to the Auxiliary Hospital where he stayed for three years until he passed away in 1977.

Edith married Ivan Dunford in 1936. He was born in England and came to Alberta where he homesteaded near Flatbush. In 1941, Ivan secured two weeks work as a sectionman on the Northern Alberta Railway. Those two weeks ended in 1967 when he

retired. In 1944 the family moved to Dapp so as to be near a school for the children.

Elsie enlisted as a cook in the Canadian Women's Army Corp in 1944. She was discharged in 1945 because of her mother's ill health. She stayed with her mother until her mother's death in '55. Elsie then secured a job on a bridge and building crew for the Northern Alberta Railway where she is still employed.

The original Norris homestead at Kilsyth is today farmed by Bill and Evelyn McCann and family.

My First Christmas in the North

by George M. Norris

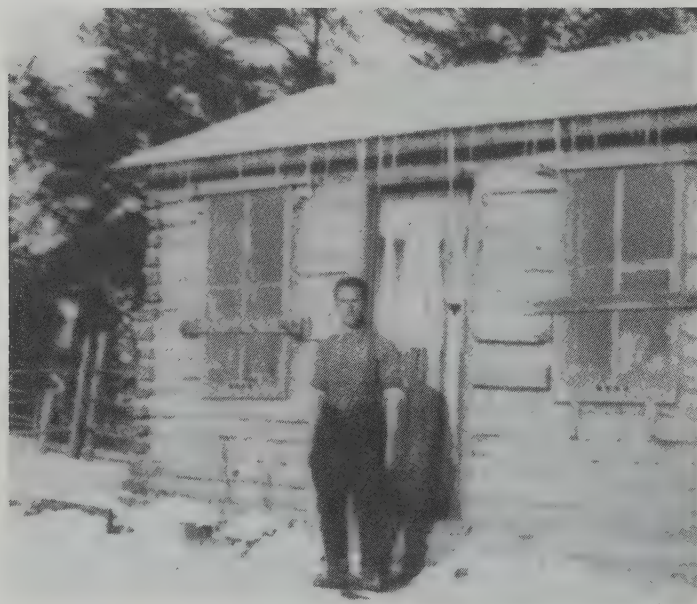
In the fall of 1922, my brother, Leonard Norris, of Kilsyth and William (Bill) Kelm of Flatbush, secured a tie contract from the N.A.R. Leonard sent for Ernest and me to join him in getting out the ties. They also had Grant Carswell, an Edmonton lad and brother of Helen Carswell, the Fawcett school teacher, with them.

As Miss Carswell and her students had arranged for an entertainment with a Christmas tree at the school that night, we gathered at Bill's place to go to it. We hitched a team to the bob sled, loaded on plenty of wraps and started. On the way we picked up Bill's sister, Gertrude Kelm, Dave Elgert and his wife and two or three of Dave's brothers. Arriving at the school we tied and blanketed the team and went in and found seats.

The program put on by the students was a very nice one and showed off their training and abilities very nicely. After the program came the distribution of presents. As Santa was very busy, he wisely chose Herb Bell to act for him. After the presents were handed out, Santa opened a grain sack filled with little paper bags of candy. When the children each had a bag, Santa began tossing the bags out into the crowd, and the young men began hollering at Santa to throw bags their way. About three or four standing beside me were the noisiest. Finally Santa grabbed up the grain sack, swung it around his head a couple of times and heaved it out into the crowd. It was caught by a dozen young fellows alongside me, all tugging at the sack. They tore it open and out came the torn sacks of candy on the floor by where I sat. I quickly gathered up enough to fill a coat pocket, before they tramped over the rest.

Soon there was a call for clearing the floor for the dance. As this was being done and desks were being stacked, I moved to the platform where wraps and parcels were parked.

Music for the dance was furnished by Mrs. Florence Anderson, who played the piano and Dave



Ted Norris at his homestead at Kilsyth.

Major who beat time with a couple of wooden spoons.

As I don't dance I sat on the edge of the platform so as to be out of the way. Soon I was joined by another fellow who did not dance, but his wife did and we got to talking. He was very proud of his wife's cooking and got to bragging about her cakes. On the platform were the various cakes and sandwiches that were brought for the lunch to be served at the end of the dance. This man decided he wanted me to taste the marvelous cake his wife had baked. He rumaged around on the platform and found a cake. It wasn't the one his wife had baked but he cut off a little and insisted we sample it. Some ten or a dozen cakes later he found his wife's cake. "Now wasn't that the best of the lot?" he insisted. It was a very nice cake, but by that time I had nearly more cake than I cared for. However I agreed with him and he was happy.

After the dance finished we gathered up our crowd and headed for home, dropping off passengers on the way. Arriving at Bill's, we took care of the team and headed for bed. It was a nice break in the monotony of the winter's work.

Andrew Odden

written by Art Odden

Andrew Odden homesteaded on NW32-64-1-W5 in 1926. His family came from Minnesota, USA in the fall of 1928. His wife's name was Anna Marie; he had two sons, Ole and Arthur, and one daughter, Gina Charlotta. His wife and children went back to the States in the fall of 1930.

His son, Arthur, was drafted into the U.S. Army and served with the 40th Division for four and a half years. He was discharged with the rank of Tech Sargent on November 5, 1945. Art joined his father in Flatbush and is farming here at the present time.

When Andrew Odden came to Alberta in 1917 he had an agreement with a government representative, to bring his 30-60 Hart Parr tractor and a large wooden Case thresher to Canada duty free. The threshing



Andrew Odden plowing.



Andrew Odden with threshing outfit from Minnesota, USA, 1917.

machine was shipped to Saskatoon, Sask. and the tractor to New Norway, Alta. The government wanted \$700.00 duty on the machinery that could come in duty free. The representative phoned and got the threshing machine released, duty free, and sent to New Norway.

By the time the threshing machine got there it was too late in the fall so Andrew lost out on any threshing contracts he had acquired. He disassembled the machine, bought oak lumber at \$300.00 per thousand and rebuilt it so it was ready for the following fall. He threshed with this outfit until late 1923 when he went back to Minnesota to sell his property and move to Canada.

Andrew farmed at Fawcett for a few years then went to Flatbush and bought a quarter of land from John Dul. Andrew lived there for awhile, then bought the quarter west of it, along the highway.

Art was taking an agricultural course in Minnesota so Andrew went back for the winter. Art's course was a four year one.



Andrew Odden on farm.



Odden family, 1939. Ole, Anna Marie, Gina and Arthur.



Arthur Odden, 1929.

Andrew was at Flatbush when he passed away on August 26, 1953. It took five days before Art was notified of his father's death. Andrew is buried in the Westlock Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Paley

written by E. Boyd

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Paley and their son, Maurice, came to Fawcett around 1914 and homesteaded SW $\frac{1}{4}$ -Sec. 14-T64-R1-W5. The new railway cut across the south-west corner of the place, so they built their buildings on the north side of the tracks. They went to Edmonton for three or four years, returning to Fawcett around 1922.

The Paleys sold their land about 1928 and moved away. Around the years 1924 to 1927, Mr. Paley had a small store in his house. I remember going there with my father for groceries in the spring of 1926. After Dad made his purchase, Mr. Paley gave me a small tin whistle.

Maurice had bought a 10-20 McCormick Deering tractor about 1925 and did custom breaking. I remember the tractor doing some disking for my father one spring; a Mr. John Polysnuik drove the tractor. The tractor had a lot of owners; Bill Godwin bought it from Maurice and did quite a bit of breaking with it at Flatbush and Fawcett. Next owner was Andy McRae who traded it to Fred Stockman at Flatbush. Fred used it to saw lumber.

Maurice was back in Fawcett one summer, about 1935 doing some trucking with a 1½ ton truck.

The Paley farm is now owned by Lorne Johnston. They have all their buildings on the fraction of land south of the tracks. The building Mr. Paley built for a store is still standing. This building was used for a home until Lorne bought the place. Lorne built a new home and uses the building for storage.

Paravicini Family

written by Ruth Ducastle

On April 1, 1923 my parents and their three children, John, Erika and I, Ruth, came to Canada from Switzerland. We came to Fawcett to my Mom's parents, Grandpa and Grandma John Christoffel. We stayed with them until Dad homesteaded and built on NW28-64-1-W5.

Dad, Michael Paravicini, worked on the railway as a section hand and would stay at Kilsyth through the week, then come home on the weekends. He worked on the tracks for three or four years until he broke his leg. He then stayed on the farm. In 1936 Dad and my sister Erika, went back to Switzerland. Dad still had a house and a blacksmith shop over there that he wanted to sell. While he was over in Switzerland, Dad had a heart attack before he sold



Cutting grain; Bert Bell on the binder, John Paravicini on the tractor.

the house and business. He passed away in Switzerland.

Erika had returned to Canada a few months before Dad passed away. In 1939 Erika married Fred Laughy. They had a cafe at the Flatbush corner for a few years and lost it to fire. They then moved to Moose Wallow where Fred had a sawmill. From there they were stationed at Grand Centre, where Fred worked at the airport for seven years, then moved to Edmonton. My dear sister Erika, passed away in 1974.

My brother, John, quit school and went to work on the railroad until 1939, when he married Margaret (Sales) Durant. John and Margaret had four children, Michael, Jerald, Sylvia and Sharon. Michael died when he was quite small and is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery. John had bought a W30 International tractor from Mr. Kaliel and broke a lot of land in Fawcett and the surrounding area. John farmed here until 1947, when he sold and moved to Westlock. He worked a couple of winters with Rimmer and Hyde, taking up pipeline between Norman Wells and the Alaska Highway. John moved from Westlock around 1950 to Edmonton. Here he first worked as a plumber, then as a steam-fitter. John was accidentally killed in Edmonton, in 1967, while crossing the street at a crosswalk.

I stayed with my mother on the farm until Erika came back from Switzerland in 1937, I went to Edmonton and worked there for a few years before moving to Vancouver. When I returned to Edmonton, I married Claude Ducastle. We still live in Edmonton.

Mom left the farm and moved to Edmonton the same time as I did in 1939. In 1947 she went back to Switzerland for a year. When she returned, she lived in Westlock for a few years, then retired in Edmonton. In 1959, she passed away and was buried in Edmonton.

All three of us children went to school at Fawcett with Elwood Boyd. Elwood was always a good friend of my brother, John.

Elof Peterson and The Floistad Brothers **written by E. Boyd**

Elof Peterson, Simon Floistad and his brother came to Fawcett in 1912. They each filed on homesteads.

The Floistad brothers took the half section of E20-64-1-W5. They stayed until they proved up and got title. Then they returned to the States. They rented the land to different tenants until 1944 when they sold to W. C. Schmidt, known as Bill Schmidt.

Bill cleared and broke a lot more land on the half section and then sold it and his home place to William Clark in the spring of 1963. The Clarks cleared and broke 80 acres putting the place all under cultivation. Bill and Grace Clark built a new home on this half section and live there now.



Alex Peterson and Roy MacLachlan.

Elof Peterson filed on SW21-64-1-W5. Elof was a bachelor until 1920 when two Norwegian girls came to Canada. Elof married one and Herman Sund married the other. Gunder Peterson, Elof's wife, passed away in 1939 and is buried at Fawcett.

Elof had a nephew, Alrike Peterson, who came to visit him in the '30s. Alrike married Aline Deray and moved to Kimberly, B.C. where Alrike worked in the mines. Aline died in Kimberly in 1939.

In 1941 Elof's niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith, came to see him and stayed with Elof for a couple of years.

Elof went to Nakusp, B.C. to retire, and passed away in 1968. He is buried at Nakusp, B.C.

Herman Pieper **written by E. Boyd**

Herman Pieper came to Fawcett in the spring of 1929 and went to work for Sam Lehner. Sam was known as "Dirty Sam" by everyone throughout the



Herman Pieper ready to leave Fawcett, 1947.



Herman Pieper and David Tyreman, ferryman, on the south ferry.

district. He was a bachelor and not much of a house keeper. Herman stayed with Sam for three months but he couldn't stand it any longer and moved out. Herman filed on his own homestead on July 18, 1929.

Herman cleared land for others at \$15.00 a month. Some of these owners were Alex Kaliel, Jim Russell, Llewellyn brothers, Lloyd Tyerman, and August Fauque. He made a living in the winter by running a trap line.

(continued by Herman Pieper)

In 1940 I was offered a job on the telephone gang of the N.A.R., stringing wire along the track from Edmonton to Dawson Creek. I was paid more in one day at this job than I had made in a month clearing land. I stayed two years and then was hired by Hudson Bay Transport, through connections I had with a friend who had worked for years for the Hudson Bay Co. in the north. The company paid my transportation from Fawcett to Fort Smith, N.W.T.

This was during the second war and we had about 2,000 negroes from the U.S. Army in Fort Smith who loaded barges with the necessary cargo to build



Tom Gagne, William McCann and H. Pieper.

a pipe line from Norman Wells to Whitehorse. We worked practically day and night during the open water season. At first I was a watchman, then checker and purser, and then I became Agent of Transport.

During the summers of 1948 and '49 I was transferred to the Arctic to Tuktoyaktuk as a purser; first on the H.B. vessel, Fort Ross, and later to Fort Hearne in Shellburne, Nova Scotia. I made the trip from there to Tuktoyaktuk via Panama Canal, loading supplies at Vancouver before proceeding via the Bering Straits. I handled all the freight for Spence Bay.

In 1949 I was married in Aklavik where I met my wife, who was nursing there. The brother of the famous General Montgomery married us; he was in charge of the Anglican Mission there. It was September and I became agent again in Fort Smith. We were living at Halfway House in between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith.

During my years in the north I met many distinguished people. I met Sir Hubert Wilkins, who tried to go by submarine under the North Pole but didn't make it. I met Governor General Vincent Massey, General Alexander, Lord and Lady Waverley, Sir Ashley Cooper (Governor of the Hudson Bay Co.), Governor Keswick, and not to forget Queen Elizabeth, who talked to me for five minutes. I met many others whose names I have forgotten.

I was pensioned off from the company when they turned over their holdings to N.T.C.L. We went to the Arctic once again where I looked after the freight and my wife was Public Health Nurse in Fort Smith. This was not convenient for me so when there was an opening as assistant manager in the Territorial Liquor Board, I applied. I was chosen from seventeen applicants. When I reached seventy years of age I had to retire by law.

During the years I was Justice of Peace but upon reaching the age of seventy-five I had to quit that too. I have been on the Library Board and still active in the Royal Canadian Legion, where I once held the post of secretary. Long ago I helped build the Legion



Mary Niawchuk, Buddy Kaliel, Ann Phillip and Herman Pieper.



H. Pieper and Bud Kaliel loading ice from the Pembina, 1939.



Herman Pieper and Ernie Morris.

and they made me an honorary member in 1974. I am a "Meritorious Life Member".

For the past few years I have been a Governor and Treasurer for the Northern Life Museum in Fort Smith. I have been secretary-treasurer in the Mason's Lodge for the past fifteen years.

My wife lately received an Honour Award in recognition of her contribution to nursing in the North-West Territories.

Ten years ago we lost our house in a land slide and built another.

Gus and Emma Plitt

written by Emma Plitt

Gus Plitt and I, Emma Kielbart were married on November 10, 1929 at Alcomdale, Alberta. We took over a half section of land from Gus' parents. We had to borrow money to put up some buildings. We were to make payments on the land, as well as payments to the bank. In 1931 our first son, Walter was born. By that time the price for farm products was so low we could not see a way to make payments on anything.

We heard about the homesteads available at Fawcett. Gus and my parents, the Kielbarts, went to Fawcett, picked out homesteads and filed on them. In November of 1931 we all moved to Fawcett. There were Gus and I and our baby son, my parents, and my grandmother Mrs. Elizabeth Schwartz. We rented the John Ragan place and eleven of us moved into that small house and lived there for the winter of 1931.

Gus and my father cut logs for the buildings on our homestead. They would go on Monday morning and stay until Saturday evening, putting up buildings and clearing the land. I stayed on the rented place with the little ones, did the laundry, baked bread, and milked four cows. Before we moved to our homestead our second son, Arthur, was born. My parents came with us when we finally moved to our own homestead in September of 1932. That winter the men again cut logs for more buildings on the Kielbart homestead. Times were very bad and there was no money for windows or shingles for the roof.

We heard of some Polish people living near Jarvie, who had a whip saw. Gus walked there one day and borrowed the saw. Whip sawing lumber by hand is done by one man standing under the log and one man over it and pulling the saw up and down, until one has cut the length of the log. Gus and my brother Rudy Keilbart started cutting lumber to build the Kielbart house, and even sold some to buy nails and windows. Quite a few people came to watch them



Gus and Emma Plitt with their four children.

cutting boards. Some said it was a slow suicide. It was hard work but we were young and healthy and it didn't seem to hurt us.

It wasn't all hard work, we had good times, too. In the winter we had house parties and sometimes danced till daylight. The music was provided by Walter and Herbert Zamsiel, twin brothers.

When we were finished with the whip saw we took it back. My mother came along as she could speak Polish. She asked this nice family why they loaned Gus the saw when they didn't know him and couldn't speak English, and Gus couldn't speak Polish. They said they didn't need it any more, so they took a chance on getting it back. Gus and Rudy even cut siding and thin boards for cupboards. My parents were able to move into their own home in 1933. That was quite an accomplishment. We got along quite well all living together and continued to work together after they moved.

In June of 1933 our first daughter was born. We only had her four months. In November she came down with a cold. The river was freezing over and we couldn't get her to Fawcett to see the nurse. We cared for her the best we could. When I awoke at 4 a.m. to

give her her bottle, she had passed away. It was a terrible shock for both of us.

We were really busy in more ways than one. Our main food supply came from the bush. Gus went hunting for moose and deer. He was a good hunter, or should I say, he had to be.

In November of 1934 we had another daughter. I was quite sick that time and she was born more than two months premature. She was born at Mrs. George Boyd's place. Mrs. Boyd took real good care of us. She even prayed for me when I got sick. I was at Mrs. Boyd's place for twelve days. We took the baby home with horses and sleigh and she lived through it all. She weighed two and one half pounds at birth and when she was two months old she weighed six pounds. We called her our miracle baby. She did really well and is married now and has a family of her own, two girls and a boy who was fourteen years old on January 25, 1980.

It was quite a struggle to make a living those years. Sometimes we wonder now, how we survived.

In 1936 Gerald Breadner set up a saw mill about two miles west of us. There was a lot of big timber and he sawed there in one set for three or four years. That allowed everyone to work and earn a few dollars. Gus took a logging contract and later worked in the mill. The wages were low but it was more money than we had for a long time. By that time we had more land cleared and it all helped.

By now we had two sons and two daughters. Things were improving every year. By the time the war broke out in 1939 things were going pretty good for us. Gus was doing some blacksmithing and fixed machinery for neighbors.

1943 was a year that a bad flu was going around. We were expecting another child. I took very sick with the flu and our baby was born while I was sick.



Gus Plitt sharpening the saw on one of the sawmills he worked on.



Front Row: Mr. and Mrs. Hiller, Rev. Gleglor, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Plitt. Back Row: Alfred and Alvina Hiller, Arthur and Walter Plitt, 1947.

The baby lived a few hours. We left two of our children in the Fawcett cemetery when we moved away from Fawcett. In many ways we enjoyed our life in Fawcett in spite of the hardships of the early thirties.

After 1936 Gus worked in the woods every winter, cutting logs or sawing lumber for someone. He was usually away all week and I was at home with the children looking after things around the yard. Somehow we were lucky, as we didn't have any serious illness in our family while living so far from a doctor.

On the 18th of December, 1944 our third son was born. That winter Gus had a logging contract with Bill Schmidt and my brother Rudy, on the Major place. It was at this place that Fred Stedel was hurt while working for Gus.

In 1947 we left Fawcett for greener pastures, which we didn't find in Blue Ridge. We also tried farming in Mayerthorpe, got discouraged and sold out. We then moved to New Westminster where Gus and the boys worked in a saw mill.

On November 10th we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. Our children had planned a big celebration. Gus wasn't well enough and the invitations had to be cancelled. Gus had an operation on his hip joint and is improving day by day. Thus ends the story of Gus and Emma Plitt of Fawcett.

John Polisniuk

by E. Boyd

John was born in the Polish Ukraine in 1900. He often spoke of the hard times in the old country. In 1913 when John was thirteen years old, he and his father immigrated to Canada, working for a while in Manitoba, and then settled in Saskatchewan. John's mother came a year later and joined them in Saskatchewan.

John came to Fawcett in 1927 and worked for Morris Paley, running a 10-20 McCormick tractor.



John Polysnuik on his homestead.

John married an English girl while living in Saskatchewan, and had homesteaded. His wife didn't think she could take the hardships on another homestead so decided to stay in Saskatchewan.

John came to our place the spring of 1928 with the Paley tractor and disk to disk some new land for my father. I was twelve years old and this was my first acquaintance with John. In October of 1928 John homesteaded N.E. of 34-64-26 W4 and built himself a homestead shack. He found the going tough but didn't complain. I only saw John two or three times a year after he went homesteading, as he lived sixteen miles northeast of Fawcett in the Cross Lake District.

John kept store for R. G. Carlson several times when Carlson would go on trips. John was a pleasant person who laughed easily. He was a man who was a pleasure to meet and visit.

John used the Paley tractor to break the first few acres on his homestead. He stuck to his homestead and got his title in May of 1936.



John Polysnuik, 1926.

In June of 1954 John had a heart attack. His neighbor, Alec Gilmar, took him to the Westlock hospital. John didn't survive the attack; he is buried in the Cross Lake Cemetery, just across the road to the east of his homestead.

After John's death, his wife and daughter, Mrs. Fred Burtch, and granddaughter moved to John's homestead. They lived there several years and then sold to Bob Morrison. The Burtches and Mrs. Polisniuk moved to Westlock. Mrs. Polisniuk and Mrs. Burtch have both passed away since leaving Fawcett and are buried in the Westlock Cemetery. Fred Burtch continues to live in Westlock.

John was well thought of in the Cross Lake District. Some of his neighbors were the Gilmar families, Len Fox and his mother, Paul Rudwall, Reg Gurney, Floyd Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Williams, and the Johnstons.

Clarence Pudlowski Family

written by A. Pudlowski

Clarence was born in Saskatchewan and was



Clarence and Alvina Pudlowski's wedding day, June 24, 1953.



Clarence and Alvina Pudlowski, 25th wedding anniversary, 1978.

brought to Alberta in 1934. His family lived at Vilna and Westlock.

I consider myself a native of Fawcett as I was only three years old when our family moved here from Hanna, Alta. which is my birth place. I went to school at Chain School (demolished) 'across the river' as that district is still referred to.

Clarence and I met at Westlock in 1951. He was employed as a seismic driller and I was a waitress. Later I worked as a store clerk in Picardville. We were married by the Rt. Rev. Rooney at Westlock on June 24, 1953.

Due to Clarence's job we travelled extensively in

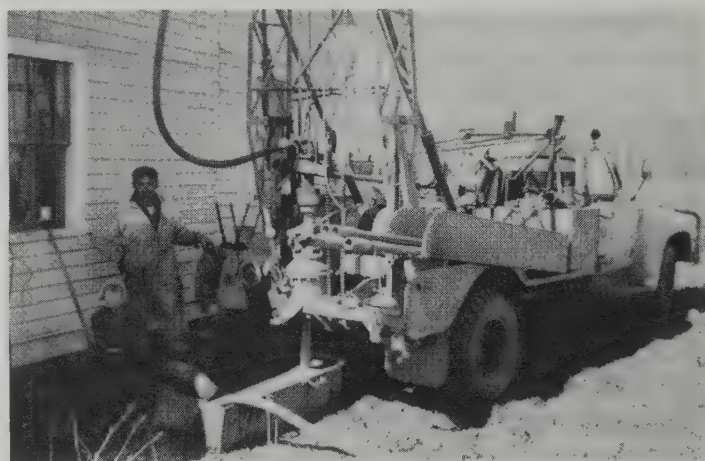
Alberta and Sask., living in a trailer. After a few years we gave up the gypsy life and lived in St. Albert for a short time when Clarence worked for a trucking firm. Then moved on to Athabasca where he worked on a gas haul. I worked in a drug store until the arrival of our first child, Lynn in 1958.

Due to a back injury Clarence had to leave his job and decided to take up farming. We moved to Fawcett in the fall of 1959. The land we rented had no house so we lived with my mother, Mrs. Hiller, and gave her a hand with farming until we found a house in Fawcett.

During this time we had an addition to the family, a son, Danny in 1962. Clarence returned to seismic work during that winter. A second son, Grant, was born in 1965.

In 1966 I took over the management of the Co-op store. Clarence continued farming for a while but decided to give it up and help out at the store.

We both took part in our annual 'Klondike Daze' and sports events, mostly baseball. Clarence coached for several years as both our boys played



Clarence Pudlowski with seismic rig, drilling water well. Daughter, Lynne in front, 1960.



MaryLou Bratt, Alvina and Joanne Pudlowski, 1973.



Grant and Danny Pudlowski, 1972.

baseball. He is now an official umpire and spends much time umping games around the area.

Our daughter, Joanne, was born in 1969 to complete our family.

We bought the Co-op store in 1973 and still own it under the name of C and A Grocers Ltd.

Editor's note: Alvina became our Post-mistress in August, 1980.

John Pumphrey

written by E. Boyd

John L. Pumphrey immigrated to Canada from Stockton-on-Tees, England in 1922. On December 27, 1922 he filed on a portion of SE5-64-1-W5. The Pembina River runs through this quarter of land. John had the land which lies south of the river. John and his wife, Annie got title to this parcel of land in 1926.

In 1927 they bought the Charlie Davidson farm. They built a new house near the road and a little south of Charlie's buildings. Their house was one of the first houses in the community with a cement foundation and a full basement.

John's people in England were successful sugar millers, so John came to Canada with enough money to buy what he needed in the line of machinery. He bought a new 17-28 Twin City tractor and a Case, 28 inch threshing machine in 1928. He also bought a tandem disk, three-bottom plow and a breaking plow — both built by International Harvester. He hired his clearing done and then broke land with his own tractor and plow.

The Pumphreys went back to England in the fall of 1932 to await the arrival of their first child. Annie Pumphrey died soon after their son was born. John never returned to Canada. He made arrangements with Bill Llewellyn to look after his Canadian interests.

His homestead was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Mielke and their son, Otto. Bill rented the Pumphrey



Mrs. John Pumphrey.



John L. Pumphrey.

home place to Mr. and Mrs. Elva Grandstand, who farmed it for three years. It was then rented out to E. Boyd who bought it in 1940 and farmed it until he sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hensch in 1947. The place is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Avalt Hensch.

Part VI

Ferry Services



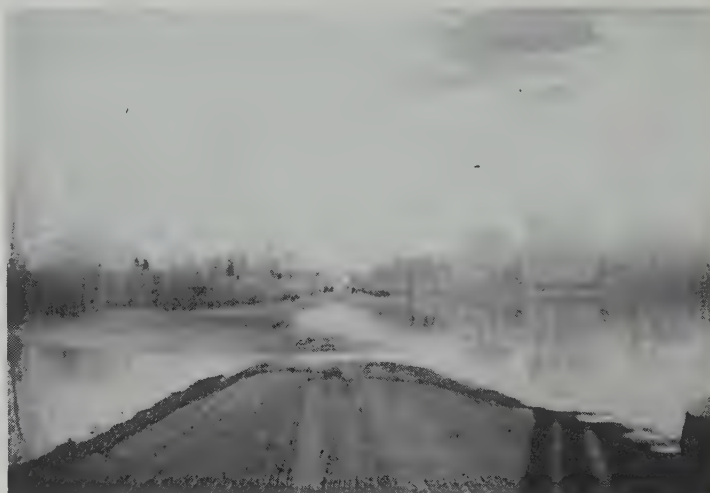
Joe Dawkins at the ferry house, 1940.



Building the bridge over the Pembina River at Fawcett, 1950.



Freeze-up in fall of 1949. Elwood Boyd with a D6 Cat pulling out the south ferry.



River flood at Jarvie bridge, 1974.



Building bridge over the Pembina.



Sunday at the south ferry.



Mrs. Moser, Carrie and Lloyd Tyreman, at south ferry.



Spring break up 1949 at the south ferry.



Picnic at the south ferry, 1949.



First west ferry house.



A gathering to go to the river to swim. How many can you name and where was it taken?



West ferry, 1946.



West ferry.

Part VII

Churches

Cross Lake Church and Cemetery

written by Lilace Jones

The early years of Cross Lake District saw its sorrows as well as its joys. Around the area were graves which no one knew anything about. One was under a spruce tree in L. Richey's yard, another one on the land where the church stands. I am told there were three graves on Mr. Whitelock's place, tho' I only know definitely of one that Mrs. Whitelock cared for as long as she lived. She didn't know whose it was.

A bachelor, Mr. McCarty, died alone in his little shack; Bob McKeag saw no smoke and went to see. Roads were impassable for a sleigh, so Bob rode a horse 15 miles into Fawcett and word got through to Westlock R.C.M.P. The two police rode out on horseback and locked the door and waited nearly a month till the snow melted down. The same could be said of a little girl who waited almost a month for burial.

It was now that the people of all denominations decided something must be done. A meeting was held in the school. I think Mr. A. Johnston chaired the meeting. Johnstons were always active in church matters. Application was made to the government for a cemetery. It was accepted and a map was sent out. The Fawcett nurse acted as a health inspector to pick a

dry spot. She decided on a corner about three miles south of what is now Cross Lake Provincial Park gates.

The land was plowed, sowed to grass and fenced the first year.

That January my father, Harry Hudkins, passed away. it was 40° below F. and again deep snow. He was the first to be buried in the new cemetery. Rev. Riekie had blessed the area, so it was truly God's Acre. Dobson Lea, whom you all know from Jarvie, read the funeral service which was held in the school.

It wasn't always convenient to get the school so it was decided a Chapel should be built. Again, a meeting was called and the school was filled. Now we were in the 'Hungary '30s'. Logs were all around so a log building was decided on. Rev. Riekie suggested a church for the size of the congregation, not just for special occasions.

All the bachelors and family men, of all faiths, worked on the little Chapel. Mr. Fox made the plank benches so the church held about 50 people.

The windows were specially made, part stained glass. I remember they cost \$20.00 each and \$80.00 in those days was a lot of money. Mrs. Allen gave one in memory of her husband and I gave one in memory of my father.

The foundation and walls were up when World War II started. The Church Ladies now changed to a Red Cross group and helped in any way possible. When the war ended, the church was thought of again and completed. Rev. Riekie came from Edmonton to take part in the dedication with the Jarvie Minister, Rev. Zurbrigg.

The church was used every Sunday when the ministers came. They were a wonderful, young group of people and drew the young people of the area to the church. In winter we had church about once a month.

Weddings, funerals, baptisms and confirmations were held in the little church.

I cannot close off without speaking of Mae Bouvette's father, Mr. Steinhauer. He was a descen-



Kathleen Jones at Cross Lake Church.

dant of the Rev. Steinhauer whose name is in the little log McDougal Church in Edmonton. Mr. Steinhauer was a beautiful singer and held a number of services at Cross Lake when visiting his daughter.

The Church is still used for weddings and funerals and an occasional service. People going to the Park often stop. The last time I was there six cars from Calgary, Edmonton, Athabasca and B.C. were in the yard.

Great credit certainly goes to the residents there who keep up the cemetery and church and also to those who send a gift of money to help with the upkeep.



Rev. Spady and congregation at Cross Lake.



Farewell for student minister at Cross Lake Church grounds, 1953.



First confirmation group at Cross Lake. Back Row: Minister Spady, Harry Jones, Hugh Robinson, Lorne Johnston, and Lottie Forbes. Front Row: Helen Robinson, Maxine Jones, Laura Rahn, Mrs. Robinson, and Kathleen Jones.



First confirmation group at Cross Lake. Boys: Harry Jones, Hugh Robinson, Lorne Johnston. Girls: Helen Robinson, Maxine Jones, Laura Rahn, Mrs. Robinson, Kathleen Jones and Lottie Forbes.



First wedding at Cross Lake Church. Maxine Jones and Lind Carter.

Fawcett Community Church

written by E. Boyd

It was decided, after the sale of the nurse's cottage and lot to Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, to put the money towards the building of a community church at Fawcett.

Charlie Watson, Leslie Moser, Mrs. Wall, and Mrs. Widdifield were the first committee.

A lot was arranged for it on the west side of Carlson's store, and construction was started early in the summer of 1958. Cecil Carter dug the basement with a TD 14 Cat of Mr. Kaliel's. Arthur Wall was agent for the Searle Grain Co. at that time and seeing as business was slack, Arthur put a lot of time in the construction. The construction was all done with volunteer labor with Art Wall as head carpenter. The church was finished, with the exception of the wiring which was installed the following spring, and dedicated the fall of 1958.

Larry Bouvette's funeral was the first one held in the new church on Oct. 13, 1959.

The church was heated the first few years with an oil space heater. Norman Cochrane and Vic Yancey supplied the oil at no charge. The church was heated only when it was being used which didn't prove very satisfactory as the basement walls were beginning to crack. A propane furnace was bought and installed. The cement basement floor was breaking up too.



Fawcett's Community Church.



Sunday School, 1946. Back row; June MacGillivray, Joy Smith, Wilfred Smith, and Allan Smith. Front Row: Edward Fletcher, Charlotte MacGillivray, Gordon Dunford, Milton Dunford and Richard Fletcher.

Weeping tiles were laid around the edge and another basement poured over the old one.

The Fawcett Community Church Association was incorporated under the Society Act on April 25, 1961.

The church is owned by the community and used by all denominations. At present time there is a committee of nine to look after its upkeep. From 1959 until approx. 1966 we had an United Church student minister during the summer months.

At present time service is held every Sunday at 11:30 a.m.

Part VIII

Family Histories R-Z

Fred Rahn Family

written by Mr. and Mrs. Rahn

We moved to Cross Lake on May 4, 1934 with a family of four children: Laura, Bill, Frieda and Hertha. Marjorie was born on April 9, 1935 as the only true 'homesteader' of our family at Cross Lake.

Our first stop was at Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Jones' place where we had a cup of tea after travelling 15 miles with four horses and a wagon full from Fawcett.

Community spirit was felt by everyone. There was a skating pond in the winter with a bonfire and



Putting up Rahn's house, 1935.



The Rahn children, 1936. Bill, Laura, Freida, Hertha and Marjorie.



Ice fishing on Cross Lake, 1950. Freida and Billy Rahn in front of dark house.

self made sticks, or dark house for fishing on Cross Lake, ballgames in summer with homemade ice cream and wild strawberries, and dances at the school house with music donated by local talent.

We moved to Edmonton in Oct. of 1953 and now reside in Westlock. We still occasionally visit Cross Lake and the farm.

Ernest (Johnnie) Rasmussen Family

written by Gladys Rasmussen

Johnnie was born at Lakin, Kansas on March 31, 1903 and came with his parents to the Eckville, Alta. district when he was five years old.

I (Gladys) was born at Condor, Alberta on January 17, 1915 and lived there most of my life until coming to the Fawcett area.

We were married in Red Deer on April 11, 1934



John Rasmussen, first bus driver.

and farmed at Condor until 1945. Condor is a little town about forty miles west of Red Deer.

We moved to the Fawcett area in the fall of 1945. We had been there in the summer, visiting Johnnie's brother, Ray, and his family at Flatbush, and decided it might be a good idea to start a service station and cafe since Highway 44 was being built and would be completed in a year or two. The highway would be the short cut to the Peace River country and Alaska. With this in mind we bought a few acres of land from Hank Ragan in the northeast corner of his quarter.

With the help of Johnnie's nephews, Herman and Elmer, who had a big truck, we moved our belongings to Fawcett where we rented a small farm house from Bill Schmidt just north of Fawcett, on the highway, close to where we would be building. Johnnie arrived first with a model A Ford and the children and I followed later by train.

Jerry, the oldest, was seven years old and in school. Stanley was four and Bonnie was two.

My sister, Nellie, came with us for the trip and to help out for a while. A year later she married Johnnie's nephew, Richard Rasmussen, and continued to live near by in the Blue Hill District.



Rasmussen's service station.



Cecil (Mush) Moore with his dog team that he drove from the Yukon to New York.

With the help of Johnnie's brother, Ray, who was a carpenter, work started on the building which was to be a service station, cafe, and living quarters. In due time we moved into it. There was no electricity in rural areas at that time. We had brought along a 32 volt light plant so we had good lights. The gas pumps were manually operated; we later converted them to 32 volt power. Heating the building was with coal and wood. We were able to purchase a propane cook stove and fridge.

The first year and a half our business was made up of local people. In 1948 the highway was finished from Flatbush to Smith and the traffic from the North started to come through. It was interesting to meet the many truck drivers, and travellers going through and to hear where they were coming from. Many Americans stopped to eat and gas up, both going to and coming from Alaska. Many an interesting story was told of their travels. Highways were then dirt and/or gravel. Roads were rough and dusty, or on a rainy day could be slippery and muddy.

Meanwhile, the three children were all in school, and to help supplement our income, Johnnie helped to build the new school that was being built just north of Fawcett, on the highway. He later drove the first school bus that was operated in our district. It was Reo with seats all the way down the outside walls and a single one down the middle.

We sold White Rose gas and oils, and had the bulk oil and gas sales as well. Being the only service station between Westlock and Smith, we were very busy. With a lot of traffic, especially trucks at night, we decided to stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Our slogan in the window read, "Eat with Ma and Gas with Pa."

It was a very busy life for us and we were fortunate to have good help. A local girl, Myrtle Litke, was with us for four years and usually took the night

shift. Other girls who were with us for a long time were Jean Rasmussen, Marlene Godwin, and Elizabeth Stedel.

In 1953 we decided to sell and go farming again. A deal was made on a quarter section in the Tawatinaw area with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bernas. We sold our place of business to them for \$12,000.00 and bought their farm for \$8,000.00. We rented a house in Fawcett and continued to live there for a while. Johnnie worked in the winter time in Chisholm at camp 7 and I worked at Farmer's Supply.

In 1957 we moved to the farm but Johnnie still went to work at Chisholm in the winter months at camp 7 as a mill-wright for a few years.

Jerry and Stanley worked on oil rigs for a while, and Bonnie worked for the Rexall Drug Store in Westlock.

In 1960 Jerry married MaryAnn Gallegerg, a telephone operator from Big Valley. Jerry took an automotive course and got his license. Later he took a heavy duty course and received his license for that as well. They live at Vancouver, B.C. where Jerry works for Finning Tractor. They have three children, Darcy, Lisa, and Daryl.

Stanley has driven gravel trucks the last few years, and at present works for the Dept. of Highways.

Bonnie married Curtis Wright, a heavy duty mechanic, from Vancouver, B.C. They have one son, Jeffery, and live in Tawatinaw. Curtis works at Fort McMurray for A.B.M.

Johnnie passed away in January, 1975 at the age of seventy-two and is laid to rest in the Nestow Cemetery.

Stanley and I stayed on at the farm until 1978 when I sold out and moved to Westlock.

Frank Rice

written by E. Boyd

Frank Rice came to Canada from Bohemia in 1911 and arrived in Fawcett in October of that same year. He left a wife, two daughters and a son in Bohemia when he came. He had sent money back to them so they could come to Canada, but they decided not to come. Frank never saw his family again.

Frank homesteaded SW12-64-2-W5, now owned by Reinie Hensch. He kept the homestead about a year, then let it go and took the West½ of Sec.5-64-1-W5. Frank was a miner and worked in mines for quite a few years, some of them in Drumheller.

I don't remember of his ever farming the place himself. He rented the land to someone in the district until he sold it to Harry McCann. Frank used to raise horses for awhile. I recall that his horses were quite

big, but do not remember of his working them on the land.

He had a house built for him by Harry McCann in Fawcett and lived there the rest of his life. Quite a few of the younger people in Fawcett used to play in his yard on playground equipment that he had made.

Our old neighbor passed away March 20, 1964 at the age of 84 years. He is buried in Mount Pleasant at Fawcett.

There has been some argument over Frank's last name, as it has been known as being spelled "Riese" and "Rajs". He used to have a sign on the gate of his farm with Frank Rajs on it, but it has been told that when he went to file his homestead, they changed it to Frank Rice, explaining to him that it was the Canadian way. So Frank Riese or Rajs became known to all of us as Frank Rice.

The Richey Brothers

written by E. Boyd

Les and Ernest Richey were born in Manitoba. Their mother and father passed away when they were small. They stayed with grandparents until an older sister was married. This sister then took them to live with her. They moved to Camrose and then to Bashaw, Alta. where they got their schooling and grew up.

The fall of 1921 Les came to Thorntonville, looking for a homestead. He decided on the NE19-64-26-W4. and filed on his way back to Bashaw.

In November of 1922 Les and Ernest left Bashaw with a team and wagon, bound for the homestead at



George Thornton, Les and Ernie Richey.

Thorntonville. Ernie wasn't old enough at the time to be able to file on land. There was no snow at Bashaw when they left, but there was in Edmonton and all the way to the homestead. They were fortunate not to have any trouble on their way up here. There was a shortage of feed in the north that year; there weren't any straw stacks yet. Les had said that it took a lot of their money to buy feed for the horses. Ernie looked after the homestead and Les worked in a logging camp at Kilsyth that winter.

Les worked another winter at a camp west of Flatbush and the following winter for Collins Logging, freighting hay and supplies from Chisholm up the Athabasca River to the mouth of the Pembina River and then up it a few miles. These supplies were freighted in during the winter so they could log in the summer time.

On Nov. 9, 1927 Les and Jean Evans were married at Hanna, Alta. They moved to the homestead and are still living there. Les acquired the quarter south of his, giving him a half section. Les and Jean raised four daughters: Ethel, Marjorie, Ellen and Patricia.

All of the girls attended the Thorntonville School. All are married and living in Vancouver, B.C. They are now Ethel Smith, Marjorie England, Ellen Huwyler and Patricia Campbell.

While the Thorntonville School was running, quite a few of the teachers stayed and boarded at the Richey farm. Irene Lampen stayed through the week with them and went home on weekends, as two and a half miles was too far for a little six year old to walk.

Ernie married Nellie Evans at Westlock in 1938.



Mr. and Mrs. Les Richey, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Turner, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hother, celebrating all three 25th anniversaries, 1957.

Nellie and Jean are sisters. Ernie and Nellie bought Allister McRae's place.

In those early years the homesteaders did a lot of things to earn a few dollars. Les and Ernie were no exception. Les and Ernie would butcher a beef in the evening and cut it up in the morning. Then Ernie and Nellie would light out with their model 'T' and sell the meat throughout the district and at Fawcett. It was a real help to the people they served — to be able to buy fresh meat once a week as there was no electricity and no way to keep it fresh for any length of time.

Ernie and Nellie had no children born to them so they adopted a baby boy whom they called Billy. Ernie farmed till 1966 when he had to quit due to ill health. He passed away just after Christmas in 1967 and is buried in the Jarvie Cemetery. Nellie sold the farm to Martin Larson, their neighbor across the road. Nellie moved to Westlock and took up residence there.

Bob Robinson

written by E. Boyd

Bob Robinson and Roy MacLachlan spent some time together during World War I, overseas. After coming back to Canada, they spent a profitable winter in the foothills, trapping. They decided to go into the fox farming business, so they pooled their money, came to Fawcett in 1920 and set up as fox farmers. This became a profitable business in those days. Their partnership broke up in about a year and they went their separate ways.

Bob stayed with Joe Dawkins and worked for him. He more or less made Joe's home-his home, until he married Margaret Forbes in 1922. They were



Margaret, Helen, Hugh and Bob Robinson, 1928.



Bob Robinson and his newly finished homestead house, 1923.

married in Edmonton, at First Presbyterian Manse by Rev. McQueen. Joe Dawkins was one of their witnesses.

Bob had homesteaded SW19-64-1-W5, which was a fraction, as the Pembina River cut off a piece on the east side. His buildings were on the west side of the river, just above the ferry landing. When Bob and Margaret came back after the wedding, they moved onto the homestead. They used a row boat to go back and forth, as there was no ferry then. There was a ford, down river a short way, where one could get across with a team and wagon.

They were quite happy on the homestead, across the river, even though they were isolated in the spring and fall on account of the river breaking up and freezing up. When Hugh, their son, was born in July, 1923, they decided to abandon this homestead and filed on one at Thorntonville, one mile north of the Forbes place. This land location was SW5-65-26-W4. Bob worked a few months every winter at Chisholm, and Margaret stayed on the homestead with her baby until they got title for the land. Bob built a small house at Chisholm and moved his family up there. While at Chisholm, their first girl, Helen, was born in Aug. of 1925, without a doctor or a nurse attending; only a neighbor lady and Bob. Helen was the first baby born at Chisholm.

Margaret and Betty Russell spent their holidays with the Robinsons at Chisholm, and both met and married men that worked at the mill. They lived at Chisholm also, and were good neighbors to Bob and Margaret.

The Depression hit and there wasn't much work at Chisholm. Hugh and Helen were both old enough to go to school, so in 1931, the Robinsons moved back to the homestead. Bob had been paying a neighbor to break land for him, so they had a start when they came back.



Bob Robinson and Herb Bell loading ties at Chisholm, 1921.



Hugh and Helen Robinson with their aunt, Lottie Forbes, 1930.

Margaret recalls Bob and Clarence Whitelock, as being quite good pals before either one of them were married. Bob had two hounds he called "Turk" and "Lady". Clarence had a St. Bernard called "Barney". Clarence went home to Innisfail, one fall and left "Barney" with Bob and Margaret. She said it took a lot of bush rabbits to feed these three big dogs. The hounds were able to catch enough for themselves with some left over for "Barney", as he was too slow to catch his own. Another incident with Bob's hounds, was when Bob was courting Margaret. He brought his hounds along with him to the Forbes' house. The hounds, somehow or other, had gotten

into the cellar and ate a quarter crock of butter; not a very favorable impression to leave with Mrs. Forbes!

Bob went to Edmonton for an operation on his prostate gland in March of 1951. During the operation his kidneys quit functioning. They flew him to Vancouver to put him on the kidney machine, but weren't able to save him. Bob passed away and is buried in the Cross Lake Cemetery.

Margaret was left with her second daughter, Ruth, who was about three years old. Margaret and Ruth moved to Nanaimo, B.C. Margaret married again and lived in Nanaimo for twenty years. Then in 1972, they moved to Victoria, B.C., where she now resides.

Hugh Robinson Family

written by Marguerite Robinson

Little did Hugh Robinson and Herb Bell realize when they were working together in 1920, that they would some day have the same grandchildren.

Hugh and Marguerite (nee Bell) Robinson have lived in Nanaimo, B.C. for nearly 30 years, where they raised a family of three boys and three girls. Donna, the eldest is a RN and lives in Victoria with her husband, Bob Brandle and their three children, Jennifer, Gordon and Cameron. The oldest son, Harold, and wife Debbie have returned to Nanaimo after living in the Queen Charlotte Islands for five years. They have started their own Bulldozing business in the Nanaimo area. Second son, Gordon, and his wife, Debby, are living in Sandpit, Queen Charlotte Islands where Gordon is teaching in the secondary school there. Middle daughter, Eleanor, and her husband, Rob Carmichael, are moving to Hudson Hope, B.C. where Rob will continue his job with the B.C. Hydro. They are looking forward to their first baby in early 1981. Robert, the youngest of the sons, has just graduated from Technical School



Marguerite and Hugh Robinson.

and is now working for the Dept. of Highways in Courtenay, Vancouver Island as a Survey Technologist. The youngest member of the family is Charlotte. She is in the last year of High School and plans to continue on to College with music as her main interest.

Hugh has spent most of his working years in the electrical trade and also getting involved in the Trade Union work. He is now employed as Trades Apprentice Co-ordinator for Western Canada by the International Woodworkers of America. Politics have always been part of the family life interests and for the past five years Marguerite has been the assistant to the local M.L.A. Dave Stupich, M.P. Tommy Douglas, and his successor, Ted Miller.

For the future, Hugh and Marguerite hope to settle on Gabriola Island near Nanaimo, and then have time to return to Fawcett and Thortonville areas to visit and roam around their parent's and grandparent's old farms.

Rochat Story

written by Germaine McCann

Mrs. Anna Rochat with her oldest son, Paul and his wife, Isaline and six children, emigrated from Eclepens, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland. They arrived in Canada in November, 1910. Paul and Isaline



Anna Rochat and daughter, Thecla, 1909.

had two more children born in Canada. Another son, Emil Rochat, and a daughter, Anna (Mrs. Charles Svenson) came with the family at the time.

Four children were born to Anna and Charles Svenson, William, Fred, Margaret and Helen.

In 1909, the youngest daughter of Anna's, Thecla, and herself went to Lousane to buy new clothes in order to have their picture taken. They had travelled forty miles the day before with a team and wagon box of cabbages. They sold the cabbages so that they would have enough money for the clothes and the photographer. The picture with this story is the one taken at that time.

Thecla had another reason for wanting to be nicely dressed; she was leaving for London, England to work as a governess for a family by the name of Amies. This family made the Queen's clothes and clothing for the rest of the royal family.

Thecla left home in January, 1910. She celebrated her nineteenth birthday on January 18, 1910. In 1911 she immigrated to Canada and in 1913 she married Henri Iampen. There were six children born to this marriage.

The Rochats spent their first Christmas in Canada, in the Immigration Hall at Edmonton, waiting for the furniture to arrive. They then rented a house in Ross Flats, an area of Edmonton. The children used to sleigh down McDougal hill. The men went to work in tie and lumber camps.

In the spring of 1911 they moved to a farm, northeast of Legal, in the district of Fairy Dell. Here they grew potatoes which they sold in Edmonton. Paul, Thecla, and their mother hauled them to Edmonton with a team and wagon. They lived there until 1915 when they came to their homestead at Thorntonville. Paul stayed in Legal until 1920 when he joined the rest of the family.

After Paul's family grew up and some were married, he bought a farm west of Westlock where he farmed for a number of years. Paul's two oldest sons were married and lived on the home place at Thorntonville. Thecla and her family lived on the quarter west of Paul's; Emil lived a half of a mile south; Anna Svenson lived east of Emil's place, and Mrs. Rochat lived with her son, Emil and his wife, Fernande.

Paul sold his farm at Westlock and came back to live on his homestead.

The Rochats have all passed away except Thecla Iampen, who will be ninety years old on January 18, 1981. She enjoys good health for her years. She spends time reading, knitting, crocheting, and playing cards. She alternatively lives with her three daughters. Thecla has twenty-two grandchildren, thirty-eight great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

The children that came from Switzerland with Paul and Isaline were; Mina, Henri, Gaston, Lea, Paul Jr., and Clarisse. Lucy and Helen were born in Canada.

The Rode Family

written by Herbert Rode

My father, Adolf, was born in 1899, son of Rudolf and Amelia Rode, in the village of Jascymbia, Poland. My mother was born in 1902, daughter of Michael and Juliana Kelm, at Psaren, Poland. Father and mother were married in 1924, at mother's home church, in a double ceremony with Dad's brother, Rudolph, Jr. and Mom's sister, Leokadia.

In 1928 my parents, Uncle Rudolph, and Aunt Leokadia (with their infant son, Alfred) left their homeland to start a new life in Canada. They sailed for London from the port of Danzig on June 20 via the Baltic and North Seas. From London they boarded the ship, Empress of France, to arrive in Quebec on July 6, 1928. From Quebec they travelled by train to Humbolt, Sask. where they lived for about a year.

In 1929, Dad took a homestead southeast of Flatbush. The family lived there for 11 years, then moved to a rented farm at Pibroch. After 2 years we moved back onto some government lease land in the Clyde Lake district. We erected some buildings and lived there from 1944 to 1951, when Dad got a homestead northeast of Flatbush.

My brothers, sisters and I attended Flatbush, Pibroch and Clyde Lake schools but got most of our education at Clyde Lake.

In the winters, Dad would often work at sawmills in the Flatbush area, and cut fire wood for sale and our own use.

My brothers and I would trap squirrels and weasels, as did many of the boys in the area. We found it quite enjoyable and it gave us some spending money (financed quite a few bicycles as well).

We milked cows and shipped cream to Westlock N.A.D.P. We always had a large garden. There was plenty of wild fruit to pick and fish and game to be had. So everyone survived quite well.

Getting a good well that would supply enough water for the household and livestock was some what difficult on the first homestead. Dad dug quite a number of wells by hand on various locations on the place. The best one was at the far end of the farm. We had to carry water for the house from half a mile away, as we didn't have a team of horses then. In summer we would catch rain water and in winter we would have a large barrel of snow melting in the kitchen.

There were five children born to this marriage.

Edith was born in Muenster, Sask. The rest were born on the first homestead; Rudy in 1931, Herbert in 1932, Hilda in 1934 and Fred in 1937.

Edith is married to Robert Carter. They live on a farm north of Spruce Grove. Edith works in a school library in Spruce Grove. Their daughter, Cheryl, and her husband, James Ball, live in Edmonton. Their son, Gordon, is living in Calgary.

Rudy, his wife, Maureen, and their three children, Darren, Allan and Denise, live on an acreage near Prince George, B.C. Rudy works for Shelley Sawmills.

Hilda and her husband, George Carter, live in Edmonton with their four children, Randy, Janice, Ralph and Richard. George works for Atlas Alloys.

Fred is single and lives in Edmonton. He works for Canadian National Railway. I farm not far from Flatbush and have one son, Vincent.

Mom and Dad lived on the farm at Flatbush until 1956, when they moved to Westlock on account of Mom's poor health. Mom passed away in January, 1963. Dad is still living in his own home in Westlock. I see him quite regularly and he is still keeping in good health at the age of 81 years.

Rozak — Slobodian History

written by Stella Kaliel

Nick Rozak was born on December 24, 1897 in Krackovitz, Austria. He sailed to Canada on the ship "Hanover". Nick's oldest brother and his family came at the same time.

They landed in Canada on May 14, 1914 and travelled by train to Alberta. Nick lived with an uncle who farmed west of Bruderheim (northwest of Edmonton). He worked for relatives and a farmer, Alec Letvine, for a short time. Later he found employment on the railroad as a water-boy.

Nick worked in logging camps at Whitecourt, Athabasca and Chisholm. He helped float logs down the Athabasca River. He suffered head injuries when falling trees in below zero temperatures and spent a year's time in the hospital recovering from the accident.

In 1924 Nick sent for his brother, Andrew, and his family from the Old Country. When they arrived, Nick and Andrew took up homesteads in the Black Bear District, east of Lakeview. Andrew farmed but Nick continued to work out on harvesting crews in the fall.

Nick worked at Blue River, coaling up steam engines on the trains. In later years he was employed by the Kelly Construction and Plumbing Co. of Edmonton.

In 1936 Nick came back to the homestead to farm for the summer months. It was during this time that

he became acquainted with Barbara Slobodian and they were married.

Barbara Maroniak was born April 11, 1899 in Kolomaya, Poland. She married Fredrick Slobodian in 1919. Fredric owned farmland in Poland, also weaving looms with which he made up linen cloth for his village people. Fredric and Barbara had three children born to them in Poland, Mary, Annie and George.

In 1927 Fredric left Poland to seek a better life for his family in the "New World", Canada. He came to Western Canada where he worked for the railroad and as a farm hand.

Fred took up a homestead southeast of Thorntonville where he built a small house, chicken house, dug a well and cleared eight acres of land.

Meanwhile, Barbara sold the balance of their property in Poland, and with their three children and a few possessions, sailed for Canada. They arrived at Bruderheim in May, 1929. Fred and Barbara, along with the family, spent the summer with friends in Bruderheim.



Slobodian family. Barbara's sister, Barbara with her children — Annie, Mary and George.



Fredric Slobodian, 1929.

In November, 1929 when the homestead was ready, Fred moved his family to their new home. The following January, 1930 Fred was accidentally shot to death in a hunting accident, leaving his wife with three small children to raise and a baby on the way. Stella was born in August, the day after Barbara stooked her first wheat crop.

These were the Depression years. There was a coffee grinder that circulated in the community. The families used it to grind wheat for flour. Barbara spent many hours, day and night, grinding her wheat so that the next family could have use of the grinder. Not only did the ground wheat make flour, but the courser particles made a very good porridge.

In 1934 the family picked 1700 pounds of blueberries and sold them, at 5¢ per pound. They had enough money from the selling of the berries to buy clothing, school books and other necessities needed for the year.



Nick and Barbara Rozak, 1945.

Brush fires were a menace. Many nights Barbara and the children, armed with pails of water and gunny sacks, went out to save their buildings from brush and grass fires that came from other farmers clearing land.

Barbara bought a cow which supplied her family with milk, butter, and cheese, and eventually, a small herd of cows from the offspring. With the help of good neighbors, she acquired a few chickens and two piglets.

The children attended school at Thorntonville which was a three mile jaunt across country.

Barbara Slobodian and Nick Rozak were married and in turn had four more children, Lena, Steve, Dan and Jack. All of them were born at home with the district nurse in attendance.

Nick and Barbara were not happy with their farm land on the homesteads as the soil was very light and rocky. So in 1944 Nick bought the Barney Henry

quarter, one mile south of Fawcett which was more suitable. Their homesteads that they left are now part of the Black Bear Grazing Pasture.

Stella attended high school in Fawcett. Lena, Steve, Dan and Jack all took their schooling in Fawcett.

The children are all married now. Mary married John Klein and they have eight children and fourteen grandchildren. George married Donna Christianson and they have seven children and two grandchildren. Annie married Ronald Simpson and they have six children and two grandchildren. Mary, George and Annie are all neighbors and have farms in the Gladwin area.

Stella married George Kaliel and they have seven children and eight grandchildren. Lena married Noel Elgert and they have six children. Stella and Lena are on farms at Fawcett.

Steve married Ann Parker and they have three daughters. They live on a farm at Flatbush.

Dan married Carol Sieb and they have two sons. Jack married Phyllis Griggs and they have two sons. Dan and Jack live in Edmonton.

Nick and Barbara are now retired and still have good health. They are living on their farm at Fawcett.

For family gatherings the rental of the Community Hall is required to accomodate the family as they number 101 now.

Paul Rudwall

written by V. Johansen

Paul came to Calumet, Alberta from Sweden in 1926. He knew Mrs. Gunnara Johansen's cousins, the Swansens, who came from the same part of Sweden. Paul had come to Canada to work for them.

While working there he heard that we were going to take a homestead in the north, so wanted to come along. He and Gunnar loaded a boxcar of settler's effects at Bashaw and shipped it to Fawcett.

Paul filed on NW2-65-26-W4 in 1929. He stayed with us until a small shack was built on his place.

Gunnar did his first breaking for him. When Dave Williams left the district Paul bought his house and moved it to his homestead. Paul did his farming with horses. In the forties Paul and Tony Stawnichy bought a gas powered Caterpillar tractor to do breaking. This helped a lot with the heavy work of breaking new land with horses. Paul stayed a bachelor all his farming days in the Cross Lake District. He sold to Ed Bearham in 1969, and in April of 1970 went back to Sweden. Paul is seventy-eight years old. His neighbors usually get a card from him at Christmas.

Sheldon James Russell and Family

written by E. Boyd

Sheldon Russell, his wife and four children left

England in 1912 or 1913, coming to Edmonton where he worked for awhile. His brother-in-law, Joseph Dawkins, had taken up land at Fawcett. So Jim, as he was known by the people here, came and filed on the S.W.¼-Sec.20-T64-R1-W5. This quarter in later years was owned by Fred Johnston, Frank Grimmer, and then by Ed Kallal.

Jim's four children were from a previous marriage. His second wife was a sister of Joe Dawkins. While in Edmonton, their only daughter, Mildred, was born.

Jim moved his family to Fawcett, where they lived in a small building in Elof Peterson's yard until Jim built their first homestead house. In the meantime, he had let his first homestead go and filed on the N.E.¼-Sec.17-T64-R1-W5. Here he built his buildings and moved his family to the new place.

They stayed there until 1920.

Jim moved his family back to England and left the place in charge of his brother-in-law, Joe. Joe lived on the place for the next seven or eight years, with the exception of two years when Dave Jones and family rented the place.

Jim, his wife and three children, Margaret, Betty and Mildred, moved back to Fawcett in 1929. They took up residence again on the homestead and Joe moved back to his own quarter, just west of Russell's farm, which Jim bought from Joe at a later date.

Jim ran a mixed farming operation, grew grain, fed a few pigs and kept a dairy herd. Jim who did his farming with horses, never owned a tractor. Throughout the years here, Jim supplied Chisholm with fresh meat. He would butcher early in the day and ship the meat by train that evening. Chisholm, being only about thirty miles by rail, would receive the meat that same evening and in good shape.

Jim farmed here until the fall of 1941, when he rented the farm to George Burke for a couple of years then sold to Cecil Carter. They had an auction sale on Oct. 8, 1941 and moved to Edmonton for a year then retired to Richmond, B.C. Jim and Mrs. Russell passed away some years back while living in Richmond.

Margaret and Betty met two young men, who were working at Chisholm Mills. Margaret married Elva Grandstand; Betty married Albert Holmquist. Margaret and Elva farmed for a couple of years and then moved to Vancouver, B.C. Betty and Albert settled in Toronto, where they lived until Albert retired two years ago. In the past two years, 1978-79, Margaret and Elva have both passed away.

Mildred, while at Fawcett, used to teach Sunday school in the old school, which at the time was on their place. When Jim and Mrs. Russell moved to Edmonton, Mildred went with them and worked in a

department store. She then moved to Richmond with her parents. She, in time, married and is now Mrs. Philps and has two grown sons.

I visited with Mildred in 1978. She was the same girl we knew here at Fawcett; she had changed very little.

James Ruxton Family

written by Betty Kerik

My father, James Ruxton, came to Canada in 1907 from Arbroath, Scotland. He landed in Edmonton where he bought a team of oxen and a scraper. His first job was helping on the excavation of the site for the present House of Parliament; later he helped landscape the grounds. He also did some diving to put in the piers for the High Level bridge and worked in the city power plant.

Mother came out in July, 1909 from Glomis, Scotland. Dad had sent for her. They were married on July 9, 1909. They lived in Walterdale Flats at first, then moved over the river to what is known as the Strathcona area on 107th Street and 73 Avenue, where I remember living. My sister, Evelyn, and I attended the Queen Alex school.

Dad went overseas in 1915 to serve in the war. He came back in the summer of 1919, six months after the armistice was signed. He decided to go homesteading in the Fawcett area.

My parents moved to the Thorntonville district in

March, 1910 from Edmonton. That was the year of the big snow. As there was no station at Fawcett at that time, we got off the train at Jarvie. It was getting dark and we were taken to Mr. McLeod's store where we were given supper by his daughter, Mrs. J. Hoyle. Then we started out for the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Forbes, sixteen miles away. I don't think I will ever forget the sleigh ride; the drifts were so bad in places it seemed that the sleigh was going over on its side but dad managed to keep it upright. Evelyn and I managed to go to sleep the last few miles so we didn't know much until the next day.

Dad took us down to his quarter to pick out a building site. They had a lot of snow to clear away for a place to build. They did it with a team of horses and a slip.

We moved into our new home the last day of April, 1920. By now the snow was nearly all gone, but there was a nasty wind blowing so dad kept horse blankets on his three horses and tied them under the pine trees with lots of feed. It was certainly lucky he did as there was six inches of wet snow on the ground the next morning. The cattle were at Forbes' place so they were fine.

Dad put up log walls with a pole roof and branches for a shelter for the stock that summer. Then he piled hay up on the roof in the fall to use as feed for the winter. We lived in our shack until 1923 when dad added two bedrooms.

By this time we had quite a bit of land under cultivation, four horses and a breaking plow. Dad worked for Chisholm Mills in the winter while mother and we girls looked after the stock.

My mother had never been on a farm before but she had a lot of gumption and soon learned to drive a team of horses, ride horseback, and milk cows.

Dad and Mr. Forbes put up hay on French Creek for their stock in the winter and the women folk helped. It was quite wet that year so the men cut the hay with a scythe and all the rest of us took it out onto high ground to dry. Then when the hay was dry we would coil it up in order to take it home. When we would catch up to the men we would take our pails and go pick blueberries, so our hours were filled with something.

Dad had taught us how to feed the cattle as he took the horses to camp with him. His job was to haul logs to the Pembina River and pile them up on the banks so they could be put in the river and floated down to the mill at Jarvie after the river opened up.

We had changed our mailing address to Fawcett by this time as it was nearer and the roads were better. I'll never forget the first time I saw Fawcett. It was a nice Sunday soon after our arrival, so Forbes and dad decided to go to Fawcett. At that time there was only



Bennie and James Ruxton with girls, Evelyn and Betty.

one store and a post office and a shack or two. A hardware store was up on the grounds where the hall now sits. Mr. Russell lived up on the other side of the old school. There was still quite a lot of snow on the ground.

When we got to Fawcett the owner of the store and post office was not at home, but his wife said he would be back soon. Mr. Hundley was his name. It wasn't long before he came, riding a big bay horse with a western saddle, wearing chaps and a ten gallon hat and his arms just a-flying. When he got up to us we saw that he had a big handle-bar mustache. I asked my dad if that was a real cowboy. Did they ever laugh at me!

Evelyn and I took correspondence lessons the first year we were here. In 1922 we went to school in Jarvie where we stayed at Grannie Glue's place and worked for our room and board. (She ran the hotel in Jarvie.) In 1924 we rode horseback from our place to Fawcett to go to school, nine and a half miles one way. They had school in the summer; in the winter months we stayed home. We used to take mail home for the people along the way. This was twice a week then. By the end of 1924 there were enough children to build a school in Thorntonville district. It was finished in the summer of 1925. Evelyn went to school there but I was fifteen years old then and stayed home to help dad and the neighbors sow their crops and get hay up for the winter.

My mother passed away in May of 1928 and left us with a brother, Kenneth, who was three weeks old.



Mrs. Ruxton, Jack and Betty Kerik, and Mr. James Ruxton, 1959.



Kenneth and Kay Ruxton's wedding day.

Mother was only thirty-seven years old at the time of her death. She was known as 'Ma' to many far and wide, for her help in sickness and the ever boiling tea kettle on her stove. No one went away hungry from our home.

The surveyors, inspectors or any government men were told in Edmonton that when they came to our area they were to call at Ruxton's place. Mother always saw to it that they got a hot meal to eat.

Our father remarried to Mrs. Clyde Murry of Edmonton, seven years after mother had passed away. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Jean Gilmour. Dad passed away in November, 1955. Our step-mother died in 1970.

Kenneth married Kay Watson of Fawcett in the summer of 1950. They have three children, Allan, Colin and Kathy.

Evelyn married Walter Bratt, our neighbor, on March 19, 1930. They have four children, Mathew of Fawcett, Beatrice of Stony Plain, Elnore of Toronto, and Doug of Fawcett.

I married Jack Kerik in December, 1928. We have seven sons, Jim, Steve, Gordon, Duane, Chester, Keith and Denis.

Kathryn (Kaliel) and Terry Samila

I was raised in Fawcett and got my schooling there also. When I graduated in 1962 I attended the U of A in Edmonton and received my B.A. in 1966. I also met my husband, Terry Samila, that same year.

Terry was raised in Porcupine Plain, Sask. and graduated in 1959. He was and still is employed by Sherritt Gordon Mines as a chemical analyst.

We were married in 1967 and made our home in Edmonton. Our daughter, Christine, was born in 1970 and I left my employment as a social worker at that time.

In 1971 we purchased our current home in Fort Saskatchewan. Our son, Jimmy, was born in 1973.



Katherine and Terry Samila.

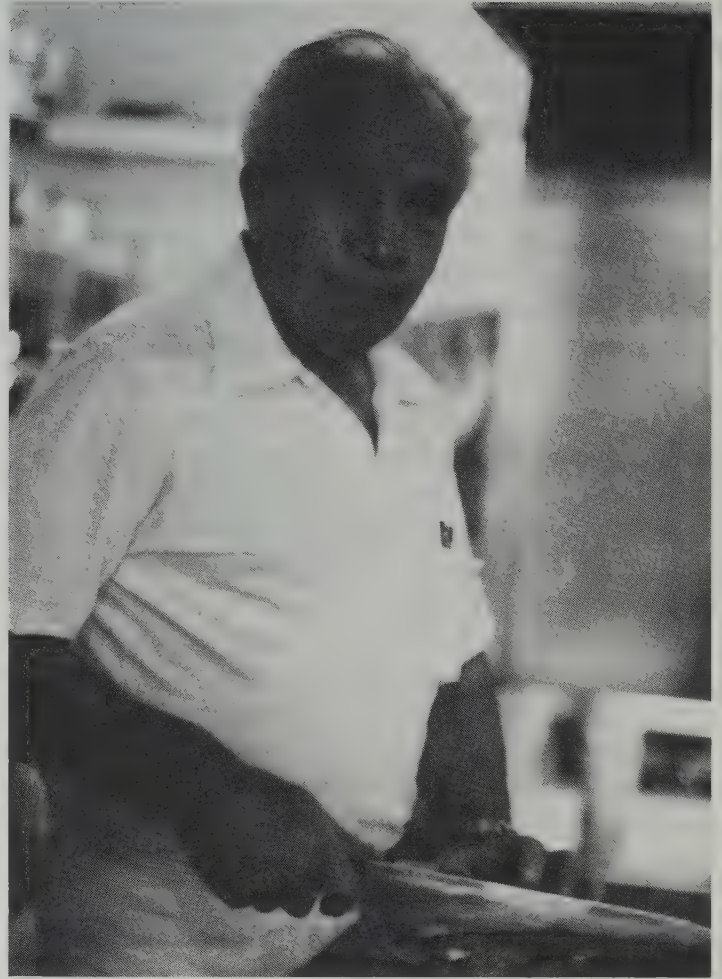
While we live in Fort Saskatchewan, we enjoy coming home to Fawcett.

Scheffler Story written by Art Scheffler

I, Art Scheffler, was born in Germany, near the city of Leipzig, in a small town by the name of Nerchau. When I was of school age I was pushing the Kessler twins around in a baby carriage. (The Kessler twins later became famous as dancers and singers in the U.S.A., from the Ed Sullivan Show to Las Vegas in the fifties and sixties). After leaving school I learned the butchering trade for three years and then went to Italy to join a kitchen crew as a cook's apprentice on a cruise ship, the 'Neptunia'. After six trips, from Genoa to North and South Africa, South America, and New York and return to Genoa, I joined the German Air Force in 1939 just before the war broke out.

After training, I was sent to war with heavy anti-aircraft and anti-tank weapons until the latter part of 1940. At this time I went as a crew member on a bomber to North Africa. In the early part of 1942 I was shot down in Egypt and was taken prisoner-of-war.

After spending three months in hospitals in North and South Africa, I was finally sent, along with 10,000 other P.O.W.S., to Canada on the liner, 'Queen Elizabeth'. My comrades and I spent the summer and late fall of 1942 in a POW camp at Ozada, in the foothills near Kananaskis and then were moved to a permanent camp at Lethbridge, Alta. After staying at Lethbridge till the end of 1943, we were given the opportunity to go out to work and



Art Scheffler.

ended up at Chisholm Mills, north of Fawcett. In this group there were 25 men from the "Luftwaffe" and 20 U-boat men.

We got along well with everybody and sometimes had more rifles than the veteran guards, who were assigned to watch us. In the spring of 1945 we were moved back to Lethbridge. After the war ended, the Canadian authorities started to repatriate the POW's back to Germany via England.

I volunteered to stay on for awhile and cooked for the guards near Iron Springs where 300 boys were farming sugar beets. In the fall of 1945 we were all taken back to Lethbridge and didn't find many boys left there. The Canadian Government gave 50 men the chance to remain in Canada and I was one of the fifty.

By that time it was the beginning of December and we were taken by train to go to school in Ottawa and learn all about the Canadian law in order to eventually become a good citizen. While enroute to Ottawa, the government changed their mind and we ended up in Hull, Quebec where we were met by armed guards and taken by bus to Hull Prison. Each man was locked up in a cell, except me who was assigned cooking duties. I was able to go around the cells and talk to the men.

My birthday was on December 30; I decided that I was going to be a free man on or before that date. I made a ladder out of rope and ends of apple boxes for steps. On the morning of December 29, I burned all the nut-coal that was in the kitchen. I went to the guards to ask for two boys to fill the coal box. The guards had to take them outside the prison to the coal pile. While the guards were going back and forth with the boys, I put a wooden wedge in the door frame to keep it from locking. After the guards had gone, I went out with a small suitcase. One of my pals let the ladder down so I could scale the sloping wall. It was 8 a.m., Sunday morning, snowing and not too cold. I had cook's whites over my civilian clothing. I went to the next spruce tree after escaping and buried the whites along with the ladder, under the snow. I was a free man!

From there, I crossed the Ottawa River and ended up outside a Catholic Church where people were coming out from morning mass. A bus was standing by, destination — Windsor Station, Ottawa. The next train left at 9:45 a.m. for Montreal so I bought a ticket and waited by the gate. When the gate opened I was stopped, I had the wrong ticket — the train was a CNR. After exchanging the ticket and hurrying I was able to board the train and was on my way to Montreal. It didn't take long to find a room in Montreal for \$1.50 a night. After a little rest, I went to a restaurant for supper and heard all about my escape on the radio: "The Provincial Police and R.C.M.P. are looking for an escaped German prison-of-war, who escaped from Hull Prison sometime this afternoon. Five foot- three inches, blond, wavy hair and 150 pounds." The roll call had been taken at 5 p.m. and that is when they discovered they were missing one man — the cook. The meals that day were cooked by a Yugoslavian internee, who was waiting for a visa to South America.

The next day I went to the Unemployment Office and got myself a job under the name of Frank Benton from Chisholm, Alberta. The company was International Pulp and Paper Ltd. The destination was Glova, near Chicoutimi, Quebec. I worked there for two winters and summers for the same outfit. During breakups I travelled a little and in the spring of 1948 I told a man in camp who I really was. It only took two days before the Mounties arrived — 3 a.m., and got me out of bed. One Mountie had his revolver drawn and asked for identification which I gave him and he seemed satisfied that they had the right man. They were offered a nice breakfast; the woodstoves were lit with false papers, one set being a timber inspector's certificate in the name of Edward Whiswell, which was the name I was using at that time.

After telling my boss of my dilemma, I was taken

back on the train to Montreal with one Sergeant, his wife, and two little girls. All the money I had made was taken away from me, \$1800.00, plus my last cheque but I got a receipt for it. When we landed in Montreal I was taken to police headquarters, finger printed and comparisons were made with criminal records. I was soon cleared and was handed over to the Military Police and again we went to Ottawa.

When I arrived I was handed over to the same old Sergeant who had been in charge of me before I escaped the Hull prison. He received me with a Sten gun and called me a few "nice" names then put me in a station-wagon and we headed for Hull. We had a driver. The Sergeant sat in the middle and I was on the outside. He kept giving me hell as soon as we got started. That's when I told him that I would jump out and go once more. He said he would shoot me if I did. I said, "How can you shoot me if I did, with all those people on the streets?" That settled the difference and we finally arrived at our destination.

I got another reception from the guards in the prison. After an exchange of clothing — a jacket with a big badge on the back, a pair of pants with nice red stripes down the right leg and one down the inside of the left leg and a dandy blue cap with a big badge on it, I was taken to a cell. My suit case was locked and taken away and that was it for the day.

The next morning I was marched in front of the officer in charge, Major Thaw. He asked me how I enjoyed my vacation. I told him that I had a pretty good time and in exchange he gave me 28 days in the cooler for breaking POW rules and regulations. But he also told me that the 'Aquitama' was sailing within three days and that I would be on it for England. He wished me 'Good Luck' and sent three veteran guards along to escort me.

We boarded the ship on a Saturday evening and sailed right away. I was put into a small cabin on 'D' deck and locked up. On Sunday morning the Corporal of the guards came down and told me to come with him to do some work on the main deck. I told him it was against my religion to work on a Sunday and for that I got only one meal that day. On Monday I did go to work in the kitchen with a nice bunch of Englishmen and worked every day till we docked at Southampton.

There I was received by four or five British soldiers, all in their early twenties and very nervous. I was put in the back of a Humber truck with some of the guards and taken to a repatriation camp near Bourton-on-the Hill in the Midlands. There I met another fellow who had been recaptured in Canada; his name was Heinz Kroeger, an ex-carpenter on a freighter before the war. Heinz was an "internee" and did not fall under the POW status.

We could go out from 10 a.m. till 8 p.m. and had a radius of five miles outside camp. We were also given the opportunity to defer our repatriation every six months. As neither of us wanted to go back to Germany, we decided to look for work and earn some extra income.

We had to do small jobs in camp; our job was to skim the grease off the holding tanks in the sewer system, for which we got a five shilling voucher per week and fifteen cigarettes. With the voucher we could buy a pound of fruitcake which had more straw and, I think, camel dung, than fruit in it. The cigarettes we used to call "Nazi killers" as they had no brand name and nobody could figure out what they were made of. Most of the time we only splashed water on the tops of the tanks and brushed them off so when the inspectors came to camp they could see that the work had been done properly.

After scouting around for a few days we found a place where we thought we might be able to get some work. We knocked on a heavy, oak door at a large Cotswold stone house; a man appeared and asked us what we wanted. I had told him that we were looking for work and asked him whether he was the owner of the place. His reply was no but he was the interpreter-officer of our camp. He asked the lady of the house to come out and we told her what we could do. I did most of the talking and we had a job right away — Heinz was a general repairman and I was to work in the kitchen. The place was called the "Chase" it was a private hotel. We were paid one shilling per hour (at that time that was equal to 25 cents).

By the end of 1948 we could look for a job providing we didn't take one away from an Englishman. I went to look for work and found a large butcher shop in a nice town by the name of Broadway. I asked the owner if he could use a butcher and he told me he needed more than one. We went to camp in his car to see the officer in charge and I was released. I found a place to stay in Broadway. After six months I bought a motorcycle and moved back to the private hotel where I got free room and board for working after I came from the butcher shop.

While working at the butcher shop I had to go twice a week to our branch shops at Leamington, Worchestershire. It was here that I got to know the Turpin brothers. I used their gym and kept in good shape. I started boxing again which I hadn't done since I was in Germany. I applied for a professional license but because I was an alien I wasn't able to receive one. I boxed for a well known amateur club out of Chelsterham, Glos. and had very good success. The only man who beat me was the British welter-weight champion, "Darky Hughes", from Cardiff, Wales.



Irene Scheffler.

At about this time I met my wife, Irene. A few doors down from the butcher shop was a large carpet and furniture factory that had lots of female help. During lunch hour I would walk down to the factory and talk to some of the girls and in this way I got to know Irene. In 1950 I had a motor cycle accident and had to give up my job in the butcher shop. I went back to cooking and got a job at a Prep school. Most of the students were from the Middle East — Iran, Iraq and one of them was a grandson of the Emperor of Abasinia. I worked there for a year and then married Irene in March, 1951. Irene and I worked together at the school until March, 1952.

By that time our papers were ready to go to Canada and we left on March 26, 1952 on the liner "Empress of France". I had a good sponsor in Canada so we had a place to go and stay in Hull, Quebec. We worked for the people and Lester Pearson and his wife used to visit there once in awhile. I mentioned the money which had been taken from me when I was recaptured. It took about one week and I got every

William and Emily Schmidt

written by Emily Schmidt

My parents, Henry and Ida Grubert, emigrated from Germany to Canada in 1896 and homesteaded five and one half miles southwest of Leduc, Alberta.

I am one of nine children, eight still living, ranging in age from eighty-two to sixty-five. My oldest sister passed away in 1969.

We lived in the Jordon Hill country until we moved into the town of Leduc. My sister and I started school there. She dropped out and I continued until I reached grade nine. Then due to my mother having a serious accident, I was forced to leave school, as I was needed at home. My ambition was to train as a nurse.

I met Bill Schmidt while visiting a friend in Edmonton in 1921. We were married March 5th, 1925 and resided in Edmonton at 9818-88 Avenue. At this time Bill was working as a track layer at the Penn Mine. The spring of 1926 he was employed at Foremost in southern Alberta on a gas well drilling rig. He operated the stationary steam boilers. He helped with the threshing that fall, operating the steam engine for the owner.

The fall of 1927 and spring of 1928 Bill bought grain at Tawatinaw and loaded it in railroad cars with a small Lister engine. He also bought grain at Meanook and Rochester. The following fall he bought grain at Abee, Saskatchewan. Bill also worked in the Viking gas field, operating boilers. We moved to the Turner Valley oilfield for a year and a half and then back to Leduc again. Bill bought a truck and started



Scheffler family; Roger, Irene, Art and Richard.

cent back plus interest. I got a job through our sponsor at the Legionary Club at Montebello, Quebec and worked there the whole summer of 1952. We then moved to Chisholm, Alberta as there was no work for us during the winter in Montebello.

We both worked every day serving a crew of about a hundred men in the winter and around fifty men in the summer. Our first son was born on July 27, 1953 whom we called Roger. Our second son, Richard, was born on July 7, 1959.

In 1960 the kitchen at Chisholm closed down so we moved to Fawcett and operated the restaurant at Jim's Esso Service. We worked at this until the middle of 1965.

I went to work cooking for a seismograph crew and Irene kept on working for Elsie Carter at the restaurant. In 1968 we bought a farm, three and half miles northwest of Fawcett and also some cattle. The first three years we farmed the cattle out to some of the neighbors and in 1971 we built a house on the farm and have lived there ever since.

Roger got married in 1974 to Dianne Campbell from Hazel Bluff district and they have a little girl. Roger works on oil rigs most of the time and Dianne works at the Bank of Nova Scotia at Westlock. Richard went to work on the rigs when he was fifteen and is still working with drilling companies.



Bill Schmidt with grandchildren and Wilfred's mother-in-law.

hauling Turner Valley gas, selling it through the pumps. He also had a Texaco pump installed.

Shortly after we decided to go homesteading, we drove to Fawcett one Sunday and inquired about land across the Athabasca River. We were told to see Mr. Major. We met the Majors and Herb Bell, their son-in-law. After my husband had seen the country, he liked it so we both filed on a quarter section of land. Bill and an old friend, Herman Ebert, went by wagon to build a cabin overlooking TeePee Lake. They crossed the river, via the Vega ferry. The ferry was operated by Mr. Fowler who lived on the west side of the Athabasca River. When they passed through Timeu they stopped at Mr. Thom's place, a widower, with two sons and three daughters at home. One daughter was married to Red Hughes. Her name was Eva. The men stayed overnight with the Thoms and continued on the next day.

Our cabin was built on the east end of TeePee Lake, one and one quarter mile west of the Athabasca River on the north side of the township line between 64 and 65. Bill built a boat at Leduc, which we loaded on the gas truck and hauled to the Vega ferry and launched it in the river. My father wanted to see the country so the three of us floated down river for twelve miles to Hans Burgland's cabin which was on the west side of the river close to the township line. While we were here the first time, we dug a ditch through a sand ridge and shored it with jack pine poles before letting water flow through to lower TeePee Lake and surrounding muskegs. Once it started to flow the water had a good drop from there to the river. After we completed the work we crossed the Athabasca to the east side, tied the boat, hid the oars, and walked out across country to the Pembina River where we enjoyed a cup of tea with the ferryman Joe Dawkins. Our hired man was at the ferry and our truck was waiting for us on top of the hill, close to Herman Sund's place. The next morning at Leduc, we were 3 very tired stiff people.

That first fall, Herman Ebert became very ill. Bill got a message to me at Leduc and I went to see a doctor and asked him what could be done. Dr. Treadgold said he would have to be brought out. George Thompson, the game warden, took the district nurse, Mrs. Hyde, to the Athabasca River by team and buggy but there was no boat on the east bank. There was a small stable near by which was used by hunters and loggers. George Thompson took the door off the barn, put it in the river and started to cross to the west side. Bill was walking down the other side of the river when he heard someone hollering; he had a feeling it was time help came. He saw Mr. Thompson in the middle of the river on the barn door. Nurse Hyde was hollering, "I see bear tracks."

George made it across, a good bit down stream. Bill went across with the boat and brought nurse Hyde over. After examining Herman, the nurse said he had to be taken to a hospital. They made a bed of hay and blankets, loaded Herman into the wagon and went back around to the Vega ferry and managed to get him to the University Hospital. Sometime later Herman Ebert settled in Fawcett and was janitor of the Fawcett Hall for a few years. He spent the last years of his life at Gunn, Alberta in the Old People's Home there.

Bill returned from the homestead to Leduc to move the furniture. On March 17, 1935 there was a terrible blizzard that night, piling up huge drifts of snow. After resting a day he loaded the household furniture on a hay rack and started back to the homestead arriving about April 1st. He upset the hay rack close to a farmer's gate north of St. Albert. The farmer fed the horses and put Bill up for the night. The next day they took the rack off, made wide bunks and bolted the rack down and put wide boards under the outside edges of the wheels to act as skis. Some of the furniture was damaged but he didn't upset again on his way to the homestead.

I and our two sons arrived at Fawcett by train the evening of April 4, 1935. Our two daughters stayed at Leduc, one with my parents and one with Bill's parents, to attend school to the end of the term. On April 5th we started out across the lakes and muskeg and arrived at our one room cabin as the sun was slipping down in the west. We started a fire in the stove and had a bit of supper. We were comfortable. The horses were stabled and fed on hay that Bill had put up the summer of 1934. The new, two room cabin was almost complete when I arrived. We had a beautiful birch grove just west of the new cabin. We cleared all the windfall and underbrush out and made a lovely yard in front. There was beautiful scenery overlooking the lake to the west. The sunsets were especially lovely. It was nice to listen to the wild cranes, geese, ducks, and mud hens on the lake, and to see the occasional deer looking straight at you. We also saw moose, bear, weasel, squirrel and even wolves at times. We would hear the owls hooting and see the fire flies, flying about, flashing their little lights.

We put up lots of wild hay. Bill brought five head of cattle in to feed the winter after I moved there. We had a good fenced garden spot which produced a lot of vegetables to store for the winter in a cellar under the house floor. We ate a lot of fish. There was an abundance of wild fruit for which we and the bears competed.

In the fall Bill went with the team and rack to work on a stook threshing crew. One fall he didn't get

back in time to cross the ferry as ice was forming on the river. Some hunters were caught on the west side, so they and Bill switched wagons until the following fall. Before Bill could get to the Thom place, it started to snow and the steel rims on the wagon wheels gathered chunks of snow and dirt, which caused the wheels to skid. Bill would have to stop and clean it off before he could continue. People crossed the river with the horses at a ford. A man they knew rode one horse each way, and a second man followed with a rider. That cold water was hard on the horses and the men's nerves. We hauled our summer supplies in from Fawcett before the spring break up. As for the mail, Bill walked to Fawcett for it once in a while; the round trip was 32 miles. When he ran out of tobacco, he would take his pack board and leave for Fawcett. He also cut and cured leaf tobacco himself.

Mr. Bard, district engineer for the Department of Public Works, had given us a ferry. The ferry was stranded upstream around Fort Assiniboine. Mr. Bard said we would never get it operating, but Bill thought he could with the help of settlers and trappers west of the river. They came late in the spring to help dig the bank down and pull the ferry up from the sand bar where it was grounded. We used a stump puller to pull the ferry part way up the bank. When the river broke up and ice started moving, there it jammed downstream which caused the water to rise five feet over the bank. As a result the ferry swung out in to the river and moved downstream about one hundred feet. The men rushed up to the cabin and got the boat. The ferry was jammed up against some trees hugging the bank. With the boat and cable they managed to tie the ferry to the trees. The next day when the ice started moving, the water dropped below the edge of the bank in seconds. Chisholm Lumber Co. had dynamited the ice jam. The ferry was held by cable to the trees but was hanging over sideways. In the summertime our people from over west came back to dig down another bank. Anchors and towers were built on both sides of the river. Bill had been given a heavy well drilling cable that was condemned for use at the Turner valley oil field. They managed to get it across the river by boat and anchored at each end. The people from west went home and never came back to help again. Mr. Bard knew what he was talking about.

On April the 26th, 1936, I walked out to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Major at Fawcett to await the birth of my last baby. The birth was attended by the district nurse, Miss Evelyn Waddell, and took place on May 11. Two weeks later Mr. Major took me and the baby with team and wagon towards the Athabasca River. Bill met us several miles east of the river. Half

a mile from the river the team played out. He unhitched them and tied them to a tree and fed them the hay and oats that Mr. Major had brought along. Bill took us across the river and then went back to see Mr. Major through a bad stretch of road before coming home himself. I walked home three miles through water and muskeg. We corduroyed the muskeg later and shortened the distance to one and one quarter miles. God was with me when I walked through that cold water and I never even caught a cold.

On the eleventh of June when the baby was one month old, Bill decided to go hunting for a bit of meat. Shortly after he left the cabin I heard him shoot. He thought he saw a moose lying in the wind-fall. It was a bear nursing her cubs. The bullet had broken her back and the cubs ran up an eighty foot tree with limbs just at the top. Bill cut the bear's throat and brought the hams home. We trimmed the fat off the bear's coat, dried the hide and used it for a rug in the cabin. That evening Bill took one hundred and twenty-five feet of half inch rope with him and shinned up the tree to try and get the rope over the cubs' heads. I felt sorry for them thinking they would starve. He managed to get the rope over the cub's head, but it went into the cub's mouth. Bill climbed down the tree thinking he could pull the cub down, but, no way, it hung on up there!

Bill had taken Wilfred with him as it was a warm lovely evening. The wind was blowing toward the cabin and the mosquitoes were terrible. I could hear crying and I thought it was Wilfred as it was only a half mile straight across from the cabin. It was the cub crying when Bill pulled on the rope. The crying scared Bill as he thought other bears might hear it and come to investigate. He tied the rope around the bottom of the tree and planned on going back in the morning. When he returned he found the cub playing with the slack in the rope, so he gave the rope a yank and down came the cub. Bill got him into a burlap sack and carried him home. Bill fitted a collar around his neck, fastened a chain to it and tied him to a stump not far from the house. We all enjoyed that little cub. (We never did go back for the other one.) He was always digging and eating the tender roots. He had no notion of starving. He loved milk and sugar and berries and would eat out of our hands, but was always ready to give us a slap. He liked to play and bath in a washtub of water. In late September Bill's sister and her husband came to visit. They wanted the bear so they crated him and took him to Hay Lakes with them.

I became very ill in November when baby Doreen was almost six months old. Mr. Herb Bell and Mr. Major brought nurse Plante out to see me. They pulled me on a hand sleigh across the Athabasca

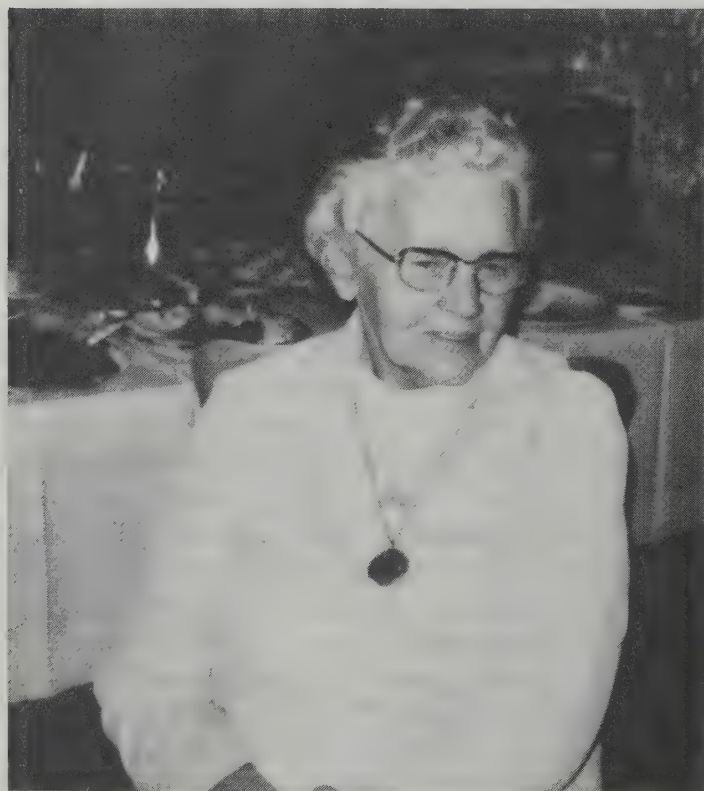
where it was frozen upstream, and on to Fawcett and then in to the University Hospital in Edmonton. After the hospital I went to Hay Lakes before going home. I saw the bear and it was quite sleepy. They had made a dug out and covered it for him. My sister-in-law coaxed it out with an apple. He stood up on his hind legs and ate the apple pieces and then went back to his dugout. The next spring the people were afraid he might hurt somebody so they shot him. Al Oeming had not started the game farm yet so there was no alternative but to destroy him. Harold Major took me home when I returned to Fawcett from the hospital.

On March 17, 1938 we moved to Fawcett onto Harold Major's farm. I was certainly happy to get Joy and Wilfred in school. Our oldest daughter, Evelyn, came home in August. She had been attending school in Surrey, B.C. and had stayed with my youngest sister and her husband. Allan was not of school age at that time. For several summers we went back to the homestead to put up hay, then hauled it home in the wintertime.

We purchased the half section near Fawcett known as the Floistadt Brothers' farm. We cleared and broke a lot of land on this half. We sold the acreage to the school division where the schools are now situated.

We sold our land to Mr. and Mrs. William Clark of Stony Plain, the spring of 1962.

In 1935 when the school term was over, Bill walked out to Fawcett and then went by train to Leduc. He hired someone to take him and the girls



Emily Schmidt in her home.

plus groceries to the Vega ferry. Mr. Fowler helped Bill build a raft. He loaded the supplies and the girls on board and pushed off. The river was fairly high so it didn't take long to float twelve miles downstream.

It was tough going, out there in no man's land. We had a lot of fun with the boat on the lake. Social Credit was voted in, in 1936, and that was the end of the homesteads. Now there was no chance to get a school, so that is why we left the homestead and bought land in Fawcett.

Bill passed away in January of 1973 and is buried in the soldiers plot in Westlock cemetery. Evelyn Schmidt married Bruce Ashman and lives in London, Ontario. They have three children. Evelyn is a widow now. Wilfred married Jean Hannah and they live at Ardrossan with their two children. Joy married Stan Dykstra; they have five children and live in North Edmonton. Allan and Judy live at Nanaimo, B.C. and have one child. Doreen married Harvey Skov. They have three children and live in South Edmonton. I, Emily Schmidt, live in Westlock and am quiet comfortable in my home. I drive my own car and am quite independent. I enjoy life completely.

Schneff Family

written by E. Boyd

Lawrence and Bea Schneff with their two children, Marie and Lorrie, moved from Alex, Alberta to the Thorntonville District in 1934 and bought land there. They settled into the community and in due course added another half section to their land holdings.

Marie and Lorrie attended the Thorntonville School. When Robert Whitelock returned from overseas, Marie and Robert were married. The young couple moved to Edmonton, made their home for a few years, and then moved to Vancouver, B.C. After Lorrie finished school he helped on the farm for a few years and then took employment in Edmonton.

Bea Schneff was a bright and cheerful person; she enjoyed life and living it to the fullest. Lawrence was more reserved. Both were good neighbors and an asset to the community.

Fawcett was their post office and they came once a week for their mail and groceries. They had lived here for thirty years when Bea took sick. After a short illness she passed away in October, 1964. Mr. and Mrs. Pete McCulliem were her parents.

Lawrence put in the crop in the spring of 1965 and was quite well. At harvest time Lorrie phoned from Edmonton to talk to his father but couldn't get an answer so he drove out. His father wasn't at the buildings so he drove to the other farm and found him dead beside the combine. Both the tractor and com-



Mr. and Mrs. Pete McCallum's 25th wedding anniversary. Standing: Mrs. Jimmy Forbes, Mrs. Tom Turner, Mrs. Pete McCallum, Pete McCallum, Marie Schnepf, Mrs. Neil Thornton, Mrs. Lorne Schnepf. Seated: Mrs. James Turner, Albert Bratt, Mrs. Albert Bratt and Sarah Ragan.

bine had run out of gas. Lawrence had possibly been dead for twenty-four hours.

Lawrence and Bea are buried in the Cross Lake Cemetery. The children sold the land to Mr. and Mrs. H. Bouquist.

Ludwig Schreiner Family written by Sherry Schreiner

The Ludwig Schreiner family moved to Fawcett district in May, 1962 from Vimy, Alberta. Louie was the youngest in a family of five boys and one girl and had been raised at Highbridge. While living there, he, along with his older brothers, gained fair reputation when dealing with members of the opposite sex. However, one fateful night he caught a glimpse of young Isabelle Donald, eight years his junior, at a dance and within two years they were planning their wedding.

Isabelle was the youngest member of the Donald family of Dunstable with one sister and two brothers. She surprised everyone in the district by being the first one of the family to marry but her mother wasn't worried as she felt that Louie was 'a nice young man'.

On October 20, 1956 Isabelle, at the age of 18 and Louie, at the age of 26, were married in Westlock and they never looked back. They moved to Edmonton where Louie worked as a taxi driver. Soon they found



Isabel and Louie Schriener.

that they were expecting a visit from the stork and Isabelle decided that she missed the country life. They moved to Vimy where Louie's brothers and father had an established farm.

On July 16, 1957 a girl child was born. They called her Deborah. Then three years later Sherry arrived on the scene on June 16, 1960. As the family grew, space in the house lessened and Louie began looking for a farm of his own.

Louie eventually decided on Fawcett as he knew some of the people in the district from working with them 'out in the bush' at Kinuso. They purchased a half section from Alex Kaliel and the move was made in May, 1962.

Life was prosperous and on January 3, 1964 their only son, Donald, was born. In 1967 Louie expanded his farm by purchasing a quarter from Leroy Logan and the adjoining quarter from Bernard Henry. The farming operation then was mixed and included a dairy, hogs, chickens, beef and grain. Now, only the latter two are still produced.

Life, however, is not always enjoyable and on July 28, 1979 Isabelle passed away as a result of a tragic farm accident. She will be ever missed and remembered as a loving wife, a fantastic mother, and a happy helpful neighbor.

Memories of Fawcett in the early days are warm and fond as it was and still is a closely knit community. Neighbors were always friendly and helpful. There were probably many times when Isabelle felt grateful for George Kaliel who was always kidnapping her brood to take them to 'the store' or to 'the farm'. Deb, Sherry and Donnie spent their first years at Fawcett as playmates of Kaliel children.

Within a year of the move, Debbie started school and the small girl received a lot of attention from her elders, such as the big Smith boys who helped her cross the highway from the school bus. Anyway, who wouldn't get attention when they were followed by a pack of turkeys to the bus!

Right from the beginning of her schooling, Debbie set out to obtain something from life. She took several years of piano lessons as did Sherry and Donald, but Debbie was the only one to carry on and in High School she was a prominent member of the band, playing bass clarinet.

Deb was an intelligent student and in Grade Nine she was awarded the Governor-General Award. She had honor standing throughout High School and on graduation day, Deb was class valedictorian. After this, Deb entered the University of Alberta in science to eventually enter medicine. She had received an Alberta Hotel Association scholarship, one of the top awards in Alberta. However, after two years of university Deb decided that she would rather become a

Chiropractor and entered the Canadian Chiropractor College in Toronto, Ont. She will be graduating in May, 1981 and is looking forward to returning to Alberta permanently.

Sherry spent her early years wandering the roads, pulling wagons, digging in ditches, searching for black stones and riding bicycles with little Kenny Kaliel. There was a time years ago, when piles of sticks and stones were found along the road between Kenny's and Sherry's homes and nobody quite knew what they were for. Later, it was discovered that they had been gathered by the two so that Kenny could get on his bike. However, as soon as they started school their friendship dissolved somewhat as Kenny found boys to play with and Sherry met some girls.

After a rather slow start in school, Sherry graduated from both Junior High and High School with honors and was always active throughout school in sports. She also loved travelling and in Grade Twelve she went to Europe with a school group.

After graduation, her wish for an outdoor life influenced her to attend Lakeland College at Vermillion, taking Parks and Recreation Technology. Sherry graduated with distinction in June, 1980 and is currently pursuing a career with Alberta Parks. This past summer she has been working at the Lesser Slave Lake Provincial Park.

Donald spent his first years playing with a little Kaliel named Edith. A favorite pastime was "farming" where Donald was the 'daddy' and Edith was the 'mommie'. Their farm, like their parents', did not always run smoothly and once Don got very upset at Edith who would not go out and plow, as his mother always did what his father asked her to do. Again, when they started school, they grew apart. Donald at present stands above his entire family at a height of six feet.

Donald was an average student and participated on many athletic teams. At the time of this writing he is in his last year of schooling and has been thinking of enrolling at N.A.I.T. to apprentice as a heavy duty mechanic. He has been mechanically inclined throughout his younger life. Donald, being an only son and the youngest child, also enjoys a somewhat wild life but this typically seems to be the habit of maturing boys in Fawcett.

Fawcett throughout the years has had a variety of activities and organizations that the whole family took part in. Isabelle started in ceramics in the early '70s and became quite proficient. Louie was once a director of the sports club and Donald played baseball for Fawcett teams since his early years of school. Louie helped coach and manage one of the baseball teams for a few years. The whole family enjoyed playing badminton in evenings at the school gym.



Donald, Sherry and Debbie Schriener.

The Fawcett 4-H Beef Club played an important part in all of the Schreiner's lives. Deb, Sherry, and Donald all joined at age 10 and enjoyed rather prominent careers in the club. In their later years they seemed almost unbeatable and took home a great percentage of the trophies. Both Deb and Sherry attended Selections during their final years in the club; Deb won a trip to Newfoundland and Sherry went to Toronto. The crowning glory came on Achievement Day, June, 1980 when Donald's calf was judged Grand Champion of the Westlock district, out of some 140 calves.

In conclusion, Fawcett holds many memories for the Schreiner family, some painful and many joyful, but it will always be remembered as the place they grew up to be adults of the community.

Edward Schultz Family

written by Clara Schultz

Edward Schultz was born on Sept. 17, 1910 in Strathcona (Edmonton) and in the spring of 1911 he moved with his parents to a homestead, south of New Sarepta. Ed attended school in the New Sarepta rural to grade four. He helped his parents with farm work for many years and worked out a fair amount.

He married Lydia Tober on Jan. 19, 1934 in Hay Lakes, Alta. Lydia was born on July 21, 1911. Lydia took some education in the New Sarepta rural but didn't have much opportunity to get much education before she had to join the work force to make a living.

Ed filed on a homestead NE23-65-1-W5, north of Fawcett and moved onto the homestead but the family lived with Charlie Tober until they had a shack built. They had two sons born to them: Clifford in 1935, and Stanley in 1936.



Ed Schultz's family; Clara, Ed, Clifford, Elwood, Jean, Stanley, Roy, and Ervin, 1953.

Lydia passed away on Sept. 19, 1936 leaving Ed with two small children to look after.

Ed remarried on October 30, 1937 to Clara Tober. Clara was born on July 19, 1921 at New Sarepta. She was a sister to Lydia. Clara moved with her parents to Fawcett in April, 1930. She walked three miles to Clyde Lake School on very muddy and poor trails called roads. She, however, did not get a chance to get more than a grade three education in those days.

Ed and Clara farmed the homestead through one bad year and had born to them a son, Elwood, on August 10, 1938.

They left the homestead in 1939 and moved to New Sarepta to work there. They were blessed with a baby girl, Jean, on May 19, 1940.

In 1941 they returned to the homestead at Fawcett and farming was very hard for many years thereafter. Most of their horses died of 'Swamp fever' and left them with two horses to do the farming.

Four more children were born to them on the homestead: Ervin on April 5, 1944, Roy on Sept. 15, 1946, Judy on April 19, 1952, and Gordie on March 14, 1959.

As years went by and the family was growing up. Farming began to pick up and they were able to buy their first tractor and some equipment in 1951. They bought the tractor through Norm Cochrane, who was a dealer for Frank Merriweather of Westlock. They built a larger house in 1953 which made life much more comfortable.

Clifford walked to Blue Hill School, two and one-half miles away. As a teenager, Clifford went to



George Hunt, Frank Merryweather, Norm Cochrane and Ed Schultz, 1953.

work with Stanley Kasawski in the lumber industry and was later employed with oil rigs for a few years. He later established his own back-hoe business in Leduc and lives there at the present time. Clifford married Myrna Verschoor in 1959 and they have five children, Dorothy (1957), Charlyn (1961), Lori (1962), Shane (1964) and Dawn (1971).

Stanley also took his education in Blue Hill School and was later employed locally in lumbering and with contractors. He was also a general farm hand for a few years. He went to Grand Prairie to work for Imperial Co. for many years. Stanley married Fay Hunt and they have four children, Brent (1960), Calvin (1961), Kathy (1965) and Ricky (1967). They bought a resort at Lac La Nonne and moved there to operate their new venture. This is where they are presently residing.

Elwood took his education at Blue Hill School and later was employed in local lumber industry as an all around handi-man. He later went to be employed with Imperial Lumber for a few years. Elwood married Marie Wold in 1963 and they have two daughters, Darlene (1964) and Caroline (1966). The girls were born in Spirit River, Alta. Elwood took up farming in the Blueberry Mountain area where they are presently residing.

Jean took employment at the Wildlife Cafe (Armstrong) for a few years and then married Ernest Massner in 1957. They moved to Drayton Valley where Ernie was employed with an oil company. Later they took up farming in the Sunnybrook area for a few years. They gave up farming in favor of the oil business and moved to Edmonton. They have three children, Debbie (1958), Shirley (1960), and Perry (1961). Ernie is employed with an oil company and they live in Edmonton.

Ervin as a teenager was employed in logging operations for a few winters and operated a Cat and dozer for oil companies. He also helped with the family farm and later on took over the whole operation. Ervin married Frances Anderson in 1973 and in 1980 were blessed with a little girl. They are presently farming the original homestead.

Roy was employed in logging operations when he was killed by a falling tree during the winter of 1966.

Judy, after graduating from school, was employed with an Insurance firm at Barrhead. She married Henry Schurman in 1970 and they have two children, Valerie (1971) and Darrell (1973). They are involved in the lumbering business and also in the farming operations in the Rocky Mountain House area at this time.

Gordie has finished school and is presently employed with logging and oil companies doing construction work. He is going into farming at present time and lives next to the old homestead.

Ed passed away in 1971. Clara worked for lumber camps as a cook for the next four years. Clara remarried to John Schultz, Ed's brother, in 1976. They lived on the farm for a while then lived in the Lodge at Leduc for a year. This was not to their liking so returned to the farm where they are now residing.

Bob Simpson Family written by E. Boyd

Bob Simpson came to Edmonton from Scotland in 1911. He worked at the Edmonton power plant as a carpenter until 1915, when he joined the 151st Battalion in the Army during World War I. He returned from the war to Edmonton in 1919.

Mrs. Simpson came from Scotland and was united in marriage to Bob by Dr. McQueen on June 14, 1914. The Simpsons lived in Edmonton until 1921 when they moved to their homestead in Fawcett at Sylvan Glen. The homestead was NE 32-64-26 W4.

Sylvan Glen was the name of the postal area but the district itself became known as the Thorntonville area.

They had two daughters, Margaret, who was born in Edmonton, and Agnes, born on the farm with great-grandmother Turner in attendance.

Bob built the Thorntonville School and the Ferry School while he lived here. Margaret and Agnes attended the Thorntonville School.

Mrs. Simpson passed away in 1938. Bob passed away in December, 1949. They are both buried in the Jarvie Cemetery.

Margaret joined the Navy Corps in 1942 and was discharged in 1945. While Margaret was stationed at Halifax, she met a young fellow by the name of Cliff Powers. Cliff came west to Edmonton in 1946 and



Mr. and Mrs. Bob Simpson and Margaret.

married Margaret. They lived on the Simpson place until 1953 when they moved to Chisholm. Cliff worked at Chisholm for a year and then they, along with Margaret's sister, Agnes, moved to Edmonton. They still reside there.

The Bob Simpson farm is owned by the daughters and has never been out of the family.

I can remember Bob Simpson and his neighbor, Jimmy Forbes, playing their violins at a Christmas concert in the old Fawcett Hall. The hall was then situated across the road from where Henry Iampen and his family now live. This was about 1928, possibly earlier. They would have come by team and sleigh at least twelve miles to be at our concert. Hardy pioneers, they were!

Sinclair Family

written by Norman Sinclair

Mother (Mary Sinclair) was attracted to the Fawcett district through correspondence with the J. B. Key family who settled in the French Creek area. They had been our neighbors at Red Deer where Mr. Key was employed with the C.P.R. in the late '20's. We visited them in 1934 and in 1935 it was decided we would file on a homestead north of Keys, on the east shore of Long Lake — a distance of 18 miles northeast of Fawcett or 12 miles east of Flatbush on the township line. Fawcett was our supply depot as there was no roads completed east of Flatbush beyond the Blue Hill district.

We began homesteading in the spring of 1936. Barney Eymundson, our neighbor, was instrumental in the construction of our log house which Mother was so very proud of. I hauled the necessary lumber and supplies from the Farmer's Supply at Fawcett with a team and wagon. This was practically the only means of transportation at that time as the roads were not the best and very few people owned a car.



Mrs. Sinclair and son, Norman, 1937.

There was a good deal of hard work involved those days with an axe and grub hoe to clear land, and the ever present clouds of mosquitoes and sand flies added to the discomfort. Despite all the adversities these were far outweighed by the neighborly spirit that prevailed throughout the area and we made many friends in the Fawcett, Jarvie and Flatbush districts.

The numerous dances that were held in various halls or school house were always a joy to attend and also provided a means of catching up on the district news.

I can recall the community spirit and generosity of the farmers and the determination of the young folks in the construction of the Fawcett Community Hall in the spring and summer of 1938. There was real community spirit; the material was donated and the labor was volunteered. That hall has served the community well since that time.



Cruising down the Pembina; Cecil Carter, Mrs. Sinclair, and Marie Fauque.



First airplane to land at Fawcett, July 1, 1946. Jack Sinclair, pilot.

In 1940 I married Mary Patrick, who was teaching grades one to eight at the Fawcett school. We left Fawcett in 1941 when I acquired a job with C.P.R. at South Edmonton.

Mother remained in the district until 1964 and then resided in various lodges at Edmonton and Sylvan Lake. Mother passed away in April, 1974 at the Red Deer Nursing Home, a few days after her 85th birthday.

Mary and I moved to Red Deer in 1969 after an absence of many years. I retired on Jan. 31, 1980 in my 39th year with C.P.R., the last 30 years as Loco. Engineer which I thoroughly enjoyed in spite of irregular hours associated with the transportation system.



Norman Sinclair, 1940.

Thomas Daniel Smith Family written by Dan Smith

I (Thomas Daniel) was born on May 11, 1922 in Edmonton, the son of Frank Reynold and Neva Elodie Smith. We lived in the Thorntonville area all the time I was growing up. I went to school at Thorntonville from grades one to nine, we lived a half of a mile from the school. I used to run home and have dinner and be back at the school before the rest of the kids were done their lunch, so as not to miss out on any noon hour baseball.

For baseball gloves we would use a piece of old sweat pad off an old horse harness and sew it into a leather glove.

I was one of the first kids to have a two-wheel C.C.M. bicycle in the area. My father traded a calf and fifty bundles to Frank Stainthorpe for it. I used to go down to visit Bob Burton and Elmer Hamer and all they wanted to do was take turns riding my bike.

In the winter we used to ski on the road, in front of our house or go skating on the sloughs and play 'shinny'. The sticks we used were chopped out of curved willows and the puck was either a heel of an old shoe or a horse bun.

We used to have a team of dogs consisting of Buck, a Chesapeake mongrel and Jyp, a Collie-Terrier mix. Buck was the team and Jyp went along for the ride. Only time Jyp would pull was if Buck was behind him and would nip him in the rear to keep him going. Sometimes we would take the cream 8½ miles to Fawcett with the dogs.

I started working on the farm at home after finishing grade nine at the age of fourteen. I worked in the fall on Jap Thornton's threshing crew, for seven straight years. Spent many a night sleeping in the straw stack or on top of the grain in a grainary. Jap used a 15-30 McCormick Deering tractor and a Sawyer-Massey separator. Most of the time I was the engineer on the crew; looked after the maintenance of the tractor and separator. I can remember one time a thrush washer in the pulley assembly broke. It took too long to get repairs from Edmonton so we went over to Tom Turner's and he pounded one out of a rake tooth and tempered it in oil. A few years later when Jap took the tractor apart there wasn't a mark of wear on that washer.

I used to go to dances by horse and democrat, went to Thorntonville, Cross Lake, Black Bear, Lakeview, Fawcett, and Jarvie. Danced many a square dance to the calling of Lenard Fox. I can remember Jake Jacobson being a one-man band with an accordin — played all night for \$5.00.

In 1942 I bought a W30 McCormick tractor for \$1290.00 and an Internatinal 20" breaking plow for

\$75.00 from Alex Kaliel in Fawcett. I went custom breaking for \$5.00 per acre. I think I broke on almost every quarter in the Thorntonville area and never found one without any rocks!

In March, 1943 I joined the RCAF in Edmonton and took a refresher course in Medicine Hat. The initial training was done at Saskatoon, Sask. and then went to an Elementary Flying School at Virden, Manitoba. From there I was sent to Port Hardy and Coal Harbour on Vancouver Island and did 'Joe' work while waiting to go to a service school at Brandon, Ont. March 1, 1945 I received a commission and my pilot wings. Then I was put on Reserve as the war was winding down and later I received official discharge. I remember dancing on 101 Street and Jasper Avenue in Edmonton on V.E. Day.

In 1946 I acquired a half section in the Fifth Meridian area through the Veteran's Agriculture Lease and am still living on it today. In August of '46 I met Della May Gilmar when I went breaking some land for her father. We were married on June 28, 1947 in the Jarvie United Church. Our best man was George Gilmar and the bride's maid was Ethel Gilmar. We went to Banff and Jasper in a borrowed car and with borrowed money. The car was a 1931 Chev.

The road to Jasper from Banff was just a narrow path with a steep grade. I can remember chugging along by many a newer car that was parked along the road in a cloud of steam as they tried to cool their boiling radiator. When we got home we didn't have a nickel to our name. That first summer we lived on spuds, lettuce and prairie chicken!

I later acquired two more quarters; one was the old Nassey quarter and the other was the Anchor Olson quarter. We ran about 30 head of cows and cropped about 500 acres as well as having hogs.

We started into hog farming in 1948 and into registered Yorkshire hogs in 1952. We used to sell 200 lb. market pigs for about \$28.00 per pig. In 1958 the draw for a new breed of hogs came about. I was one of the twenty hog growers in Canada to receive three sows and a boar of this new breed. Over the years this was built into a 30 to 35 sow herd. I was a director on the Canadian Lacombe Association from the year of inception in 1959 until 1972 when I sold the herd. During this time I won Champion and Reserve spots at most shows and sales in Alberta. We sold stock to foreign countries such as England, Russia and United States as well as across Canada.

Born to our marriage were five children; three boys and two girls. Gordon Leslie was born on June 26, 1948. He married Cindy Ahearn on June 25, 1977. Cindy was born in Anchorage, Alaska. They

have a daughter, Erin Elizabeth, and are presently farming in the Jarvie area.

Lloyd Wayne was born on May 29, 1950. He married Robyn Willocks of Melbourne, Australia on December 23, 1973. They have one daughter, Kristen Elizabeth, and are presently living in Ocean Grove, Victoria, Australia.

Linda Elaine was born on May 6, 1952. She married Brian Rakoz of Camrose on October 9, 1971. They have a son, Bart Jonathan, and are presently living in Westlock.

Ross Edward was born on November 20, 1953. He married Susan Ann White from Cincinnati, New York, U.S.A. on May 8, 1976. They have one son, Curtis Daniel, and are presently farming part of our original homestead in the Fawcett area.

Janet Christine was born on July 15, 1958. She married Arlynn Chappell from Vimy on August 14, 1976. They are presently living near Spruce Grove.

Frank Smith Family **written by Neva Crum**

Frank Reynold Smith was born Oct. 19, 1880 in England. In 1904 when he was 24 years old, he came to Canada. His first impression of Edmonton was not what he had figured it to be; if there had been a train going out, he would have gone back — the Edmonton streets were a foot deep in mud!

He had come with his brother, Dan, and made his home with him. Frank was a bricklayer by trade and worked on many of the early buildings in Edmonton. After getting cheated out of his first season's work, he made a habit of spending his winters in England with his parents. He was on board ship in 1914 when the Great War broke out. Before long he enlisted in the 66th Battalion out of Edmonton. He was transferred overseas to the 9th Battalion from Winnipeg.

Frank was badly wounded in France and spent nine months in the hospital before being sent back to Edmonton on his birthday, Oct. 19, 1917. He got an 80% disability pension from his wounds; he was deaf in one ear, and one leg was three inches smaller in the calf. He always walked with a cane after that.

Frank came with J. C. Stentel to our place, the Thorntons, for breakfast and this is where I met him. We were married on March 16, 1919 in Edmonton.

I'll never forget when we came back by train to Fawcett. It was in March and late in the evening. When we stepped off the train it was to a beautiful sight — a pond across the road with the moon shining off it, a few buildings and the station. That was Fawcett! Mr. Russell met us and we spent the night at his place. It was the first time I ever saw pigs. The next morning we started out to Thorntonville with a team of horses and it was a trip not to be forgotten.



Frank and Neva Smith, 1944.

The roads were one complete mud hole! The team at times would get stuck and couldn't pull the wagon. With much heaving and hoeing we made it home — it took all day.

Through the winter of 1922-23 we built our home, along with the help of my dad's carpenter skills and my brothers' muscular ability. It was a 16'x24' frame house, the rough lumber cost \$13.00 per 1000 sq. ft. It was unfinished; inside you could see up through the rafters, but it was home to us.

The land we bought was NW 19-26-64 W4 and was nothing but rocks. I remember one spring morning, Frank was out in the garden when a neighbor woman stopped and greeted him, "Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"Yes, good morning to you," replied Frank.

"What are you doing, Mr. Smith, digging a well?" she asked. Frank never replied but came to me in the house and said, "What did she mean — digging a well! I was burying a rock."

We had three children born to us; Margaret Neva on Dec. 17, 1920, Thomas Daniel on May 11, 1922 and Dorothy Mary on Nov. 8, 1928. They went to school at Thorntonville up to grade nine. We used to take them on two major hikes a year; one in the spring to go fishing and one in the fall to pick berries.

Frank was the first one in the area to bring pure bred hogs in and raise them. I had a corner in the house that was used for a post office, Sylvan Glen Post Office. I ran this for quite a few years, 1930 to 1943. My huge and prosperous salary consisted of \$100.00 per year. Myrtle Litke ran it for awhile. Then they wanted me to take it again but I had had enough, so it was closed down and the mail was sent to Fawcett.

Margaret, our oldest, went to Fawcett for her grade nine. She stayed with the Elwood Boyds. School just got started when she came down with a

cold. Around the end of Sept. she came home with a fever and on Oct. 10, 1936 she passed away with pneumonia. In those times there was no penicillin or sulpha drugs.

Dan has written his portion of the history.

Dorothy grew up in Thorntonville district and married D'Archy Phillips on June 28, 1950. They moved to Ontario for 10 years after which they were



Frank Smith with Dan and Margaret, 1922.



Neva Smith with Dan and Margaret, Mrs. and Mr. Thornton, Gladys Thornton with Claire and Betty, Cora, Emma with Marie.

later divorced. Dorothy took a beauty course in the States and now has her own shop in her home at Westlock.

In 1950 we sold all our cattle and spent the winter in England with Frank's sister who lived on a dairy farm at Stoke-on-Trent. We sure enjoyed that winter as it seemed to improve Frank's health some. In the next three years we travelled around various places. In 1956 we started out for Alaska. After reaching Whitehorse Frank said, "That is as far as I want to go," so we turned back and toured the Peace River country. This was his last big trip.

In 1960 we sold the farm and moved to Westlock where Frank's health continued to fail. In Jan., 1964 he went into the Soldier's Hospital in Edmonton and passed away in May. Frank is buried in the Jarvie Cemetery.

Later on I married Edward Crum. We lived for awhile in the States but I now live with Dorothy in Westlock. I still make trips up to Thorntonville to visit with Cora and Jap.

The land is all so different from when we first came. The equipment nowadays makes it so easy to break and clear land. The hours, days, months and years that were spent just to clear a few acres just cannot be imagined by the younger generation. I always thought we must have been weak in the head but strong in the back!

Sigmund Smith Family

written by Betty Smith

On July 28, 1958 Sigmund (Joe), Marie and their three children moved from Boyle, Alta. to Fawcett to make their home. They had purchased two quarters of land formerly owned by C. T. Miller. Two years later they added to their holdings by purchasing a quarter from James Murfitt. This gave them title to three quarters of 10-64-1 W5.

On this land the Smiths became mixed farmers. Besides raising grain, cattle, and hogs they took up turkey farming, which included raising as many as 3000 turkeys in our year.

Joe, who had been introduced to trucking in the Air Force (1942-45), continued doing so; hauling posts, logs, lumber, and general freight. Winter work included logging, cutting posts and sawing mine props.

Prior to coming to Fawcett Joe and Marie farmed near Boyle where they had homesteaded land in 1946. The year before, they farmed rented land in Amber Valley, a farming settlement of Negro farmers.

Joe was born in Russia on June 26, 1919 and is of German extraction. Marie was born on March 8, 1921 in Poland and is of Ukrainian descent.

They met in Edmonton in the early '40's and were married on July 26, 1942.

Their first child Shirley Anne, was born in Edmonton on March 22, 1943. While the Smiths farmed in Amber Valley, their second child, Raymond Allan, was born on Jan. 11, 1945. Then in 1953 when the Smiths were farming at Boyle, a second son, Gary Wayne, was born on July 14 in the Athabasca hospital.

Shirley graduated from Fawcett school, took secretarial training in Edmonton and moved to Ottawa to work in the Canadian Embassy. She married Al Hardy of Winnipeg, Man. on July 4, 1966. They have two children, Christian Allan (Dec. 2, 1966) and Pamela Ann (Feb. 14., 1969). At present the Hardys live in Manilla, one of the many postings they have held in their work with the Canadian Embassy.

Raymond graduated from Fawcett school, took up trucking and farming and married Elizabeth Ann Gulicka, from the Pibroch area, on July 15, 1967. His family includes two children, Kenneth Dean (Nov. 2, 1975) and Marlene Rae Ann (Nov. 11, 1976). This Smith family resides on the family farm where Raymond farms and operates a lumber mill.

Gary took his schooling in Fawcett and Westlock and married Leona Mae Chvojka, from Dapp, on April 20, 1974. They have two daughters, Shelly Ann (April 11, 1975) and Tracy Lynn (Nov. 3, 1978). Gary and Leona also live on land formerly owned by Joe and Marie and include trucking, farming and hair dressing as their occupations.

Joe and Marie, who have retired from farming, reside in Westlock.

Flora Stafford

written by herself

Teaching has been a popular profession throughout the MacDonald-Stafford lineage. I came originally from Pine Creek, near Waskatenau, where there was a settlement of Glengary MacDonalds at the turn of the century. Raised in the 'depression years' the family of nine children understood that our education would be our true and probably only legacy.

I was teaching school at nineteen. In the fall of 1953 I came to teach in the primary room at Fawcett. After travelling the dusty, gravelled road I was relieved to arrive and locate. I had a rude awakening upon learning that all my electrical appliances had to be stored. Fawcett was a pioneer hamlet, to be sure. Soon I was hauling up water in a bucket, chopping wood, buying coal oil for the lamps, and meeting my neighbors.

Fawcett was a busy place with active clubs, several businesses, a full high school, a resident nurse,

Flora Stafford.



and a daily train and bus services. It seemed a good place to raise a family and our four children, Judy, Kevin, Linda and Noreen did indeed have a happy, healthy childhood in the settlement we called home.

Mr. Bill McNeil was the school principal and Mr. Leo Kunelius, the superintendent when I began teaching here. For a couple of years I taught grades one and two. Then as enrollment increased I settled for grade one. To date I have had probably over six hundred and fifty beginners in my charge. It is common now to find myself looking into the little faces of the children of children I've taught.

I am retiring this year after thirty-five years of teaching in Alberta. Teaching for me has been a most rewarding occupation. It has been a privilege too, sharing the love of learning with young beginners. I have appreciated the co-operation and fellowship of their parents and dedicated staff.



Flora Stafford in Les Moser's flower garden.

Judy (Hansen) is now working on oil rigs and makes her home at Chetwyn, B.C. Kevin and Anita live at Spruce Grove, Alta. Linda (Mrs. Jim Olafson) lives at Spruce Grove, Alta. and Noreen (Mrs. Norm Swensen) lives at Fawcett. I have now eleven grandchildren who come to visit me often.

Herbert Stansfield Family

written by Barbara Gray

Herbert and Agnes Stansfield came to Edmonton in 1915 from England. Herbert and his sons, Bill, Charlie, Herb and Joe came to Fawcett in 1918 and took up homesteads. A log house was built and in the spring of 1919 his wife and the rest of the children, Agnes, Amy and Jim travelled to Fawcett by train to live with the rest of the family. Charlie, Bill and Herb soon left Fawcett to look for jobs.

Herbert Stansfield was Justice of Peace for a number of years and small court hearings were often heard in the sitting room of the house.

Their eldest daughter, Elizabeth, had remained in Edmonton when the family came to Fawcett.

In 1938 Herbert and Agnes moved to Edmonton where they lived a number of years before they passed away. They are buried in Edmonton.

'Gracie Fields' was a second cousin to Herbert and when she came to Edmonton in concert a number of times she visited with the Stansfield family.

Their daughter, Agnes, married Leo Waper and lived in Fawcett district until 1956.

Albert and Elsie Stedel

written by Ken Stedel for his parents

I moved with my parents, my brother, Fred, and sister, Annie, from Bashaw to Fawcett in the spring of 1926, when I was twelve years old. My father had bought the Wilhelm Rau farm, NE 10-64-1-W5. We lived there until 1928. Father sold the place to Werner Radloff, so we moved across the Pembina River southwest of Fawcett. Father had homesteaded the NE 36-63-2 W5. We lived on the John Ragan place until we built on the homestead.

In 1938 I got married, Mom and Dad moved across the road and I took over the home place. I married Elsie Medeke October 28, 1938. Through the years we were blessed with four children, Kenneth (May, 1940), Alvin (Dec., 1941), Lorraine (1947) who passed away as an infant, Marvin (April, 1948)

We lived on the farm until 1970 when due to health reasons I was not able to farm any more. We moved to Westlock where we still reside. We sold the farm in 1975.

Kenneth married Mildred Sieb. They have two children and live in Wetaskiwin. Alvin married Elan-



Stedel family; Albert, Elsie, Marvin, Alvin and Ken.

or Evans. They have two children and live at Acme, Alberta. Marvin married Beryl Wangler from Courtenay, B.C. They have two children and live at Sechelt, B.C. Marvin is in the R.C.M.P. and is stationed at Sechelt.

Gustave Stedel written by E. Boyd

Gustave Stedel and his wife, Amelia, farmed at Bashaw, Alta. until the fall of 1925. They came to Fawcett in April of 1926 and bought NE 10-64-1-W5 from Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rau. Three of the Stedel children, Fred, Annie and Albert, came with their parents. Albert went to school at Fawcett. His first teacher was Miss Ethyl Card.

In 1920 Gustave sold his farm to Werner Raloff and lived in the buildings on the Levi place. They lived there while Gustave got some buildings on his homestead NE 36-63-2-W5. They moved to the homestead in the fall of 1929.

Gustave Stedel had been a well-built, husky man in his younger years. Before he came to Fawcett, he had sleeping sickness and it left him with a distinct tremor in his arms and hands. He was not able to work as hard after coming here, due to his condition.

Annie Stedel married Emil Hensch in 1928 and the young couple lived with her parents until they built on their homestead NW 31-63-1-W5. Emil and Annie had one son born to them while living here at Fawcett, and their second son was born in B.C. some fifteen or sixteen years later.

Fred Stedel married Elsie Hensch and homesteaded NW 6-64-1-W5. They made this their home for a few years. Albert Stedel married Elsa Medcke of Jarvie, in 1938 and they made their home on the home place.



Stedel family, 1915. Gustave, Albert, Amelia, Annie and Fred.



Mr. and Mrs. Gus Stedel.

Gustave Stedel passed away in March in 1941 and is buried in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Fawcett.

Amelia Stedel lived with her grandson, Ernest Hensch, while he lived here; just over the road from where Albert lived. Amelia passed away in July of 1960 and is buried by her husband, Gustave.

Philip T. Stone

written by Philip Stone, Junior

My father, Philip T. Stone was born in the small village of St. Buryan in Cornwall, England in 1880. He went to South Wales at the age of sixteen to work in the coal mines. While there he met and married my mother, Eliza Ann Vaughan, in 1901. There were four boys and two girls born to this marriage. My mother died in 1922, leaving my brother, David, a baby. This did upset the household, but we were looked after by two older sisters. After three years my father married again. My stepmother arrived, bringing her small niece, Winnie, with her. She was raised with us as one of the family. My oldest brother and two sisters left home then because they had not wanted my father to remarry.

Times were very bad with strikes and such, so my father applied for immigration to Canada. I believe we came on one of the last immigration schemes. We arrived in Quebec on May 6, 1929, my birthday. I was twelve years old. We were sent to Winnipeg but there was no work there. Times were hard there too. We went on to Edmonton, then to Tofield for a short time, and then on to Westlock.

In the fall of 1930 we met George Durrant, who took my dad to Fawcett to see some land. I guess we were tired of moving around so dad took the homestead north of Bob Harper, which is N.E. of 26-64-R1-W5. We stayed with Durrants that winter of 1930 and cut firewood. I got a few jobs around there to help out. We walked from six miles south of Westlock to Fawcett that fall. It was very cold. We had fifty dollars and three sacks of frozen potatoes. The women rode, bundled in blankets. George Durrant had a poor team, one horse was lame, so we walkers had no trouble keeping up. I never went back to school again. I was a good scholar but we needed all the help we could get, to live. I worked for Emil Rochat, Tom Booker, Dwight Anderson and various other people. Sometimes I only got turkeys or chickens or an old gramophone for pay. One time I got the use of a team and plow for pay. With them we broke some land. I worked all day and ran a trapline at night with a lantern. This way we had enough money for flour, sugar, tobacco and things. We got the odd deer and moose.

Fortunately there were a lot of rabbits and grouse so we ate well and managed.

Alex, my brother, just older than I, worked for farmers at Westlock all summer and took the money home to care for Dad, Mother, David and Winnie. He worked in the bush for Mr. Sam McCann, also for Peter Deshoux Sr. across the Pembina River, south of Fawcett. We hacked railway ties and cut railway posts. In fact the last time I saw you, Elwood, was at a tie camp north of Chisholm. You came in with Norman Cochran to haul ties to Chisholm siding for Jim Wheeler. I was at Mr. McCann's camp, when I got notice to appear in Westlock for a medical for possible service in the army. Harvey Jones, Morris Williams, and I went to Westlock. I decided to get into the army so went to Edmonton and joined up. I was in training in Brandon, Manitoba in 1941, and sent for Joan Wheeler to come. We were married in Brandon and I left immediately for overseas. I spent almost four years there. We fought in the front lines in Normandy through all the heavy fighting with 91st battery, 6th Canadian Field Regiment Artillery. I was injured and was sent home finally for an operation on my back in Edmonton. After that I couldn't go farming so learned the painting and decorating trade. I got my tradesman ticket after four years. I was painter, then a foreman and finally a supervisor with the provincial government. For twenty-five years I was involved with all government buildings as far as the painting went. I also helped restore the old mission at Dunvegan on the Peace River, restoring the old paintings, etc.; also the Rutherford house renovations, University of Alberta and Government House. I looked after the decorating at the Jubilee Auditorium and provincial Museum until 1973 when I retired after a bad operation.

Joan and I raised two lovely daughters and owned our own home in Edmonton. We retired to Vancouver Island in 1974. We have a nice home here at Ladysmith. We are glad we lived in Fawcett. I still miss the many people we knew there. I recall the old folks who have passed on, especially Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd. I met them in Edmonton a few times in later years. They tried to encourage me to sing more.

My brother, Alex, served in England while the war was on. Alex married Marguerite Cragg of Edmonton at Jarvie in 1938. He was a postman in Edmonton for thirty years and is now retired in Victoria. When Alex lost his wife in January of 1979, we took her back to Edmonton for burial.

After David left Westlock, he worked at Swifts in Edmonton learning the butcher trade. He married a niece of the Finstads who used to live in Fawcett. David has a small butcher shop in Ladysmith. David was rejected from army service for medical reasons.

Winnie married a man from Winterburn, Alberta. They lived and worked at the university farm in

Edmonton for over twenty years. They are still in Edmonton, retired. Alex has two children, a boy and a girl. David has three boys and a girl. Winnie has a boy and a girl.

Of the four of us who came to Canada, there are now thirty-one people affiliated with the family. We have all done well by hard work. We served or volunteered to serve our country and have had no troubles.

David sold the homestead for a model "T" Ford car. I was sad about it as I had worked hard on the homestead. I went back to Fawcett and the homestead quite a few years ago to roam in the bush. I still love it there and have many fond memories of the area.

Mother died in Westlock in 1945 and is buried near the Harpers in the Westlock cemetery. Dad died in Edmonton in 1959. I looked after him there. He is buried in Edmonton.

We are of Celtic ancestry, as Cornish people are Celts, like the Welsh, Irish and Scots. My own mother was Welsh and died in Wales.

Dad never saw his other children again. I saw them in the war years and went back with my family for a visit in 1969. Only one is living now. I wrote to Helen Harper occasionally and heard some of the news of Fawcett when she wrote.

Carl Sund Story **written by himself**

My father, Andrew Pfeifle, was born at Hutchisin County, South Dakota on November 25, 1887. My grandfather left the States in 1902 and came to Olds, Alberta. Father homesteaded at Olds some years later. However, my grandfather was a very successful farmer but father wasn't.

Grandfather retired from farming, sold his property in the States and at Olds, and went to Edmonton in 1911 where he built, rented, and sold houses. Father came to Edmonton and worked in Brown's Bakery.

My mother, Frieda Heller, was born in Berlin, Germany on November 27, 1889. She arrived in Canada and later at Edmonton in early 1913.

Father and mother were married in November, 1913 and moved into a new home which father received from grandfather as a wedding gift. The house was and still is situated at 11632-89 Street. I, Carl Pfeifle, was born at Edmonton on Jan. 22, 1915.

We moved to Millwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A. in 1919 where father worked for Allis-Chalmers in the Blueprint and Design Department.

I began, at the young age of five, hawking papers for the Milwaukee Journal. Being of a nosey nature, I wanted to know what was over the next hill. I became quite a problem for my mother who insisted I go to

school. But I blew it and just about became a kindergarten drop-out! What money I made I gave to my mother and she gave me spending money. I soon became quite city-wise. Working for the city papers, which were always feuding among themselves, affected us newsboys. There were always fights and some of them were pretty good scraps. One always tried to get the poor customer to buy one's paper and not the rival one. Nine times out of ten one would have a fight with the rival and the customer would buy a paper from both. I soon began to hate city living.

One of the pleasures I remember was swimming in Lake Michigan. That became one pastime that I loved all my life.

Father decided to move back to Edmonton, Alberta which I thought was a grand idea — having the impression it was all cowboys and Indians (the kids down in the States knew very little about Canada). We arrived at Edmonton in September, 1927. In the spring of 1928 I worked on a farm, seven miles north of Edmonton, taking care of 150 hogs and general choring.

In the fall of 1929 father decided to take up a homestead west of Fawcett and asked me if I would like to go with him. I agreed as I was being laid off from my present job and thought I likely could get a job around Fawcett.

Father bought three horses, a wagon and rack and loaded up with our belongings. We left Edmonton on November 7, 1929. The first day we got as far as Legal and stayed overnight with friends by the name



Mr. and Mrs. Herman Sund and Carl, 1930.

of Schmodes. The second day we made it to Westlock and pulled into Joe Feltman's Livery Stable. Father knew Joe from several years back. We fixed up the horses for the night and after Joe and father 'chewed the fat' for awhile, Joe invited us the use of his 'suite', as he called it, with a warning, "no damn smoking". We made ourselves comfortable in the hayloft and had a good sleep. The third day we made it to Jarvie and stayed at Mrs. Stanton's place. By this time the ground was frozen and the road was rough. The following morning we started out late as the horses needed the extra rest. We arrived in Fawcett late in the afternoon.

We were met by Olaf Finstead, who said he was the Homestead Inspector, and Art Ullums. (The deal was that father was to file on a homestead at Hondo. Art was about to lose his homestead at Fawcett, so Art and father exchanged homesteads). We went as far as the Pembina River which was frozen over. Not about to take chances of breakage, we took the horses over one by one. Then the four of us pushed the loaded wagon over. We arrived at the homestead just before dusk; it was the south side of the Ragan place.

We put up the horses as best as we could as there was no barn, just a log shack more or less — I would say less! After a few days we built a lean-to on to the log shack with what lumber we could scrounge and put an air-tight heater inside. For an outhouse — we had a great idea. We dropped a spruce tree and made sure all the limbs were cut flush with the trunk. Believe me, at -45° one knew he was exposed to the elements!

Mother and the children arrived just before Christmas, 1929. I still believe mother went into a state of shock which she didn't come out of until the spring of 1930. She had never had to rough it like she did on the homestead.

In March, 1930 I was walking to Fawcett, with the hopes of finding a job, when I was approached by Mr. Herman Sund who asked me if I was looking for a job. I said I was and he hired me at \$10.00 per month plus board. I commenced work on April 2, 1930 and was considered myself lucky as the Depression was upon us.

Mr. and Mrs. Sund and I worked together and had a good routine. Herman was a man one could learn from; we got along fine.

Winter set in early that year — it started to snow on October 14, 1930 and by morning we had a foot of it lying around. I was laid off on October 15. I had \$27.85 owing to me which Herman paid me. I went back to the homestead and managed to buy father's and my winter clothing from Eaton's with my wages.

That winter was about to become one that I will never forget. Mr. and Mrs. Sund had no children of



Mr. and Mrs. Elof Peterson and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Sund, 1922.

their own and no relatives living close by. They approached me with the idea of living with them as their son and help look after them in their old age. I talked this over with my parents and took some time to think about it as I was afraid some people would think I was getting something for nothing. After a lot of thinking and talking with both couples, I made the decision to become their son, Carl Sund, on April 8, 1931.

Herman Sund was born in Kokula, Finland on Feb. 2, 1875; he was of Swedish descent. His people settled in Finland some three hundred years before his time — they were called Fin-Swedes.

Herman was working as a clerk in a large store at Kokula when he decided to immigrate to the United States, arriving in 1898. He mainly worked around the mid-Western States as a logger and railroader.

In 1908 he met Isaac Martin; they partnered up and decided to go to Edmonton, Alberta. At Edmonton Herman formed a crew of men and took on railroad work, that consisted of constructing grades and right-of-ways for the Grand Trunk Railway. They were building grade through the mountains to Prince Rupert, B.C. when Herman lost an eye in a delayed dynamite blast.

Herman and Isaac decided to go trapping just before World War I in 1914. They located west of Fawcett between the Athabasca and Pembina Rivers.

They built a cabin and became quite successful trappers.

In 1918 Herman took a homestead west of Fawcett and with hard work and good management he proved up in three years, thereby winning his \$10.00 bet with the government.

In 1921 Herman was told, through a friend, that Miss Gerda Petterson was working in New York, U.S.A. and that he should get in touch with her. He knew the Petterson family of Kokula, Finland. Gerda was a small girl when Herman had left Finland. Herman and Gerda wrote to one another and in due course he popped the big question and Gerda accepted. She had no idea what it was like in the bush being raised in the city and working in New York as a laundress for some wealthy people.

I imagine excitement ran pretty high among the bachelor homesteaders around here as Olaf Peterson asked Herman if he would write to Gerda and get her to entice or persuade one of her girl friends to take a chance, sight unseen, on Olaf. When Gerda came she brought Gunver Gunderson along with her.

Herman and Olaf met them in Edmonton in 1921. Gunver Gunderson became Mrs. Olaf Peterson and Gerda Petterson became Mrs. Herman Sund. Gunver was in her early 40's at the time of their marriage and Gerda was 36 years old.

Dave Major Sr. met the two couples at the train on their return from Edmonton. Mrs. Major had a wedding dinner waiting for them. In due course, the two couples hit the moose trails for their respective bridal homes and it couldn't have turned out better.

Herman and Gerda were hard workers and were able to work side by side quite easily. When they adopted me it seemed their life together was complete.

The three of us worked well together. In our spare time, Herman and I would clear land. I remember those big balm trees. They had a big tap root which was hard to grub or chop off. Herman's idea was to leave it with all the other roots cut and let the wind snap the tap root — it worked real well.

Haying, stooking and threshing was a neighborly deal where we all got together and got the job done regardless of the size of the fields. Money and time was not considered. The harvest supper was what we looked forward to when things were done.

I remember when barley and oats were four to five cents a bushel, and wheat was seventeen cents a bushel for No. 3 Northern. Eggs were four cents a dozen. We would feed eggs to our calves and I could polish off as many as 18 eggs a day — I still like them! Butter was eleven cents a pound and I remember buying axle grease at Carlson's hardware for thirty-five cents a pound. I suggested that we used



Mr. and Mrs. Herman Sund with their adopted children, Carl and Anna.

butter instead of axle grease and it worked quite well but didn't last as long as the grease.

I remember Isaac Martin telling me, "Starvation starts in the wood pile". We always made sure we had twenty-five cords of wood cut in the wood pile. I would go out and pick up two gunny sacks of birch bark to be used to light the fires, as we only had the Free Press and Western Producer for papers.

Mrs. Sund said she didn't know how to cook when she got married but after many accidents and trials and errors she became very efficient in the kitchen. We never starved!

An education was something hard to come by in the early thirties. I was fortunate to be in the company of teachers; we used to board Agnes MacDonald and Eileen Butler for a number of years. At a late age of sixteen I buckled down to some studying which I should have done earlier.

My years on the farm were happy ones which ended in 1940. At this time I decided to see what was on the other side of the hill, again.

Herman Sund passed away in June, 1936 and is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery. Mrs. Sund married Risto Maki in 1940.

I married Alice Jerace on January 3, 1938. We had lived with Mrs. Sund until 1940. Then we moved to the Baldry place. I took employment on the N.A.R. as a section hand and worked for the railway until we left Fawcett in 1956.

Alice and I had six children while living in Fawcett. After leaving Fawcett we moved to B.C.

where I worked for the railway until I retired. We had four more children born to us after we left Fawcett.

Alice and I live at Abbotsford, B.C. and are enjoying our retirement.

Gerda Sund-Maki passed away in January, 1943 and was buried by her first husband, Herman, in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Lawrence and Roberta Sutherland

written by Roberta Sutherland

Lawrence Morgan Sutherland and Roberta Mae Boyd were married Oct. 14, 1960 in the Fawcett Community Church.

Upon the marriage they took up residence at Cynthia, Alta., 30 miles west of Drayton Valley. At the time Larry was working for Redwell Servicing Co. Roberta worked at the Cynthia hotel.

On Nov. 5, 1962 their first child, a daughter, was born. They called her Leslie Ellen.

The Sutherland family moved from Cynthia to Eckville, Alta. on May 1, 1963 as a result of a transfer with Redwell Servicing. Their second daughter, Robin Ann, was born in Red Deer on Aug. 10, 1964.

On Jan. 20, 1965 Larry was hired by Hudson Bay Oil and Gas as a battery operator. They now looked forward to regular days off and a steady wage. While living in Eckville, Robin contacted rheumatoid arthritis. It has been a recurring health problem for her ever since.

On Oct. 1, 1969 H.B.O.G. transferred them to Cessford, Alta. The following Oct. 5, 1970 a third daughter, Kristy Kathleen, was born. Happy days were had at the 'Bay' camp at Cessford.



Sutherland family; Robin, Leslie, Roberta, Christy and Larry.

The next move took them to Lloydminster, Alta. where Larry enjoyed a promotion to field foreman. After working off and on at many post offices where they moved, Roberta now began employment at Lloydminster television station as a copy writer.

Time to transferr again; this time to Olds, Alta. on August 19, 1979, where we are to this day enjoying life very much. Leslie graduated from school in 1980 and Robin will do so in 1981.

I, Roberta, have come to the time in my life where I've spent half my life in Fawcett and half away, all in Alberta. The wonderful days of my youth in Fawcett will be treasured all the rest of my days.

The James Suttons

written by E. Boyd

Mrs. James Sutton, along with three of her children, Olive, Bertha, and Alfred, came to Fawcett from Manchester, England in the summer of 1921. James Sutton Sr. arrived in Fawcett the summer of 1922. He stayed in England for the one extra year on account of an accident.

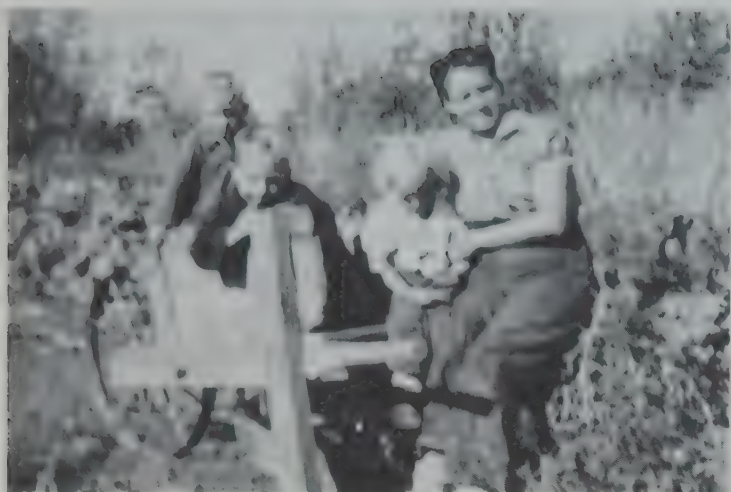
James Sutton homesteaded SW 23-64-1-W5 up to 1948, when he moved to Camrose, Alta. After a few years in Camrose they moved to Edmonton where they resided until their deaths.

Arthur Sutton, an older son, left England in 1920, a year before his parents. He first settled in the Jarvie area then moved to Fawcett. Arthur homesteaded NE 15-64-1-W5 where he lived and farmed until 1945, when he moved to Camrose. Arthur married Nellie Vanhill in 1938, they had four children; three of them born here, Orvalle, Lynn and Margaret. The other girl, Lorraine, was born at Camrose after they had moved.

Arthur was an industrious sort. He worked hard making railway ties, cutting cordwood and mine props. He would do anything that came his way that would help to make a living. He had taught himself to play the mandolin which he played very well. Oft times he played for dances and parties held in the community. Mrs. Art Sutton passed away in 1971.

James Jr. married Marjorie Onestall, who arrived from England. James and Marjorie homesteaded and lived north of Paul Rochat Sr.'s place before moving to Edmonton. James lived and worked in Edmonton for many years. Jimmy, as we know him, passed away November 22, 1977.

Bertha married Paul Rochat Jr. They lived here several years before moving to B.C. Bertha and Paul have one daughter, Louise, born at Fawcett. Paul worked a number of years as first gardner at the Provincial Hospital in Essondale, B.C. They now live at Maple Ridge, B.C. as does her sister, Olive. Olive is married to Alf Brue.



Mrs. Art Sutton with Orval, Lynn and Margaret.



Arthur Sutton hauling ties.



Art Sutton and son, Orval.



Alfred Sutton, Elwood Boyd and Gordon Carswell, 1924.

Alfred, the youngest son, lived and went to school here in Fawcett. Alfred married Georgina Darbison and they lived here until 1948. Alfred served in the Canadian Army during World War II. Alfred and his wife now live in Edmonton.

The Suttons were well-known and well-liked around this community. I have often thought of Alfred's and my years at school. We were in the same grades all through our years at school. He had no fear of anything. I can recall him throwing his lunch pail and coat over the edge of the railway bridge and then climbing down to the bottom to retrieve them.

So ends the story of the Suttons as near as I can remember.

George and Gladys Thompson written by E. Boyd

George Thompson was born in Yorkshire, England in 1892. He and his parents came to Canada in 1902 when he was ten years old.

Gladys Bratt was born in Aldberry, England in 1896. She came to Canada with her parents, Albert and Rosa Bratt in 1913, when she was seventeen years of age.

George Thompson and Gladys Bratt were married at Ituna, Saskatchewan in 1915. George served in the Canadian Army for two years, 1916-1918.

George and Gladys had three children, all born in Saskatchewan. Hetty, the eldest, was born in 1916. Helen, the second daughter, was born about 1920 and Murray, their only son, was born in 1921.

The Thompsons moved from Saskatchewan to a homestead in the Thorntonville district in 1922, where they stayed for six years. They moved to Fawcett in 1928 and ran the cafe in the hotel. George was also the postmaster for several years. The post



Gladys and George Thompson, 1928.



Helen, Murray, and Hetty Thompson on the old bridge, 1928.

office at that time was located in the hotel. There was a rural post office in the Thorntonville district in the home of Mrs. Frank Smith. This post office was known as the Sylvan Glenn post office. George Thompson was the mail courier and hauled the mail from Fawcett to Sylvan Glenn once a week by team and cutter or buggy, whichever the roads dictated. George also had a livery service and drove the district nurse on her rounds. He also conveyed the R.C.M.P. or anyone who needed transportation. It was George who drove nurse Hyde to the Athabasca River and crossed on a barn door to get the boat which was on the other side. The patient was Herman Ebert, who lived with Bill Schmidt a couple of miles west of the river.

George was active in the building of the present community hall during the fall and winter of 1937-38.

The Thompsons left Fawcett and moved to Blue Ridge, B.C. in 1938 where they ran a store until 1950, when they sold and moved to Sexsmith, Alberta. There they went into the store business again until 1955 when they sold and moved to Edmonton.

In Edmonton, George worked as a commissionaire for three years before retiring.

George Thompson passed away on December 20, 1969 and is buried in Westlawn Cemetery in Edmonton. Gladys Thompson is 81 years old and gets out once a year to Fawcett to visit her brothers and sisters-in-law, Artie and Jean, and Walt and Evelyn Bratt. Gladys has her own apartment about a block from her daughter Hetty's home.

Hetty married Peter Letendre in 1946. They have two children, a boy and a girl. Peter and Hetty were in the cafeteria business at Blue Ridge for four years, then moved to Edmonton, where they now live. Pete is construction inspector for the Alberta Housing Corporation.

Helen Thompson married Troy Murphey. They



Old swimming hole, Murray and George Thompson, George Boyd, Horace Bratt.

were in the store business in Grande Prairie. They have two boys and a girl. Helen moved to Kelowna, B.C. in 1973.

Murray Thompson was in the army for five years and served in England, Holland, Italy and Sicily. After he was discharged he went into the store business with his brother-in-law in Grande Prairie for awhile. Then he was a traveling salesman for Horne and Pitfield in Dawson Creek, B.C. Murray was married and had three children. He was killed in a car accident at Pouce Coupe, B.C. in 1957 at the age of 36. He was buried in Grande Prairie. The next year his father had the body moved to Westlawn Cemetery in Edmonton.

The George Thompson's adopted their niece, Yvonne Rochat, in 1936, when she was about two years old. Yvonne now lives in Fort McMurray. She is a sister to Donald and Norman Rochat.

The Thorntons

written by Cora Thornton and Neva Crum

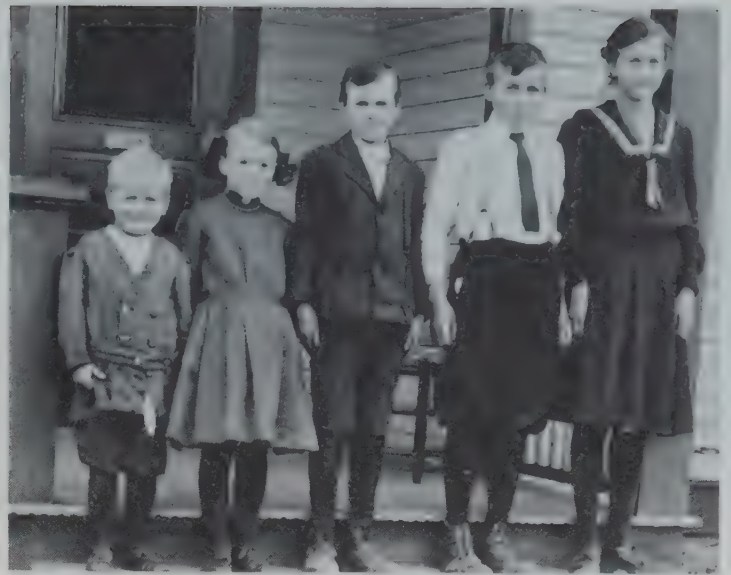
Our father, Thomas Thornton, was born Aug. 18, 1865 at Whitstable, Kent, England. He was raised by his grandfather. Dad's relatives were the founders of the Colgate Soap Co., later world known for Colgate toothpaste.

When father was 10 years old, his grandfather apprenticed him in the building trade. At the age of 18, father, along with his sister and her husband, came to America and settled at Tilden, Nebraska in 1883. Their first years in Nebraska were very hard. They lived in a sod house and the first winter lived mostly on corn mush and skim milk. For people who had been brought up in very good circumstances in England, this was quite a hardship.

Our mother, Cora Ann Doner, was born July 13, 1863; eighth child of Henry and Amanda Doner. She married Charley Taylor on Sept. 9, 1879, divorced



Mrs. Thornton, Frank Smith with Margaret, Cora Thornton.



Bill, Cora, Japp, George and Neva Thornton, 1912.

him and married our father on July 7, 1891. Mother had two children by her first marriage and then after the Thornton union had eight children. Mother's relatives were the people after whom the Doner's Pass is named. The Doners owned land where part of the city of Chicago now sits. They had sold this to Chicago and ventured out to Sacramento where they were caught in the pass by a snowstorm. A movie was made about their adventure by Walt Disney.

After our parents married they moved to Columbia Falls, Montana where we eight Thorntons were born. They had travelled the last 500 miles by stagecoach; a year later the railroad was built to Flathead Valley. Being a new country, father worked at anything — carpentry, millwright and general wood work.

We moved up to Canada in 1909 to Viking, Alta., where we started farming. I recall our first time in school here in Canada. We walked 2½ miles to school. This building burned down so we walked 3 miles to the next one. In September of 1910 there was a huge prairie fire. We could see it about 5 miles away from the school and asked permission from the teacher to go home. There were the three of us at the time: George, 12 years, Neva, 10 years and Jasper, 8 years, who had to race the fire home. We started out running but about half way home Jap decided that was enough, and lay down. We begged and coaxed him to get up as the fire was going to get him but he refused. He told us the fire could jump over him as he was too tired to move. So we pulled him, kicked him and shoved him, time and time again, till we made it home. We arrived just before the fire. That fire completely wiped us out. We packed up and moved to Edmonton in 1911.

We stayed in Edmonton and went to school there. In the spring of 1918, Dad and family came to what



First home at Thornton's, 1918.

was later known as Thorntonville near Fawcett. We homesteaded NW 20-64-26-W4.

Our first abode was a large tent which mother kept spotless. We can remember her setting the table with a linen tablecloth and washable linen napkins. She would haul water with a team of horses and a dray-boat, four miles, for house useage.

In the fall of 1918 we had the log house built. It was a huge building with large rooms. Many people came to dances held in that house and brought the bed bugs, too! The frame house was built later on by father and Cora.

We had good neighbors and friends as we grew up. Lots of them helped share the work that had to be done. One back helped the other back.

We were never well off. Recall when it was birthday time for one of us, Mother would always bake a cake and, if at all possible, would see that the birthday child got a pound of hard candy for a gift. When it was Cora's birthday, we would wait impatiently for her to get her candy. You see, with the rest of us we would eat ours pretty well on our own, but not Cora; she would keep passing hers around till there was very little left. Mother would try to stop her and have



The Thorntons by the first log barn, 1918.

her keep some for herself. We always loved Cora's birthdays!

A typical Monday morning for mother started out with the water for washing, carried to the house and put on the stove to heat. Breakfast was made and eaten; the washing was done on a scrub-board and hung out to dry. Next, the bread (which had been mixed the night before) was kneaded and put into bread pans and the butter churned. In between all this, there were other meals to fix and normally in the afternoon some ironing was done. Other clothes were sprinkled to be ironed the next day. At night the children were put in the tub for a bath and then all went to bed.

Mother passed away on Oct. 10, 1933 at the age of 70 years. Father lived on the farm with Cora. He was a hard worker all his life and even in his later years he was very spry. He passed away in 1953 at the age of 88 years. Both of our parents are buried in the Jarvie Cemetery.

The children from this union have done some of their growing up around here; some of us are still in the district. We were all born at Columbia Falls, Montana.



Thornton log house, 1918. Mrs. T. Thornton, Margaret, Betty, and Mrs. Russell.



Log barn at Thornton's, in 1920s.



Thorntons; Mr. Thornton, Japp, Cora, Bill, Gladys, Mrs. Thornton, Neil and George.



Neil, Thomas and Bill Thornton.

The oldest of us, Emma Elizabeth, was born on May 24, 1892. She married J. C. Stentel on Aug. 8, 1914 in Edmonton. Emma and her husband lived down East. They had two girls, Katherine and Marie. Emma passed away in Toronto, Ont. She is the only girl of the Thorntons who never came to Thorntonville to live. She came only to visit.

Alfred was born April 11, 1894. He is the only one of us who didn't have a second name. He enlisted in the 49th Battalion which left Edmonton in 1915 for World War I. Alfred was killed in action at Passchendaele and is buried in Belgium.

Neil Henry was born March 6, 1896. He also joined the 49th Battalion and went overseas. He was wounded and came home in 1917. Neil was given a pension of \$15.00 a month.

Neil came farming in the Thorntonville area in 1925. He had married Gladys Nock in Calgary. They have two girls, Claire and Lois. He sold his farm in 1965 due to ill health and moved to Westlock. Neil passed away March 2, 1970. His wife, Gladys, lives in the Pembina Lodge.

Both of Neil's daughters grew up and went to school at Thorntonville. Claire married Art Newnham on April 12, 1946. They have four children, Gerry, Pat, Tom and Karen. Lois married Gerald Litke on May 3, 1947 and they have two girls, Coreen and Ellen.

George Walter was born April 11, 1898. He enlisted in the 49th Battalion with his two brothers in 1915 — lying about his age to boot!

George was wounded also and returned to Edmonton with Neil. He married Violet Bassett. They came to farm near the home place. He loved any kind of sports especially curling and pool playing. He was well-known for his handling of a cue and sharp eye at the pool table. Many a young guy who thought he was good at the table would quickly become deflated when he would square off with George.



Jap Thornton, Elsie Nock, Mrs. Thornton with granddaughter, Claire, Bill and George Thornton.

George and Violet had three girls born to them, two of which died in infancy. Their only living daughter, Jean, was born on April 13, 1929 — a birthday gift to her Dad!

Jean married Andre Fauque in 1944 and has five children, Peter, Jimmy, Billy, Donald and Mariann. She and Andre were divorced in 1960.

George passed away on May 23, 1962 quite suddenly of a heart attack.

Neva Elodie was born March 7, 1900. She married Frank Smith on March 16, 1919. Her story is with the Smith family.

Jasper Melvin was born June 18, 1902. Jap (as he was nicknamed) started school at Viking and then finished in Edmonton. He worked out during the year but would come home to help on the farm with the harvesting. Jap owned his own threshing machine and would do custom work with it. He also did a lot of clearing and breaking land in his time.

Jap met Phyllis McCamon while she was teaching school at Thorntonville and Lakeview. They were married on June 19, 1935. Four children were born to them. One passed away in infancy. Harvey was born July 30, 1936, Margaret was born Jan. 11, 1942 and Jack was born Aug. 14, 1948.

Harvey was married twice, first to Sherry Anderson in 1958. They had one son, Steven. Second time to Lorraine Iampen in 1961 and they have two children, Darrell and Brenda. Harvey now lives at the West Coast and works up in the high Arctic.

Margaret married Vern Andres on Aug. 28, 1964. They have three children, Karen, Kevin and Kristine. They now live in Spruce Grove where Vern works for R. Angus.

Jack married Yvonne Allers in 1969 and had two children, Jacqueline and Thomas. Jack was killed in an industrial accident on July 31, 1971.

Jap and Phyllis are still living on the farm. They enjoy going for holidays and doing their gardening and some farming.

Cora Louise was born on April 24, 1904. She always had a love for the outdoors, doing anything that pertained to farming. Cora got her start in pigs when she was 14 years old. She started with three pigs, Sandy, Jenny and Andy, of the Yorkshire breed. Years later she was awarded the honor for the best Yorkshire sow in Canada.

Cora farmed with her father and even now has the three, quarter-sections under cultivation. In between she keeps a vegetable garden, a beautiful flower garden, and does the housekeeping. She helped father build the frame house that she is living in now. They would work in the fields all day and then at night they would work in the house by lantern light. Father was in his 80's when he built the cupboards in the kitchen and the woodwork in the house.

Cora went to school in Edmonton. After we moved to Thorntonville, she helped on the farm. When the Thorntonville School started, she was the first secretary-treasurer for the school board.

She and her father used horses for their farm work up to 1939 when they bought the first tractor, a W4 International, for \$1100.00. Cora claims it took two men and a boy to steer the thing. Long before you got to the end of the field, you had to start turning the wheel or you wouldn't make the corner. In 1962 she bought a 30-10 John Deere for \$3000.00 and in 1970 she bought her latest tractor, 43-20 John Deere, for \$15,000.00 which she handles with great ease.

Cora has never married and is still on the original farm to which some quarters have been added. She keeps it under cultivation by herself.



Jap, Phyllis and Margaret Thornton.



Cora Thornton with her "Judy".



Cora Thornton, 14 years old, with her first start in pigs, Jenny, Sandy and Andy.



Top prize sow in Canada, belonging to Cora Thornton.

William John, the youngest of the Thorntons, was born July 6, 1906. Bill married Anna Gregor on Nov. 11, 1932. Anna is known as 'Greg' by the family. Greg was a schoolteacher at Thorntonville and Lakeview. The last year she taught at Thorntonville she got \$700.00 for the year. Bill and Greg have two children, Douglas and Lorna.

Douglas was born on Oct. 17, 1934. He married Jean Litke in Oct., 1956. They have two children, Terry and Tracey.

Lorna was born on March 6, 1936.

Between the Thorntons at one time they owned 17 quarters. Thomas Thornton and Cora had the original homestead, NW 20-64-26-W4 to which was added SW 20-64-26-W4 and NE 17-64-26-W4. George Thornton laid claim to SW 19-64-26-W4 and SE 24-64-26-W4, NE 13-64-26-W4. Neil farmed on NW 21-64-26-W4 and S½ 21-64-26-W4. Jap has NE 20-64-26-W4 and E½ 20-64-26-W4. Bill had SE 18-64-26-W4 and W½ 17-64-26-W4.

This concludes the Thornton family story, a combination of two parents, eight children, fourteen grandchildren, thirty great-grandchildren and fifteen great-great-grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Thorsen

written by E. Boyd

history by Olaf Thorsen, Jr.

Olaf and Amanda Thorsen, with their three children, Agda, Olaf Jr. and Randi, came to Fawcett in the spring of 1927. They had come from Norway to Edmonton in 1925. Mr. Thorsen lived with Mr. and Mrs. Kris Hansen until Olaf got a log house built on his homestead, SW 32-64-1-W5. He then moved his family to Fawcett. Two older daughters, Nellie Thorsen and Mrs. Arna Fremmerlid lived in Edmonton.

The Thorsens sold their land to their neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Kris Hansen, the fall of 1938 and moved to Terrace, B.C. Mr. Thorsen had been a Lieutenant Commander in the Norwegian Navy during World War I and rejoined "Little Norway" outside of Toronto in 1940. Mr. Thorsen passed away in Prince Rupert, B.C. in 1951 and is buried at Terrace, B.C.

Agda Thorsen didn't go to school here, but Olaf Jr. and his younger sister, Randi, walked 3 miles to attend the Fawcett School. They went to school most of the years I did. I remember one time, the teacher told Olaf that he had to stay after school. When school was dismissed, Olaf got up and went home too. The teacher asked him, the next day, why he hadn't stayed when he was told. Olaf replied that he couldn't stay, as his father had told him to get home as fast as he could so he could get his hair cut.

Olaf Jr. did the farming, as soon as he quit



Olaf Thorsen, after he moved from Fawcett.



Olaf Thorsen on binder, 1936.



Olaf Thorsen harrowing, 1936.



Olaf Thorsen, mother and sister, Agda, 1933.

school. The Gordon Campbells lived on the quarter north of Thorsens then. I recall Gordon and Olaf coming to Fawcett one evening in late April, and saying that they had their wheat seeded. Their land was quite sandy and dried much earlier in the spring than some of the other areas. Olaf went threshing with his team and rack in the falls to bring home a few more dollars, to help pay their own threshing bill.

Olaf Jr. and his mother lived in Terrace, B.C. for two years before they moved to Tsawwassen Beach, outside of Vancouver. It was there Olaf worked for 26 years on the tug boats out of Vancouver harbor. Olaf and his wife, Marjorie, have four children and now live in Terrace, B.C. since 1963.

Amanda Thorsen spent the rest of her life at Tsawwassen and passed away in the summer of 1968. She is buried at Point Roberts, Washington, U.S.A.

The eldest daughter, Mrs. Arna Fremmerlid, lives in Hawaii, U.S.A. Mrs. Nellie Lewis lives at Tsawwassen Beach, B.C. Mrs. Agda Zempkey lives in Bellingham, Washington, U.S.A. Mrs. Randi Hawks lives in Vancouver, B.C.

Adolf Tober Family **written by Alan Tober**

Adolf Tober was born in Kamgunka, Chernigov, Russia on August 23, 1881. Adolf's youth was not spent in schools because the school houses were few and far between. However, he did learn to write his name through the Church.

As a young man he was called upon to serve in the Russian Army during the First World War. He served in the Army a short while but due to ill health he was served an army release.

In 1906 he was married to Aganeta Foga. Aganeta was born in Martinufka, Zhitomir, Russia on September 7, 1885.

They farmed the hand-me-down family farm for many years. The Russian government moved them to Siberia for a period of five years. It was over a year after the end of the war that they were allowed to return to their family farm.

Their three sons were born in Russia: Ewald born in May, 1907, Herman born on January 8, 1922 at Volhynia, and Gerhardt born Nov. 7, 1925 at Alexandrowka.

Ewald immigrated to Canada in the spring of 1926. Adolf and the rest of the family left Russia in November, 1928 and landed in England on December 17 and then on to Canada on December 30, 1928. They travelled by train to Neilbourg, Sask., where they worked for local farmers in the district.

They took up homesteading in Alberta in November, 1930. The family came to the homestead — SE



Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Tober and son, Gerhardt.

26-65-1-W5, northeast of Fawcett. Immediately they had to log timber in order to put up a shack for the winter. They no sooner got the sod roof on, late in the evening, when it started to snow. By the next morning there was a foot of snow on everything.

The family spent the next two years on a dirt floor and then put down a squared log floor.

The next spring they started to clear the much needed land which was covered by heavy timber. Clearing was very slow and very hard work because it all had to be done with an axe. By the time the latter part of the '30s came, there were almost no horses left in the district as they had died off. In order to work their few acres they had to use a combination of one horse, one ox, and the milk cow to pull their equipment. Herman served as the teamster for the mixed pulling power.

The winter of 1939 Adolf and his son, Herman, started taking out some logs and in the spring of 1940 they had them sawed into lumber and squared timbers. They started to build their first real house using the squared timbers in the summer of 1940. It is still standing today.

Adolf, suffering ill health, was forced to quit farm work but stayed on the farm and let his second son, Herman, take over the operation in 1942. Adolf's wife, Aganeta, passed away in the fall of 1954, leaving Herman to take care of him until his passing in April, 1968.

As a youngster, Herman started school in Neilbourg, Sask. for a short term of six months. When the family moved to the Fawcett district Herman and his brother, Gerhardt, walked to the Clyde Lake School starting in the spring of 1933. It was a four mile walk for the boys, through timbers, mud holes and across homesteader's yards. They went to

Clyde Lake School for two years, then they started going to the Blue Hill School. Herman went for one year and Gerhard continued further with his studies.

Herman married Jean Marcinkowski in March, 1957 and they farmed the homestead until they sold out in April, 1976. They bought a house at Westlock and then later bought a farm east of Dapp where they are farming again.

Ewald farmed at Neilbourg, Sask. for one year before he married Lydia Eisner in 1927. They had two girls born to them: Meta and Elsie. In November, 1930 he filed on a homestead northeast of Fawcett.

They loaded all their belongings, four horses, two cows and calves, and some equipment onto railroad cars and moved to the homestead in November, 1930.

They started farming on their homestead but with slow progress. They had lost their horses due to swamp fever which left them without horsepower.

Ewald rigged up a grain grinding machine and ground wheat into flour and also breakfast cereal like Sunnyboy and Wheatlets for the homesteaders for a number of years.

He then rigged up a wood-sawing outfit to saw firewood for a fairly large district. Later he built a shingle mill and sawed and sold shingles for some time.

In the fall of 1936 he moved to Looma where he started up a blacksmith shop and had the Oliver equipment agency.

In 1939 they moved to Daysland where Ewald took over a blacksmith shop and the dealerships for J. I. Case and Studebaker. While in Daysland they were blessed with a baby girl, Vivian.

Ewald held the Case dealership for 25 years and received awards for having the highest sales record in Canada several times. He sold out and moved to Camrose to retire but instead started a saw sharpening business and operated it for two years. For one year he worked as a Case salesman at Killiam and then retired.

Ewald passed away in the spring of 1977 after a short illness. His wife, Lydia, resides in Camrose. The girls are married and reside as follows: Meta lives in Killam, Elsie lives in Vernon, B.C., and Vivian lives in Camrose.

Gerhardt finished his schooling at Blue Hill School. He took employment with several lumbering operations during his first few years labour. He then operated a Cat to cut roads and skid logs in the winter and break land in the summer. He worked for Yellowhead Construction for many years mainly building roads for oil companies.

Gerhardt married Alma Eisner in September, 1955. He took employment with California Standard

Oil Co. which later became Chevron Oil. He worked as an operator at Alder Flats and then was transferred to Slave Lake where he continued to work right up to present time even though he had reached retirement service in 1979.

Charles Tober Family

written by Herb and Dave Tober

Charlie and Emily Tober, with their eight children, moved from Neilburg, Sask. to Fawcett in the spring of 1930. The children were Dave, Lydia, Otto, Herb, Andrew, Lenard, Clara, and Jessie.

Charlie filed on NW 23-65-1-W5. There were no buildings on the homestead, so they rented the buildings on the Alex Teha place and lived there until late fall. Through the summer, Charlie and the older boys drove ten miles with horses every Monday morning, and worked all week clearing and breaking new land, and erecting buildings for the coming winter. In Nov. of 1930 they were ready to move to their new home.

Charlie Tober passed away on June 24, 1968 and is buried at Fawcett.

In 1934, Dave, the oldest son, filed on NE 24-65-1-W5 and set up as a homesteader. In later years he bought SE 24-65-1-W5, giving him a half section of land. Dave has bached all his years of farming. When you go to his mobile home on the farm, you would think that there were two women cleaning that home. But there are no housekeepers, only Dave himself. The home and buildings are as neat as a pin. Dave still farms mostly cattle and hay.

Herb took for his homestead NW 27-65-1-W5. He has been a trapper most of his adult life, with farming as summer work. He doesn't have stock of



Charlie Tober and his son, Lenard, breaking land on their homestead, 1931.



Brass band; L. Lehman, Charlie Tober, Gottlieb Tober, Gus Konopka, Dan Schlicht, E. L. Eisner and Frank Strach on the drums.

any kind. Herb, like his brother, Dave, is a bachelor and a neat housekeeper. Herb collects antiques; the walls of his house are nearly covered with rocks from most of Canada and some from the States. Herb is well-known for his smoking pipes, which he whittles from wood.

Otto, the second oldest son, moved away from Fawcett about 1940 to Sicamous, B.C., where he was employed as a policeman. Otto passed away in 1970 and is buried at Sicamous.



Northern homesteaders, Dave Tober, cousin, and brothers.



Herb Tober raking hay.

Lydia married Ed Schultz from New Serepta, Alta. Ed homesteaded on NE 23-65-1-W5, where they lived. They had two sons, Cliff and Stanley. Lydia passed away in Sept., 1936 when Stanley was born.

Ed married Lydia's sister, Clara, on Oct. 30, 1937. They had four sons — Elwood, Roy, Ervin and Gordon, and two daughters — Jean and Judy. Roy lost his life in a logging accident in Jan., 1966 while working for Stanley Kasawksi. Ed passed away, with a heart attack, in Dec., 1971. In 1975, Clara remarried to Ed's brother, John Schultz. After a brief stay in Leduc they now live back at Fawcett.

Andrew married Gussie Tabert and they made their home on a homestead north of Flatbush. They also have a home in Westlock where they live part-time.

Lenard is married and retired from B.C. Provincial Parks Dept. and now lives in Vernon, B.C.

Jessie Tober, the youngest of the Tober children, is a patient in Deer Home at Red Deer, Alta.

Mrs. Charlie Tober lives in the Pembina Lodge in Westlock and is in quite good health at the age of 86 years. She has many relatives dropping in to see her.



Herb Tober's motorhome built on a Model T Ford, used to go hunting. Clara Schultz standing with gun.

Gottlieb Tober Family written by Allan Tober

Gottlieb Tober was born in Zhitomir, Volynia, Russia on Sept. 28, 1897. The family emigrated to Canada in 1902. They travelled by train to just south of New Sarepta and settled on farm on June 5, 1902.

Gottlieb took his grade five education in the New Sarepta rural school. He was called to serve in the Canadian Army in 1916 and served overseas until the end of the war in 1918.

He bought a farm south of New Sarepta in 1920 and married Jessie Schultz on Jan. 6, 1923 in the parsonage at New Sarepta.

Jessie Schultz was born in Zerjeufk. Volhynia, Russia on Aug. 6, 1906. Her family immigrated to Canada in the spring of 1907 to the city of Edmonton. They filed on a C.P.R. homestead, south of New Sarepta, in 1908 and moved onto their farm to start their home. They moved back to the city with a team of horses and a wagon and stayed there until the spring of 1911. Then they moved back to the homestead and stayed. Jessie took her education in the New Sarepta rural school.



Hauling hay, Dave Tober and Ed Schultz.



Hauling lumber with oxen, Dave, Otto and Charlie Tober, 1931.



Gottlieb Tober and his sons; Allan, Lawrence and Clement in uniform.

Gottlieb and Jessie farmed on a farm that was cut up by a ravine and a small creek which caused some inconvenience to the operation. They had three sons born to them on the farm: Clement in Feb., 1924, Allan in Sept., 1925 and Lawrence in Feb., 1927.

Clement and Allan started school in the rural school of New Sarepta.

Gottlieb filed on a homestead, north of Fawcett. SW 23-65-1-W5. The family sold their farm in 1933 and loaded all their possessions, seven horses, some cattle and some equipment on to box cars and moved to their Fawcett homestead.

The so called 'road' out to their homestead was two wagon ruts, full of mud, winding along higher ground, through tall timber, and around sloughs.

Their first homestead shack was built out of rough lumber and was covered with tar paper on the outside to keep the wind and rain out. They started to clear a few acres of land with an axe and grub hoe. By 1935 a small barn was built by logging up the walls with full length logs. It had no roof. The hay was put on top of the ceiling and served as a roof for a few years. By 1936 all but two of the horses had died of swamp fever (as it was called in those times).

Gottlieb took a job in a lumber camp but earned only 90¢ a day and board had to be paid out of that which left a very small profit. In the summer of '36 Gottlieb built a shingle mill. The shingles were hauled by horses and wagon to Fawcett and sold to the Farmer's Supply store for only \$1.60 per 1000 feet which went to buy groceries. They started to build a log house in the spring of 1936 and by late fall they were able to move into it even though it was unfinished.

The family, as well as some of the other settlers, got some assistance from the government (relief it was called in those days) such as seed potatoes and clothes for the children. The 'relief' had to be worked off by clearing right-of-ways by axe and digging draining ditches by hand (spade). By 1937 the family was so hard up that Jessie left home to try to make her living on her own, never to return. Gottlieb was unable to take on any kind of outside work due to the fact that he had to take care of three school-age boys attending school.

Gottlieb rigged up an outfit to do custom wood sawing, and grain grinding. He served a large area and also ground whole wheat flour and Sunnyboy cereal for a number of homesteaders.

Gottlieb's three boys had their trap line to look after on their way to school each winter. The furs they sold helped to buy their school supplies, although the price of furs was very low in those years.

The boys took their education at the Clyde Lake School which was a two mile walk on a mud trail that

would wind through trees and stumps. In 1938 there was a big fire in which we hardly saw the sun for two months due to the heavy smoke.

In the winter of 1940-41 Clement and Allen had visions of big money by shooting rabbits for their fur because talk was that the price would be up to 10¢ per skin. They shot and skinned over seven thousand rabbits during the winter and by the time their furs reached the market in Edmonton the price had gone down so low that they got from 1½¢ to 3¢ per skin.

In 1942 Clement went to serve in the Royal Canadian Air Force, taking his training in different parts of Canada. He served and saw action on the front lines in Germany, France, etc. while being stationed in England until the end of the war. After leaving the Air Force in 1945 he took employment with C.P.R. telegraph in southern Alberta and served C.P.R. for the next 26 years. He was stationed and served in different parts of Alberta and B.C. such as Medicine Hat, Calgary, Lethbridge, and Cranbrook, B.C. during his employment.

Clement married Josephine Marie St. Dennis on May 4, 1950 and had two girls born to them, Beverly and Carol. He got divorced from Josephine in the latter part of the '50s and raised and put the girls through the school as a one-parent family.

Clement resigned from his employment in the spring of 1972 and bought a Shell service station at Sicamous, B.C. He remarried in April, 1972 to Theda Blackburn. They have expanded their business to cabins, trailer park, and car wash and are very actively carrying on at the present time.

Gottlieb started a sawmill in 1947 and was ready for action by 1948. He and the two boys, Allan and Lawrence, bought their first tractor in the spring of 1948 for a price of \$125.00. The tractor was a 1927 model, cross-mount Case which needed a bit of an overhaul. Allan hired a neighbor, Mr. August Auch, to haul the tractor home from the Hay Lakes area and take a load of fence posts down to that area. In the



Allan Tober's first car, Model T Ford, called "Jackie".

winter of 1948-49 they took out a few hundred logs off the homestead and sawed lumber in the summer of '49. They did a fair amount of custom sawing in 1949 and '50 with their three man operation.

A very important social event, all through the '40s, was the softball games every Sunday. These took place in Charlie Tober's yard and attendance was from far and wide.

A three man band was made up of Dave Tober on fiddle, Lawrence on guitar, and Allan on banjo. They supplied the music for the numerous house parties in the district and also for dances from Flatbush to Cross Lake School.

Another social event was the rifle shoots at the Duck Lake Rifle Club which had a very good attendance in those days regardless of the poor trails called 'roads'.

One event that was look forward to was at harvest time, "them good old threshing days" with team and wagon. Everyone went custom stooking and joined the threshing crews to earn a grub stake for the winter. After the harvest came the long awaited event — "the thresher's party" which made all the hard work, run away teams, and smashed wagons and racks well worth it!

During the '40s the fall and winter seasons were spent hunting big game for the meat (no trophy hunts) and ice fishing at Cross Lake. The balance of the winter spent in logging camps.



The Tober Trio; Allan, Lawrence and cousin, Dave.

Lawrence left the family and homesteaded when he hired on with Canadian National Telegraphs which was the northwest communication system from Edmonton to Fairbanks, Alaska. He joined them on August 6, 1953.

The spring of 1954 he worked in the Yukon, Mile 1083 called Destruction Bay, at Canyon Creek in 1955, Debolt, Alta., in 1956, and was relief lineman at Fawcett until Dec., 1956.

During the winter of 1956-57 he hired on with Cambridge Drilling Ltd., Rig 6 which was located



Band in the Blue Hill district; Bjorn Bjornson, Adolph Schlicht, Art Eisner, Ewalt Eisner, Ludwig Lehman, Charlie Tober, Gottlieb Tober, Frank Sattich, Adolph Eisner.



Cambridge Drilling, Rig 6, burnt in 1956.

northwest of Flatbush across the Athabasca River. At 2700 feet depth they struck gas which exploded into flame as soon as it came to the surface and engulfed the rig. It blew a crater 75' deep and 150' across and the sub-structure plus part of the derrick was buried beneath the bottom of the crater. Many people came up to the area to see the fire as it burned for quite a few days before it was put out.

Lawrence was a relief lineman in Whitehorse, Yukon in 1957-58 and then transferred to Summit Lake, B.C. in 1959 which had a repeater station, road maintenance camp and lodge. In the next two years he was stationed in Kaidern, Yukon when he bid permanent position in 1961 at Coal River, B.C. While there a huge forest fire caused extensive damage to telegraph lines and also threatened to burn out their station. From 1965 to 1966 he worked at Watson Lake and in Sept., 1966 he bid for permanent position at Muncho Lake, B.C. which became open when Lyn Carter of Fawcett who had been lineman there passed away. While he was stationed at Muncho Lake a forest fire totally destroyed 4 miles of line and later a heavy rain came and the flood washed out the bridge approach. Lawrence is stationed in Fort Nelson, B.C. since Jan. 15, 1976 and expects to remain there until his years of retirement. He has also been a very successful bachelor!

Allan took over the homestead and farming operation but Gottlieb remained on the farm until he passed away on Feb. 2, 1979.

Allan took employment with the Dept. of Highways as a grader operator in the spring of 1951, as seasonal work for a number of years.

In his farming operations he bought his first threshing machine, a George White model, at a farm sale for \$90.00. It was retired from service in the late '60s.

Allan married Selma Eisner in Oct., 1955 and they had five children, Myrna, Glenn, Caren, Bruce, and Lloyd.

In the winter of 1957 Allan hired on with Cambridge Drilling and worked on a rig near the area of the blow-out fire of Jan. 16, 1956. In the fall of '58 until the spring of '59 he hired on with a gravel crushing crew that worked northwest of Flatbush near the Athabasca River. He worked as a gateman on the crusher for a short time and then operated the Cat and loader to feed the crusher. He operated the grader each year for the Dept. of Highways.

May of 1966 Allan hired on with the M.D. of Westlock as grader operator for Councillor Grant Burrows, Div. 7. He was called upon to keep the school bus routes open during the winter months which forced him to work around the clock many times (up to 44 hour shifts). He continued working for the M.D. until August, 1976 and then hired on with a construction contractor as a grader finisher until November, 1976. He operated a grader for a total of 26 years.

Allan gave Selma a divorce in August, 1973 and has raised and put his son, Glenn through school. Myrna is married and lives on Vancouver Island. Glenn was married this year (1980) and lives near Westlock.

Allan has served as a general repair man in the district for the past many years and is still actively farming the old homestead at this time.

Steve Turner

written by Betty Kerik

Steve Turner was a recluse in the French Creek district when we, Jack and Betty Kerik, returned to the area. He was a fairly, elderly man who raised rabbits for his meat. He would pack hay for miles on his back to feed his rabbits.

Steve lived in a small shack on his homestead; he cleared a little land but never got it broke up as he had no farm tools to work with. He dug up a garden spot for himself and grew his own vegetables. He had quite a 'green thumb' and took a great interest in growing things.

His specialty was Chinese radishes. They grew very large in size and he would keep them in the winter like we keep turnips.

Steve got lost out in the bush after we had moved to Fawcett. A search party was formed. The party searched for a day and a half when Vic Yancey found him by a big log. Vic went for help and they got him out. He was taken to the Westlock hospital where he passed away from exposure. The outside element had been too much for him.

Turner History

written by Tom Turner

I was born January 31, 1892 in Blairgowrie,



Mr. and Mrs. J. Turner, wedding picture, Dec. 11, 1890.

Perthshire, Scotland. I was raised in a small village called Kirkmichael. I served my apprenticeship with my father as a general blacksmith and horseshoer before coming to Canada. I came to Canada with my parents in 1908. We spent three years in the province of Quebec before coming west.

I bought a land seekers ticket for forty-five dollars and that took me to the end of steel on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, a little bit further on than Edson. If you didn't take up land, you could return to Ottawa with the same ticket plus five dollars. After looking around and going up the road between Edson and Peace River, we saw a lot of settlers along the road, stalled. This was in the spring and the trail was almost impassable in places, so we decided to go back to Edmonton.

I got a job with William Bushell, working at my trade. The shop was situated on the corner of 103 Street and 103 Avenue, opposite the Richileau Hotel. I worked there all summer for \$65.00 a month, then worked in the Standard mine for \$90.00 a month, blacksmithing. As this was only a winter job, I went back again and worked with M. Bushell for the same wages as I had received at the mine. In the fall, I bought out Mr. Bushell and ran a general blacksmith and horseshoe business.

Then Henry Ford came along with his Model

"T", which meant fewer horses on the streets of Edmonton. My parents and I decided to go homesteading. You could get 160 acres for ten dollars. This was a big deal! We arrived in Fawcett in the fall of 1915. My dad filed on N.E. 30-64-26 W of the 4th. I filed on N.W. 30-64-26 W of the 4th, and the Forbes family filed on S.W. 31-64-26 W of the 4th. The Forbes family were from the same part of Scotland as we came from and were intimate friends. We brought two carloads containing cattle, horses, household effects, groceries and lumber. There was a well-stocked general store in Fawcett at this time, run by T. B. Hundly, who was also the postmaster.

My parents stayed in Fawcett in a small log shack. I pitched a tent on the Forbes homestead, close to the small spring creek as it was handy for water. We put up a large log barn on the Forbes homestead, plus a log house. In the spring we started to put up buildings on my dad's homestead. We cleared two patches of land and planted oats for greenfeed for our cattle. We put up hay around the small lakes northeast of us in township 65. This hay had to be cut with scythes by hand, as many muskrat runs forbade the use of mower or rake. The following year we put hay up on French Creek and we were able to use machinery. That winter I went to Chisholm and did general blacksmithing and millwrighting.

Back home in the spring I did more clearing and fencing. We just fenced our crops and the horses and cattle ran on the range. Many a long hike we had, looking for them. Soon it was winter again and this time I went up to Flatbush and helped build a small mill for the Excelsior Lumber Company.

Spring came and we put in our crops. I must say we had good crops as we always got plenty of rain. There was an abundance of wild fruit and game for meat . . . and I'm not forgetting the mosquitoes, sand flies, and bull-dogs. My parents kept the home fires burning while I went out to work in the winter. I



Tom and Helen Turner's Golden wedding anniversary, 1977.

went blacksmithing and horseshoeing to a camp eighty miles from Westlock, northwest of Barrhead, in a very large camp. That was a very cold winter with lots of snow.

Then I got a job with the Excelsior Lumber Co. running a camp west of Jarvie. Logs were cut in the bush and hauled twelve to fourteen miles to Jarvie on a rutted ice road. The water tank went out every night to keep the road in shape. Horses had to be sharpshod. The logs were decked on the river bank a half mile up stream from the mill. Then when the ice went out, a shear boom was put into the river to shear the logs across to the opposite side. From there the logs were decked into a pocket boom, which carried them down to the mill. Three hundred yards from there, they were jack laddered up into the mill as needed. The last two winters it was decided to put in a portable mill, as it was costly to build and keep up the iced road. Two winters in succession we had a January thaw which wiped out the ice road completely. In the spring I was yard foreman and supervised the loading and shipping of all lumber and lath. Three-fifth of the lumber was shipped to the Eastern United States. All the good slabs were made into lath as there was a good market for it. The timber on the lease suitable for sawing was cut out and then the mill was closed down. This mill was a great asset to Jarvie and surrounding district in the early days as it employed a considerable number of resident homesteaders.

On December 30, 1927 I married Helen Callander, who was born in Scotland, some thirty-five miles from where I was born. She lived in the Lakeview district, about five miles south of where I lived. Lakeview district was settled after World War one. In the fall of 1920 Lakeview Hall was built. Our wedding was the first in Lakeview Hall. We were married by Reverend D. E. Cameron, librarian of the University of Alberta. Despite the cold night, 50



James Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Callander.

degrees below zero, seventy people turned out, some coming from a considerable distance. The Haray family from south of Jarvie, travelled by sleigh. Carl Zempkey came by horseback and stayed overnight with his cousin Bill Bray, then went to Fawcett the next night for the New Year's dance. Jimmy Hoyle said it was the first time he had ever danced, but it was a case of dance or freeze. The musicians were Jimmy Forbes, Jimmy Ruxton, Jack Little. Jack said he played the fiddle with his gloves on. Our bridesmaid was Elizabeth (Betty) Ruxton and Jack Kerik was best man. The hall was cool despite the fact there was a roaring fire in the large heater. After arriving home in the "wee sma 'oors" we did the chores and, looking at the thermometer, we saw that it registered 60 degrees below zero. A colder night never blew! Then we settled down to married life. We were blessed with two sons. Ian was born March 2, 1929 in Jarvie at Mrs. Crouser's and our faithful nurse, Nurse Conlin, in attendance. Alan was born October 9, 1932 at home with Nurse Hyde and my mother in attendance. Our boys were educated at Thorntonville school.

The surrounding district mourned the passing of a much beloved and respected old timer in 1931, named George Zempky. George was born in Youngstown, Ohio. For miles around he was known by everyone young and old as "Uncle George". He was quite a philosopher and also a bit of a wit. No gather-



Mr. and Mrs. J. Turner, Golden wedding anniversary, Dec. 11, 1940.

ing was complete without his presence and quite often he was called upon for his recitation," Saint Peter at the Gate." He took up a homestead north of us. He used to tell a story of his coming to visit his neighbors. He had to pass through land on which two gates were located, not too far apart, but at quite inconvenient places. He used to say, "I hope when I reach the Golden Gate, I'll find it left ajar for me for a change." He was buried in the Jarvie Cemetery and it was the largest funeral to that date.

My mother passed away in January of 1951 and my father in September of 1960.

We settled down to mixed farming. We farmed with horses until we bought our first tractor in 1941, an International Farmall A. Alan took over the farm in 1968. Ian was mechanically minded and left the farm. He is now millwrighting at the mill in Hinton.

We lived on the farm until 1975, then retired and went to live in Westlock. We are enjoying our retirement very much after our pioneering and farming days.

The Twidt Family

written by Phyllis Twidt

Clarence and I homesteaded SE 36-64-26-W4 in 1935. We moved to the location from Pibroch. In the fall of 1936 Dad Gurney and brothers, Sid, Len and Reg helped us build a log house into which we moved in late November. It was built of poplar logs as they were handy to get and we roofed with spruce shingles sawn by Johnston's shingle mill. We lived here for seven years, then went to North Edmonton to work on dairy farms for two years.

This was during the war years and the training planes from Namao would swoop so low the men on the hay stacks nearly lost their hats. We moved back to the homestead in 1945 with horses and machinery.

We broke more land and farmed for twelve years, then moved to New Norway, Alta. In 1961 we came back to the farm and lived there till 1977, at which time we sold the farm and moved to Westlock.

The first land was cleared with an axe and broken with horses. The land was fertile but rocky so it took a lot of work to get it ready to seed. We had beef cattle and milk cows. I made butter and Clarence would take it by horse and wagon or sleigh to Jarvie and Fawcett to be sold. In the summer it was packed in wet grass or moss so it wouldn't get soft. It was a fifteen mile trip and took 2½ hours one way. We got 10¢ a pound for the butter, which helped buy groceries.

We had a couple of our neighbors cut hay on the creek flat and on meadows south of our place for winter feed for the cattle. We cut, raked and used a hay sweep to put it in stacks. Sometimes Clarence



Righthand cut McCormick binder, Clarence Twidt riding, 1945.

would be gone for two or three days, as the crew camped at the meadows to save travelling time.

In the fall, Clarence joined a threshing crew. He worked for Clutchbar in 1937-38 and '39. In 1939 the smoke from ground fires was so thick that the threshing crew had a hard time finding their way around. At one place they were delayed for a day as the smoke was so thick the men couldn't see the stooks. When the crew was moving to the other side of the river they used the ferry at Fawcett. Bill Godwin was running the ferry at this time. If the weather was good, Clarence would be away for ten days at a time. Then I would have to milk the cows and look after the farm and the children. Luckily we never had any accidents at these times.

In the winter Clarence hauled firewood, and hay for the cattle. Johnstons had a buzz saw and engine which they took from farm to farm sawing wood. Each of the men would go to the others to help with the sawing. Sometimes we would go ice fishing at Cross Lake or Clear Lake.

In those days we were basically self-sustaining. I grew a big garden and canned all I could. There were lots of wild berries to pick and the only worry was to get the sugar to put in them. I sewed nearly all the clothes and knit socks and mitts. Meat was canned or put in a crock with fat over it to keep the air out, and kept in a cool place.



Clarence Twidt hauling firewood, 1950.



Going in style to Mother's Day concert, 1947.

Clarence helped build the Cross Lake Church, a bridge across the creek at Fox's place, and the barn at the school. He was on the school board at the time the Cross Lake School was closed and the children were bussed to Fawcett. I helped whenever I could with community picnics and the Girls Club. In recent years we helped keep the Cross Lake Cemetery and Church neat and tidy.

Entertainment in the early years consisted of dances with George Richardson on the fiddle, Carl Browning on the accordion and Les Calahan on the banjo. Sometimes Paul Rudwahel and Mrs. L. Jones would supply the music. There were box socials, picnics and ball games as well as Mothers' Day and Christmas concerts. All these social events took place at the school. I remember a temporary stage being built for the Christmas concert. As the evening wore on mothers would put their little ones to sleep



Ready for school, 1948. Evelyn, Cora and Clara Twidt on Brownie.

on coats on the stage and then the adults could dance until wee hours of the morning. After one such event a family left for home with horses and sleigh but soon came back to the school. They had forgotten one child and had to come back to gather it up!

We raised four daughters and Clarence often said he would have liked a son but wouldn't trade any of his girls for one.

Clara was born in Westlock and started school at Namao. She went to school at Cross Lake for eight years. She quit school in Fawcett in grade nine and worked out for two years before marrying Gordon Beamish of Jarvie. They reside on a farm there and have two daughters and two sons.

Cora was born at Mrs. Boyd's nursing home and started school at Cross Lake. She finished school at New Norway and took Psychiatric nurses' training at Red Deer Provincial Training School. She graduated in 1964. She married Herb Grose of Clive, Alta. and has one daughter.

Evelyn was also born at Mrs. Boyd's place and took her first three years of schooling at Cross Lake and finished grade twelve in Fawcett. She worked in Edmonton for a year then married Bill McCann of Fawcett. They farm just north of Fawcett and have two boys and one girl.

Lenora was born in Westlock and went to school in Fawcett and New Norway. She was the only one of our family who didn't experience riding horses the 3½ miles to school. In winter Clara drove a team on a jumper box. This was a box, with a seat, fastened to the front bobs of a sleigh. By the time Lenora started school in 1953, the Cross Lake School was closed and a bus took them to Fawcett. Lenora took a Certified Nurse Aid course in Edmonton and went to work in Wetaskiwin. She married Dale Hay of that city and they live there yet with their son and daughter.

We have seen many changes in our district in the last 45 years since we first came to the homestead. Wagon trails gave way to black top; coal oil lamps moved out when electricity moved in; underground telephone lines and natural gas heating were undreamed of in those days. But the people haven't changed that much. You can still call on a neighbor to give a helping hand or have a chat or play a game of cards. We hope it will always be so.

Adolf Ulrich Family written by Inez Ulrich

Adolf was born on May 17, 1917 in Grosspartens, Germany to Karl and Auguste Ulrich. He was the sixth and youngest child. The father and oldest son immigrated to Canada and were followed by Auguste and their two sons, Walter and Adolf, in November,



Inez and Adolf Ulrich's wedding, August 11, 1946.

1930. They moved directly to Flatbush where they had a homestead. Sometime later Karl moved back to Germany.

In the early '40's the three Ulrich brothers bought two farms near Fawcett, one to the west of the ferry and the second to the east.

On August 11, 1946 Adolf and I, Inez Alberts, were married in the living room of my parent's new home. We went on a honeymoon to Banff and then came back and lived on the farm east of Fawcett. We started raising a family. On Feb. 2, 1947 a premature baby girl of three and one half pounds was born by the name of Margaret Gail.

On Sept. 23, 1947 Adolf became a Canadian citizen of which he was very proud. About this time we purchased the quarter east of us giving us a half section of land. We raised beef and milk cattle, a few pigs, horses and chickens. At one time we had 400 laying hens.

In 1948 on Oct. 22 another daughter, Ethel Cecelia, was born to us in Edmonton. Granny Ulrich was delighted with the two granddaughters. Jan. 15, 1950 a son was born, Dwight Adolf Sam. This was a delight to both sides of the family as it was the first grandson, hence all the names!

August 3, 1951 Adolf's mother passed away and we buried her in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Two years later we added another son to our growing brood. On July 11, 1953 Gordon Marvin was born at Westlock.

We decided to sell our farm in 1954 and moved to Armstrong, B.C. where we bought a dairy farm. There were 50 acres and 40 Holstein and Jersey cows. We got three cuttings of hay from the farm and could also pasture the cows. We bought grain but the climate seemed ideal for this type of farming. While living at Armstrong another son was born, Lawrence Lloyd on August 14, 1954.

Adolf didn't like milking cows so we sold the farm. Taking his carpenter tools, he built us a home in Vernon, B.C. It was here another new son was born, Victor Ronnie on Dec. 22, 1955.

For awhile Adolf did really well building and selling houses. He built a new home on Kalamaka Lake for us and sold the one in Vernon. By the mid-fifties work was getting scarce in the interior of B.C. so we sold our home and bought a trailer. We moved to Field, B.C. where Adolf got a job with the Dept. of Parks as a carpenter. Finally we felt like putting down roots in a small town.

We became involved in Cubs and Scouts, both of us becoming leaders. Every week there were knots to tie, games to play and hikes to go on with some forty boys. We went square dancing once a week. The children would play in the wilds of Yoho Park, ski in the winter, fish in the summer and once or twice a month we would travel to the Radium Hot Springs for a swim. Adolf would go curling with other men but mainly preferred to do things with his family. Once or twice a year we would make a trip back to Fawcett to visit the relatives.

On April 2, 1963 the last of our children was born, a boy, Claude Neil, at Golden, B.C. The town of Field celebrated and bought many gifts for the new one. Adolf almost burst his seams as he was very proud of his family and often wondered how he would get them through school. The kids were always tagging along wherever he went.

In the spring of '65 Adolf started having trouble with his legs so went into the hospital at Golden for



Adolf and Herman Ulrich hauling steers, 1948.



Ulrich family; Adolf, Gail, Gordon, Dwight, Ethel, Lawrence, and Inez, 1954.

tests. From there he went to Calgary where the doctor told me that Adolf had leukemia. This was in August and we were told he wouldn't have long to live but with leukemia the patients at times will have a remission in which they feel cured. Adolf was like this for a time in which he travelled to the various weddings in the family when he felt good. In October he took a spell and ended up in the hospital in Golden. I would drive from Field every day to see him. On Nov. 22, 1965 Adolf passed away.

There was a beautiful service held in a little church in Field with the other carpenters as pall bearers and the whole town was in attendance. They came to Westlock where we buried Adolf on Nov. 25, 1965.

I sold the place in Field and moved back to Fawcett on my own homestead that joins the old one, on which I grew up.

Our family has grown up and are out on their own now. Gail works for the Canadian Government and at present is situated in Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Ethel married Gerald Quinn of Kinuso and has a farm at Flatbush. They have one son, Martin.

Gordon has a daughter, Lisa Marie. Lawrence married Susan Bushaw of Westlock and they live at Whitecourt. They have two sons, Wesley and Alexander.

Dwight married Merva Biberdorf of Alameda, Sask. and they have a farm there. Their family consists of two daughters, Darlene and Melisa.

Ronnie has a daughter, Starlene, and his wife-to-be, Rene, has a daughter Michelle. They have a farm in the Dapp region.

Claude is going to school and lives with me on the farm.

The Ulrich Family written by E. Boyd

Karl Ulrich came from Grap-Partenshin, Germany to Flatbush, Alberta in 1928 to homestead. His



Walter, William, Adolph and Mrs. Ulrich with grandchildren.

son, William Karl, arrived in 1929. In 1930 his wife, Augusta and their two younger sons, Walter and Adolph, came.

Karl Ulrich returned to East Germany in 1936 and never came back.

In 1944 the Ulrich brothers, William, Walter and Adolph, bought the Dick Yaggey farm, and with their mother, moved to Fawcett. They bought the Herman Sund farm in 1947. William, Walter and their mother moved to the Sund place. Adolph married Inez Alberts in August of 1946. They lived on the Yaggey place and bought the John Ragan place east of their place. This gave them a half section. Adolph and Inez sold their land in 1953 and moved near Golden, B.C. Adolph worked there for the B.C. government until he passed away in November of 1965. He is buried in the Westlock cemetery. Inez and their children returned to Fawcett after Adolph's death and have lived here since.

Mrs. Augusta Ulrich passed away in early August 1951 and is buried at Fawcett. In September of 1951 Mrs. Ulrich's daughter and her husband, Helmut Volzke, with two of their children, Horst and Edda, came to Fawcett from Germany. They lived with William and Walter for two years until they built a house on their own land.

Walter Ulrich bought the Tom Booker farm in 1954 and built a new house on it. William was living on his farm and Walter on his. Both were bachelors. They helped each other with field work and haying. William kept chickens and sold eggs for a number of years. Walter kept cattle and farmed a half section until his health failed. He was in the auxiliary hospital for a year and a half before he passed away on October 8, 1975. His farm was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Doke.

William sold his land in January of 1973 to Ed Kallal. He bought a mobile home and lives in Westlock where his sister and her husband live. William went back to Hamburg, Germany in 1977 to visit a sister and says he had a very enjoyable time.

Adolph Ulrich passed away at the age of forty-eight and Walter at the age of sixty. William is sixty-nine this year of 1978 and is managing quite well.

They never heard from their father after he went back to Germany.

Vanhill History

written by Linda Vanhill

John Vanhill

John Vanhill had come from Belgium via a sailing ship as a youngster. John had homesteaded land that is now the city of Camrose. In 1934 John and his wife, Katherine, came to Fawcett and homesteaded NE 5-65-26-W4.

Katherine was formerly a Litke — one of twenty-four children. Her younger brothers, Joe and Lawrence had come to Fawcett and taken up homesteads.

John had five brothers but he was the only one that had a son, namely Joe. On his deathbed John bemoaned the fact that the Vanhill name would be lost as Joe only had a daughter. John passed away in July, 1943 and in November a grandson, Bonnard was born. So the Vanhill name goes on.

Both John and Katherine are buried in the Fawcett Cemetery. Their other child, Nellie married Arthur Sutton and lived at Fawcett for a few years.

Joe Vanhill

Joe was born in Camrose on September 4, 1908. Following World War I he moved with his parents to Duhammel. It was here that he heard of fertile land at Flatbush, Alta. from his uncle, Lawrence Litke, who had been there on a hunting trip.

In 1927 Joe, along with his two uncles, Joseph and Lawrence Litke, set out in his 1925 Chev. touring car to look for land. The trip from St. Albert to Fawcett took them two and one-half days with another three days to get to Flatbush. They didn't find any suitable land there so returned to Fawcett. While they were eating breakfast at the cafe they came across Joe Westman who promised to show them some land. He took them to fine looking land, approx. where the entry to Cross Lake Park now is. It had been burned out four or five years previously and a dandy crop of peavine covered the rocks. The three men each took up a homestead. Joe began to improve it but let it go as the land was just too poor for farming.

Joe moved to Fawcett in 1931 and rented Henri Flouquet's farm. In 1935 he met Winnifred Darbyson and they were married in November of that year. Joe

and Winnie moved to the Edgar Morris place until 1941 when they moved out to Joe's homestead NE 5-65-26-W4. It was here that their house burned down in the late '40s and they built on SE 5-65-26-W4, which had been homesteaded by William Harper.

Winnie's parents, Henry and Mae Darbyson, lived in Fawcett. Henry was a self taught veterinarian. He passed away in 1936 and Mae continued to live at Fawcett for a while then retired to Edmonton where she passed away in 1978.

Joe and Winnie had six children. Shirley married Duane Fetzner of Camrose and lives at Lac La Hache, B.C. they have four children. Their son, Dwaine had a short hockey career with the Chicago Black Hawks on their farm team but had to retire due to numerous knee injuries.

Bonnard married Linda Belter of Buffton and has three children. They live at Linaria and he has his own business.

Lois married Paul Tomniuk of Smokey Lake and has two children — Bradley and Pennie. They live in Edmonton where Paul is a detective for the City Police Force.

Joan married Gary Evashkevich of Hythe and has three children — Sheldon, Shelley and Dawn. They live at Grande Prairie where Gary is with A.G.T.

Bernard married Marilyn Zurawell of Edmonton and has two boys — Colin and Christopher. They live in Edmonton.

Beverly married Ken Minsky of Rochester and has one daughter, Tammy. They live in Edmonton.

Winnie passed away in 1963, leaving Joe to raise the three youngest children. All the children are now on their own and Joe remarried, to Josephine Karmann, in 1978.

Joe still does a bit of farming but lives at Westlock. He loves to go hunting with his sons and has always managed to bag a moose every year since the fall of 1928.

Bonnard Vanhill

Bonnard was born on November 16, 1943 in the Immaculata Hospital at Westlock, delivered by Dr. Whissell.

He went to school with his sisters at French Creek until 1949, walking 3½ miles through the bush. They then were bussed to Fawcett. It was a long ride and the bus often got bogged down in the mud. Gerald Litke drove the bus at the time and often had something to eat for the children in case they happened to get stuck and didn't make it home until after supper!

Bonnard remembers the first time he came into Fawcett with his father. There was a convoy of American soliders returning from Alaska and the stop over

was at Fawcett. He doesn't recall ever seeing so many people on the streets of Fawcett as there were that day.

As a youngster Bonnard raised pigs and shot squirrels thus earning his own money. Then in the late '50s his mother became ill so Bonnard went to work driving a 'Cat', crushing gravel, etc. to help supplement the family income. Consequently, he missed a lot of school and finally quit half-way through grade ten.

For a number of years he worked out in the oil field on construction, building roads and oil leases in the isolated wilderness of Swan Hills, Red Earth, Zama and Rainbow Lake areas.

On July 3, 1971 he married Linda Belter, a student nurse and lived in Edmonton until 1973 when they moved to Westlock. Bonnard began working as a grader operator for the M.D. of Westlock, Division 3. They moved to Linaria in the fall of 1974 and have lived there since.

As of July, 1980 Bonnard has been engaged in his own business — Vanhill Backhoe Service. He enjoys fishing and of course he inherited the hunting blood of his father.

So the Vanhill name carries on even though Grandfather John thought it never would.

Henry Wagner

written by E. Boyd

Henry Wagner was born in Russia on February 13, 1898. In 1900, at the age of two, Henry came to the United States with his parents and family. They settled in North Dakota until 1914. On Jan. 10, 1914 the Wagner family immigrated to Canada. They lived in Edmonton until 1917, then moved to Luseland, Sask. to a farm. Henry and his dad farmed there up to 1927, when they sold and moved to New Serepta, Alta. Henry moved to Flatbush and homesteaded the SE ¼ of Sec.17-T65-R1-W5, on March 17, 1928. He got title to the homestead in 1938.

Henry was around during the summer months, clearing land on his place. Henry drove a Valee Coupe in those days, a big, heavy car. He said it would go through any mud hole. Henry went home to visit his parents often. They lived until Henry was well along in his 50's.

Henry took a barber's course in Edmonton and cut hair at New Serepta for a few years. Then he decided to come back North. He sold his farm to Sam Auch in 1939 and started a barber shop in a corner of Carlson's store. He stayed a few months at Carlson's and then moved his business to a small room in the hotel. I remember that he was there in June of 1940.

Later he bought two pool tables and set up shop in the building that was known as the Hundley place. He stayed at this location until he and Arthur and Joe Cole build his own pool hall, barber shop and living



Henry Wagner cutting Jody MacCrimmon's hair, 1972.

quarters all in the same building, in 1946. He bought two lots from Miss Housefield and had his building on the East lot; the other lot was for parking space.

Henry sold cigarettes, chocolate bars, gum and most anything in the line of confectionery. Henry always asked if you wanted a medium hair cut. It didn't matter what you told him you got a medium cut. He was a pretty good barber and you could depend on him being there.

In later years, Henry became quite religious and every winter he would go to Arizona, U.S.A. He bought a Ford van and fixed it up to live in, and cut hair in while he was away in the winter. He would attend church gatherings while at Arizona. Henry usually took some one from the district with him on his trips. One year, Charlie Tober went along; another year, Paul Kruger from Flatbush, went with him. Henry took John Stothers, from Flatbush, along on his last trip to Arizona. Henry took quite sick and ended up in the hospital down there for a month, and never went again.

His last years here, he sold the pool tables, and made a door in the back of the building so he could park his van inside. He didn't drive his van much around Fawcett; the van stayed indoors until his yearly trips to the States.

Henry believed in faith healers and wouldn't go to doctors until it was too late for them to help him. He got so that he could hardly walk. Mary Jones would take his mail to him a couple times a week.

One day she went to see him and couldn't get an answer when she knocked. She told Clarence Pudlowski and he went to see if he was alright. When Clarence got in he found Henry on the floor of his bedroom; he was unable to get up. They phoned the ambulance and Henry was taken to the hospital in Westlock where he lived for a couple of days before passing away.

Henry was 78 years old when he passed away on May 26, 1976. He is buried in the Westlock Public Cemetery.

Henry was a good citizen, all his years at Fawcett and is well remembered by all who knew him. There are many men and boys walking around who remember getting a 'medium' hair cut from Henry. Henry has a sister at Luseland, Sask. (Mrs. Paul Ronke) and a brother in Edmonton, Alta.

Arthur Wall Family

written by E. Boyd

Art and Dora Wall were transferred from Greencourt to Fawcett in 1942. Art was employed by the Searle Grain Company. The Walls have four children. The eldest son, James, was already on his own when they moved to Fawcett. The other three children, Irene, Calvin and Robert (Bobby) came with their parents. At times Jim would come to Fawcett to visit his family.

Art bought grain here until his retirement in 1963, when they moved to Maidstone, Sask.

In 1949 Irene married Fred Lamont, a young man who worked at the repeater station. Their daughter trained as a nurse. She is married now and has a baby boy. This makes Art a great-grandfather. Irene and Fred live in Winnipeg, Man. where Fred works for the C.N.T.

Calvin married and had two children. He lost his wife and one child in an auto accident in British Columbia. Calvin now lives in Calgary and drives for Greyhound bus.

Jim Wall lives with his wife in Calgary. They have no children.

Bobby was born in Greencourt and was one year old when they moved to Fawcett. He married a registered nurse who works at the Glenrose Hospital. Bobby works in Edmonton.

Both Art and Dora took a keen interest in the community. Art was head carpenter when the Fawcett Community Church was built. He also built the pews for the church and did an excellent job. Dora belonged to the W.I. and the Fawcett Ladies' Club. When they moved to Maidstone, the Walls lived in a house in the same yard as Dora's sister and her husband who farmed there. Dora helped her

sister with the cooking and housework and Art did the carpenter work for his brother-in-law.

Dora passed away in 1969 and Art still lives with his sister-in-law and husband. Art is a returned man from the 1914-18 conflict and would be in his early 80's at the time of this writing, 1978.

Leo and Henry Waper

written by Barbara Gray

The Waper brothers filed on homesteads in the Clyde Lake District on July 25, 1921. Henry filed on SE 16-65-1-W5 and Leo filed on SW 16-65-1-W5. In March, 1929 Leo filed on NE 15-65-1-w5. Both men proved their homesteads by 1935.

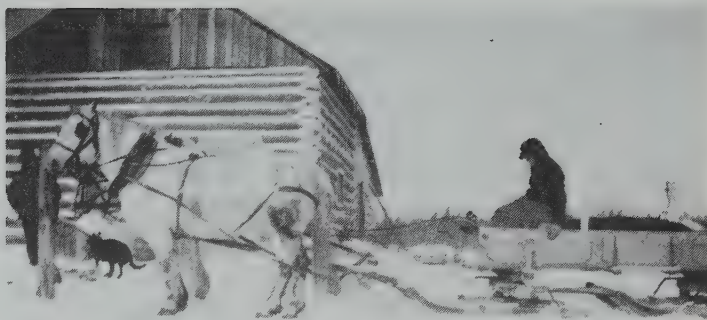
The Wapers were bachelors until Leo married Agnes Stansfield in the late '20's. They kept a lot of chickens and did very well with them. They hatched baby chicks and had them for sale every spring. They also sold eggs each week.



Henry and Leo Waper, 1942.



Barbara Waper, 1942.



Leo Waper, 1934.

In the early years Leo hauled the eggs to Fawcett with a team and wagon or team and sleigh — summer and winter. Then Leo bought a Model T Ford with the back seat taken off and replaced with a truck box. Leo kept his Ford sparkling clean which really paid off. He must have been a good mechanic as his Ford always ran perfectly. In 1949 Leo bought a brand new Chev half-ton. Leo and the Chev hauled the eggs to Fawcett until 1956.

Leo and Agnes sold their land to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Crick and moved to Westlock. Henry had left the farm some years before this.

Mr. and Mrs. Waper had a daughter born to them while they lived on the farm. They named her Barbara. She took her schooling at the Clyde Lake School. Barbara is Mrs. Brian Grey and lives at Westlock.

Agnes Waper still lives in her home in Westlock. Leo passed away in 1978 at the age of 96 years and is buried in the Westlock cemetery as is Henry who passed away in 1958.

Allie and Stella Watt

written by E. Boyd

Allie and Stella came to Fawcett, the spring of 1945, with two children — Lillian, age eleven, and



Allie Watt in his yard, July, 1964.

Charles, age six. Allie bought a grocery store from Throstine Nisi and sold it the following year, 1946, to the newly formed Fawcett Co-op Association.

After the store sale, Allie took over the Massey Ferguson dealership and was in our Massey dealer until he sold and moved to Westlock in 1967. Mrs. Watt was manager of the Co-op store from April, 1956 to Nov., 1966.

Lillian was married in 1956 and moved to Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. She lived there until her accidental death on Dec. 2, 1975. Charles also went to Chicago, was married there, and now lives in Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A.

Allie took a keen interest in Sunday school all his years here at Fawcett. He taught Sunday school and was instrumental in having church service in the old school building. He also served as our trustee on the Westlock School Division board for ten years and served us well. It was through Allie's efforts that Fawcett got our lovely gym and also our Jr. High School.

Mr. Watt always had a nice car. He was called on quite frequently to take people to the hospital and to drive our district nurse around on her many, many house calls. I guess, we can say, that Allie ran a local taxi.

He sold machinery far and near — Linaria, Jarvie, Flatbush and never seemed to have alot of trade-ins taking up space. I used to set up some of his equipment for him and found him to be very nice to work for.

Allie was an ardent Social Creditor and worked hard for the Party. He was Deputy Returning Officer for the Municipal election, when Grant Burrows went in as our counsellor. The election for this division was held in Allie's Massey building.

Even after Allie and Stella moved to Westlock, he would make many trips back to Fawcett to visit around with friends and people. Up to the time of his death, Allie would always come to funerals in the district and pay his respects.

Allie Watt passed away March 6, 1976 at Westlock and is buried in the Hazel Bluff cemetery. Stella now lives alone in Westlock, working at the Auxiliary Hospital and making her various handicrafts that we all know her capable of doing.

Each and everyone of us will remember Allie for having a minute or two to talk, and Stella's cheery smile behind the counter of the Co-op store.

Jim Wheeler Family

written by Evelyn Bebeau

James Wheeler came to Edmonton from Porth, South Wales in 1911. He came with the dream of a better world than the coal mines of Wales. Gertrude



Mrs. James Wheeler, Evelyn and Joan, 1924.

Ripley came to Edmonton in 1912 from Yorkshire, England. Her father was a building contractor and came in 1910.

In 1915 Jim and Gertrude were married at the Strathcona Baptist Church in Edmonton. Shortly afterward Jim joined the 63rd Battalion and was sent overseas. Gertie, after the birth of the first daughter, also went overseas and stayed in England. She remained in England until the end of World War I which Jim served in France.

On returning to Canada in 1919 they went to Victoria, B.C. where Jim worked on a whaling ship. However, they didn't like the separation so they returned to Edmonton. There they bought their first home, and Jim worked in a warehouse.

A visit from Gertie's aunt, Emma Booker, convinced them to go homesteading in the district of Fawcett. In 1920 Mr. and Mrs. Tom Booker had filed on a homestead there. They liked the life but Mr. Booker was in ailing health and they hoped the Wheelers, by filing on the quarter next to them, could give them some assistance and companionship.

Jim filed on NW 23-64-1-W5 and in 1925 they started life on the quarter in the wilderness. The first task was to fell enough trees to make space to build the first shack. The land was quite heavily timbered.

It was a crude building made of logs to serve the first years; later a nicer house was built. This time the logs were hewed, the corners dovetailed and pegged with wooden pegs to hold them together. Some birch logs were sent to Chisholm and made into shingles for the roof. To keep out drafts, a mixture of mud and cement was packed into spaces between the logs.

Homesteading began in earnest for Jim and Gertie and their two daughters, Evelyn and Joan. Money was scarce. Survival meant constant hard work over many years. For the Wheelers those big trees were the mainstay of the family larder the first few years. George Durand worked for Jim, supplying the horses. They chopped and hauled fire wood to Alex Kaliel, the storekeeper, who in turn shipped it by rail to Edmonton. Thus credit was established at the village store. The next requisite was a cow. Jim acquired work clearing land for which he received his first cow. Gertie worked at home in the garden and gathered berries to can for the winter. When Jim shot a moose, they knew they wouldn't go hungry.

The following winter, with cash from the sale of wood and railway ties, they were able to buy their first team of horses plus harness and wagon. This was bought at Svenson's place for \$125.00. Now the homestead was on the way to becoming a farm. The underbrush had been cleared by burning. Day after day was spent by mother, Joan and me picking up sticks to be piled by father. He used a grub hoe to grub out the big trees. Sometimes the fires would get out of control, and we spent many a night running with wet sacks to beat out the flames so they wouldn't reach the buildings.

After father proved up and got title to his first quarter of land, he was able to file on another. This time he chose a haying quarter in the Thorntonville district. This way he not only had hay for his livestock but enough to sell to acquire that all-elusive cash.

Barter was more common than money in those days. A man's labor was often given in return for the use of equipment. Without the neighbors working together, it is doubtful any of them would have survived. Dad and Arthur Sutton often worked together trading help.

As time went on our education was a problem. I, the oldest, had been left with friends in the city for my school year. I also rode horseback, four and a half miles, to Fawcett school one year. Now Joan was ready for school. Four and a half miles through dense bush was too much for a little one. Our parents, not to be daunted, arranged with the Alberta government to have a correspondence course sent out. So now mother, besides the farm work, became a teacher. Joan was taught this way until she was twelve years

old. By this time other youngsters lived within the area and through efforts of the Harpers, the Stones, and our parents a new school was built on the fifth meridian. Seeing as it was on the meridian this became the name of the school — Fifth Meridian School. School started there in the fall of 1932.

The years went by and the farm developed. When the Bookers sold, father bought their farm. He now had a section, much of it seeded to grain each year.

Unfortunately for father and mother, both of us girls married and chose city life. I married Ray Bebeau and Joan married Philip Stone. The work load and severe winter became too much for our aging parents. They bought a little cottage in the hamlet of Fawcett and lived in it during the winter months, but continued to seed the grain for the growing seasons. Dad's health began to fail so he rented the farm on share basis, and after forty-eight years of farming he retired. They then bought the Fawcett nurses' residence and had it completely modernized. Dad began a new life experimenting and growing fruit trees that would survive the hard winters. While living in this house, our parents celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in 1965.

The years had taken their toll and father was making more and more trips to the Westlock doctors. It was discovered he not only had cancer but a bad heart as well. Though he hated to sell his farm, there was no alternative but to do so. They moved to Westlock in the fall of 1966. There they bought a home near the hospital. Except for Dad's ill health, they were happy there. They had many visitors from the Fawcett area and father belonged to the Legion.



Top: Jim Wheeler, Gwen Deray, Keith Kerik, Peg McLiesh.
Bottom: Les Moser, ?, Mrs. Wheeler, 1961.

In the summer of 1968 father was laid to rest in the Westlock Cemetery. Mother continued to live in Westlock and took an active part in the St. Phillips Anglican church. In 1969 at the age of 80 years mother made a trip to England accompanied by Joan and her husband. There she visited relatives and a home she had lived in as a girl. At the age of 87 her health broke and she was in the Auxiliary Hospital in Westlock for four months. The doctor told her she could no longer live alone. She hated to break ties of sixty years in the Fawcett and Westlock area but I persuaded her to come to Kingston, Ont. and make her home with me. Here she is relatively happy though she gets lonesome at times and her strength never returned. In April, 1978 she was ninety and to celebrate the event we had a luncheon for her. Joan came from Ladysmith, B.C. and a few of our friends attended also.

Our homestead is now owned and lived on by Mrs. Brokop and her son, Karl.

Clarence Whitlock Family written by E. Boyd

Clarence Whitlock Sr. was born in Cleveland, Ohio in 1902. He moved with his family to Innisfail, Alta. in 1906. Clarence joined the Canadian Navy in 1917 and returned to Innisfail in 1919.

In 1920 Clarence came to Fawcett and took a homestead north-east of the hamlet, NE17-64-26-W4. Clarence married Cathline Maohiney in 1921 at Innisfail and their first son, Robert was born there in 1922.

Clarence moved his family to Fawcett and the homestead in the fall of 1922. Their second son, Clarence Jr. was born at Fawcett in September, 1925.



Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Paulson's house in Fawcett.



Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Whitelock and family; Robert, Marie, Shirley and Clarence Jr.

Robert served in the second World War and lost a leg above the knee in a land mine explosion. After he returned from the war Robert married Marie Schnef. Robert works for the government and lives in Vancouver, B.C.

Clarence Jr. married Shirley Alberts. They live on their land, east of the original homestead.

The Whitelocks lived on their homestead until 1948. Mrs. Cathline Whitelock disappeared during the early summer of 1948 and was never heard of



Horseback riders in search party for Mrs. Whitelock.

again. Clarence Sr. and Jr. were working at Chisholm at the time of the disappearance and it was a terrible shock to them. They had search parties out for days but there was never a trace found.

In 1950 Clarence Sr.'s brother passed away in Vancouver and Clarence went out to his funeral and stayed there. He remarried; he and his wife live in a home built by the Legion for returned soldiers. When I went to the coast, I visited Clarence at his suite in the Legion Housing in June, 1978. They are very comfortable. Clarence was 76 years old and didn't look near that age. I didn't see the present Mrs. Whitelock but I remember the first Mrs. Whitelock and liked her very much.

I remember my father and me going by team and sleigh, in the winter of 1926, to the Whitelock's place. We stayed there for two nights and went fishing at Cross Lake during the days. I enjoyed the trip very much and we had a nice time with the Whitelocks.

Clarence sold the homestead to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Buzzell in 1955. They in turn sold to a young couple by the name of Dave Satterfield, who still owns it.

Widdifield Family

written by Doris Widdifield

Ken and Doris Widdifield and two small daughters, Cheryl and Chrys, arrived in Fawcett in June, 1952 from Destruction Bay, Yukon. Ken was employed with CNT at the repeater station in Fawcett. They first lived across the highway from the repeater station in a home which was then owned by J. D. MacGillivray. Later, they lived for a few months at the rear of the IH building and then moved down the street, opposite the barber shop, to a home owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lou White.

During their years in Fawcett, two more members were added to the Widdifield family — a daughter, Robyn, and a son, Kevin.

Ken was a member of the executive of the Fawcett Sports Club for quite some time and was also instrumental in creating added interest in minor hockey in the area, including being one of the managers of one team for several years. Kevin, at the age of four years, became the first "mascot" of the hockey team in the league.

Doris was involved with the W.I. and was president of the Fawcett branch for two years. She also taught piano lessons to twenty children of the Fawcett area over the years. When the new church was built, Doris became the organist.

In July, 1961, the Widdifields moved to Grande Prairie where Ken and Doris still reside and where Ken is the manager of CN-CP Telecommunications.

At the time of writing (November, 1980) the

family members are scattered throughout the province. While attending university, Cheryl met her future husband. Both are teachers, reside at High Prairie and have two children. Chrys chose a career in orthodontics, studied and worked in Calgary where she met and married her contractor husband, and they have two children. Robyn attended the University of Alberta where she studies music and became interested in the legal profession. She is still involved in both of these aspects in Edmonton. Kevin attended college in both Grande Prairie and Calgary and is presently employed as an insurance inspector in Grande Prairie with a U.S.A. firm.

The Yancey Family

written by: A. V. Yancey

In the early years of my youth, I helped my uncle, Alex Kaliel, load a boxcar with all his stock and belongings at MacDonald Consolidated warehouse, for his new start in the hamlet of Fawcett.

Alex Kaliel had not been in Fawcett very long when I first visited him at Hundley's store, which he had bought previously. It wasn't a large store as far as stores go but it was a start for him.

I made many friends and I suppose to others, I was classed as a pain in the neck, but most of those friendships have endured even to this day. About 1931 or '32 a new store was built over the ashes of a store Alex had built when he moved from the Hundley store.

He had many employees and to them, I, along with my cousins, the Kaliel boys, were delegated to certain jobs; such as clearing land, which was done by hand, fencing and various other jobs. Watching the passenger and freight trains come in with various quantities of goods was a pleasureable chore. Unloading cars of flour, salt and drums of gasoline was quite a chore for us YOUNG fellows, but was all interesting. In those years, numerous immigrants arrived in this small town with all different customs, language and dress. Seemed funny to see one with a large feather in his hat and wearing knickerbockers, looked like pictures of mountain climbers I had seen in books. But I soon made friends with these strangers and enjoyed their company.

Escaping from my uncle, who always had something for me to do, became quite a game, but I soon learned the devious ways of doing things. I spent my leisure time swimming, hunting and visiting any friend, who could escape his father and his chores, which never seemed to end in those days of the 30's. All was not work tho', we were given many occasions to go camping at Island Lake, five miles west of Fawcett, where Roy MacLachlan had his trapline. We used to rig a sail on an old boat on this lake and

sail to one end of it then row back to do the same thing again. Blood suckers were something one tolerated when swimming, but I enjoyed myself rain or shine.

Many memories still come back to me; especially one in which Gordon Carswell, who while selling Deforest Crossley radios, went to ask a family if they would buy one. On the way we passed a farmer and his sons whom I believe were the Tobers. They were cutting a small area of grain with an old binder. The father sat on the binder driving the team of horses combined with a couple of steers, I believe, and the sons at the back of the binder with a forked stick packing the grain into a stook. There were many sights like this in those days. Beautiful teams of horses and some had teams of oxen, I suppose I would call them. Others had any old crowbait they could afford. Anything to break a few acres of land for crops and gardens.

I remember the freight train coming in, loaded with people riding anywhere they could hang on, looking for work that wasn't there. One day Harry Holland and myself joined this mottley crew and rode the train to Grande Prairie and back to Watino, where we were employed by a section foreman by the name of Henry Christoffel. Here I hammered track spikes for six weeks at 25¢ per hour and out of this we had to



Victor and Rose Yancey, 1941.

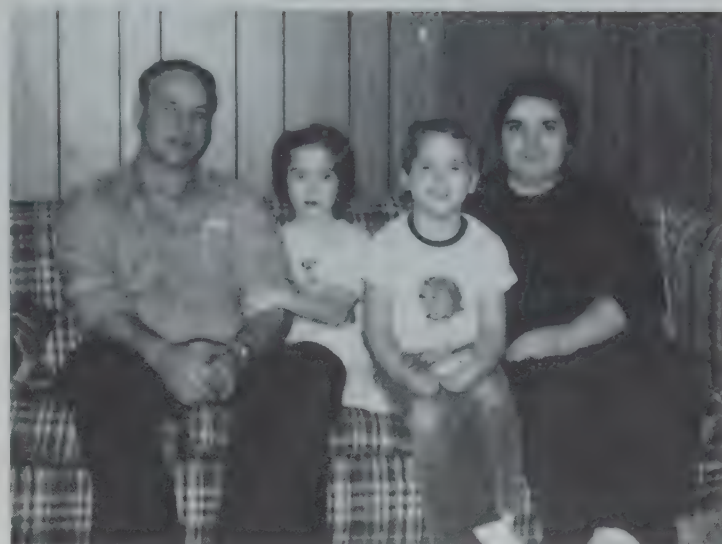
pay room and board. So this required Sunday work as well to make ends meet. I have worked in lumber mills in this area for Pete Deshoux, who was sawing timber where the George Kikirnik's farm now stands. I drove the sleigh which was loaded with slabs to be hauled away and burned.

I also spent some time on the Pembina River trapping rats in the early spring with Gordon Carswell. We spent a fearful night on the island near Luther Otti's place while the ice was going out. Jarvie bridge passed us by during the night and we were able to report its whereabouts to Mr. Herb Bell, the road foreman at the time. Believe it or not, it was carried all the way to the mouth of the Pembina. I returned to Edmonton in 1939 where I went to work. I married Rose Boborosky in 1940. The war intervened but when it was finished, I returned to work for CP Air. With an offer to take over the Imperial Oil agency, I returned to Fawcett in 1949 to start a new career. We moved into the old Hellerstadt home and started raising pigs, hauling freight and working at the agency. We had many new experiences with coal fires, kerosene lamps and no electricity, but we managed.

It was from here that Victor, our oldest son, finished his grade one. We stayed here at the farm for about a year, then moved to a new location near Ernie Morris' place. We built a home that would become a garage, if and when we could afford to build a new home. We were situated where Tom Gagne had his shack. We soon found new friends in the Boyds and the Morrisises. Later we built a new home and when it was finished the Boyds came over one morning and said "Today is the day you are moving!" and move we did. Here Grant was born in 1953. In 1955 many people moved from the district to find new opportunities, so instead of a family on every quarter section, the population of Fawcett decreased and the size of the farms increased.

In time new and better roads came into being. Many seismic crews and oil rigs moved into the district, and Westlock not Fawcett, was slowly the becoming the place to shop. Our town gradually lost some of its business. Our local Legion phased out for lack of people interested in it. Ken Nelson was president and I was secretary. I was also secretary of the Curling club and spent some time on the Hall Committee. Seems once you were elected to a position like this, you could have had it for a lifetime, as no one else was too anxious to want it. Rose belonged to the W.I. and Ladies Club, also on the Hall Committee.

Victor Jr. finished school, got married and went to work in Swan Hills. While there he became the father of a daughter, Christine. In 1967 we bought the old Zittlau place and started raising cattle as a side-



Vic, Jennifer, Michael and Anna Yancey.

line. In 1969 after having put in 20 years with Imperial Oil, I quit and went into semi-retirement. We sold our home in Fawcett to Roy Martin and moved to the farm. I started driving a school bus for the Westlock School Division and I am still at it.

Grant finished school and left to go to NAIT. Victor Jr. came back to run the farm as part of the Roadrunner Ranches with Steve Rozak and Robert Kaliel. The ventures proved unsuccessful, having being caught up with falling cattle prices.



Stephan, Linda, Grant and Brooks Yancey.

Victor remarried in 1970 to Annamarie Di Ciano from Calgary and still lives on the farm. He has two children, Jennifer and Michael. Grant married Linda Bell and they have at this time a young son, Brooks. Rose and I, as one can see, are now grandparents and are free to move and do as we please. We are now formulating new plans for our future.

Homestead Days

written by Ewenina Kennedy-Paterson-Yancy

We came as a family from Airdrie, Scotland to Edmonton in March, 1907. My mother took in boarders, Mr. Tarrabain was one of them. We were in Edmonton only six months when my oldest sister, Agnes, died of typhoid fever. She was a favorite of my mother, as they used to say they thought alike.

My second sister, Janet, married a Mr. Abbot and went to live in Cadogan, Alberta where they lived for two years.

Whenever my mother dreamt of a fire, something dreadful would happen. Jenny sent a letter saying all was well with her. A few days later we saw a Democrat coming up the side of the lake (we were living on the homestead at the time) and sure enough they brought bad news about Jenny being sick. She had taken up with Mary Eddy's faith healing. They didn't believe in operations and Jenny's appendix ruptured. When my mother got there, there wasn't any hope of saving Jenny. She was buried in Provost in 1912.

My father and brother, Johnny, were land crazy; so they filed on two homesteads in the Cooking Lake district. Johnny said that he didn't want to be called to work by a whistle blowing. He was a mechanic by trade in Scotland. He had an offer to go into business with another man, who was a mechanic and welder, but my brother chose the homestead.

We girls, mother included, had to work like men. We first pitched a tent (a leaky one at that) on a knoll of the lake. I remember Jenny and me walking through the grass to a hill on the other side of the lake and the grass was so high I couldn't see Jenny although she was five feet, ten inches tall. I don't think anyone but Indians walked there.

There were days when it seemed like it would never quit raining. The lake grew larger and the creek was full of water. Later the creek dried up.

There were plenty of muskrats; we used to set traps in their runs under the ground and in their homes. We didn't get much for the hides; (I believe 15¢ each) but we trapped lots of them. I remember my sister, Lizzy, and me going to Eatons' in Edmonton and each buying a winter coat for \$5.00 a piece with the money we got from trapping muskrats. This was the way we got the biggest part of our clothes.

Also Lizzy would sew us lovely dresses; she was a good seamstress.

Later we built a log house out of spruce logs. We had two horses by then; one by the name of 'Charlie' and the other one was 'Bessy'. I rode 'Charlie' and hauled the logs one by one to the house site. That was one step forward — the roof didn't leak! We later added a front room and a kitchen on to the log house. The kitchen was very cold in the winter.

Shortly after the log house was built we acquired a cream separator and some cattle. Lizzy made the butter and we would trade it at Tarabain's store for groceries. Alex Kaliel worked in the store and Vic Yancy delivered groceries. One day we were in the store, Alex told Vic to come in and see two 'country' girls. They both looked at us and Alex said, "I'll take the blue-eyed one", and Vic said, "I'll take the brown-eyed one". That is exactly how it turned out!

The roads were terrible in those days. I remember Johnny and me going from Edmonton to the homestead when the pin came out of the doubletree. The horses went flying up the road with Johnny running after them and me sitting in the buggy surrounded by mud and water. Eventually Johnny caught up to the horses and brought them back so we could continue on home. There wasn't a bridge over the creek. Sometimes one horse would decide to jump over and the other one wouldn't, what a dilemma!

We put up hay and in the winter Johnny would take a load of hay to the market and sell it. We would load up the hay the night before and park it on the lake. We would leave in the morning around five o'clock and believe it or not, sometimes it would be -50°F and there were drifted snowbanks. It would take about six hours to go to town. I would wait in the C.P.R. station where it was nice and warm until Johnny sold the hay. Afterwards we would go to the Chinaman's cafe and have a steak dinner for 25¢ each. Then we would start back for home. Sometimes we wouldn't get home till two o'clock in the morning.

We always thought it was a picnic when Lizzy and I went plowing by ourselves. One of us would hold the plow and the other would drive the horses. If you raised your voice at the horses they would get skittish and dance around and the next thing you knew, you had a tangled mess. This happened quite frequently but "Thank heaven" Johnny was a mechanic and welder — he could fix anything.

Later on a house was built on the homestead. It was situated half way down the lake. One day we started a fire for a fire-break around the house. We thought the fire was out and went back to the log house. In the morning when we returned to the house, nothing but ashes greeted us; the house had

burned to the ground, as were the old Bibles and records of our births that had been stored in boxes.

The wild game was very plentiful in those days. Johnny would make the shells for the guns. Father would wait until four or five ducks were sitting close together then he would shoot them. The partridge were so plentiful that I could have knocked them off a tree with a stick.

I remember the last time I shot with a gun. I had shot a rabbit and wounded it. The rabbit cried so pitifully that it sounded like a baby. That was the end of my shooting days.

We had fun on Sundays. A lot of young men would gather at our house. Teens would play the organ and we would all sing, talk, and have a good time. We would often go to the neighbor's home and have a dance. I remember the bells jingling on the horses' harness as we went along in the sleigh. Later in the evening, the ladies would lay the young children on the bed and the children would sleep through all the noise.

We had Church at our house. A Mr. Michell was the minister and he would hold the service. Mother would make lunch for everyone after the service.

Lizzy had more spunk than I had. She went to town and got a job working for Mr. Tarrabain in his store on 97th Street. Later, in 1914, I got the job there. The store wasn't making enough money so Mr. Tarrabain had to close up.

I went back to the homestead for a year. Alex and Vic would come out in a cutter to visit Lizzy and me. I married Vic in 1915 and that was the end of my homestead days.

Zaumseil Brothers

written by E. Boyd

In 1930 Otto Reidel came to the district from Edmonton and homesteaded the SE ¼-Sec.35-T63-R2-W5. The three Zaumseil brothers: Herbert and Walter, who were twins, and their younger brother, Rudy, came to Fawcett and took up land. Herbert, NW ¼-Sec.25-T63-R2-W5, Walter, NE ¼-Sec.26-T63-R2-W5, and Rudy, NE ¼-Sec.25-T63-R2-W5.

Otto Reidel was a miner and worked away most of the time. Because there were no buildings on the Zaumseil's places, they lived at Otto's homestead till they had theirs built.

Mrs. Zaumseil lived in Edmonton and had raised her three sons alone after her husband was killed in a mine accident. She put the boys through school and arranged for them to take music lessons. Herbert studied violin, Walter studied piano, and Rudy studied the cello. When they came to Fawcett, Walter bought an accordion as they didn't have a place for a piano. The boys played for dances from Thornton-



Herbert Zaumseil.

ville to Vega and all places in between, travelling with a team and cutter. Sometimes they would have a drummer accompanying them.

After baching for a number of years, Herbert married Emma Hensch in the fall of 1939. They raised three daughters — Louise, Carol and Charlotte. Herbert bought the quarter south of his, giving him a half section. They farmed until 1962 when Herbert's health began to fail. They had a sale in April of that year and moved to Edmonton. They sold their land to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wilson. Herbert's health didn't improve and he passed away in August of 1965. Emma worked at an auxiliary hospital and in later years remarried. Her second husband has also passed away.

Mrs. Zaumseil moved to Fawcett and kept house for Rudy until he married Tillie Hiller on March 19, 1941. Rudy and Tillie raised seven children. Rudy did custom threshing, sawed lumber a couple of winters and tried hard at farming. Things didn't work out as planned so Rudy gave up on farming and went to work for C.N.T. He sold the farm to Jim Burgoyne and moved to Dawson Creek, B.C. where they lived until Rudy retired. They lived for two years on an acreage they had bought, just west of Dawson Creek. This was sold and they now live at Osoyoos, B.C. Their son, Rodney, was killed in an auto accident near Calgary a few years back.

When Rudy was married, his mother moved back to Edmonton and kept house for Walter, who was



Walter Zaumseil.

working in Edmonton. Walter sold his land to Harry Mielke. Mrs. Zaumseil passed on some years back; Walter lives and works in Edmonton.

George and Carl Zempkey

written by E. Boyd

George Zempkey and his son, Carl came to Canada from Ohio in 1915. They went to the Rochester and Meadow Brook area for one year. In 1916 they then moved to the Fawcett district, where George homesteaded NW 19-65-26-W4.

George Zempkey was affectionately known by all who knew him, as "Uncle George". My uncle,



Carl and Ogda Zempkey.



George Zempkey on the left, with a friend in the police force in Ohio, USA, 1913.

Herb Bell, often spoke of "Uncle George". I don't recall ever seeing him, as he passed away in 1931, the year I was 15. I remember my father and Uncle Herb going to his funeral. George is buried in the Jarvie cemetery.

After his father's death, Carl came into Fawcett and lived in a small shack, which he moved around a lot. One time it was by the creek, on the north side of the railway bridge; for awhile he had it down at the south ferry on the Pembina River, and he had it stationed on the south side of the east entrance road to Fawcett.

I got to know Carl Zempkey about 1934 and spent many evenings with him in his shack. I spent many pleasant hours, listening to him play the violin or just visiting. He always made a cup of coffee to round out the evening. The violin that Carl played was brought to Fawcett by Marjorie Onestall who became Mrs. Jimmie Sutton Jr. She said that her father had played the violin in an orchestra that played for the King of England. Carl sold the violin to Francis (Bud) Kaliel and I believe, Bud still has it.

Carl married Agda Thorsen in 1939 and moved to the States. They live in Bellingham, Wash., USA. The Zempkey homestead was sold to Mr. and Mrs.

Joe Key in 1933 and they moved on to it in April of 1934.

The Edward Zittlau Family

written by E. Boyd

Edward and Frieda Zittlau, with their children Julius (3 years old), William (2 years old), and Erna (4 years old), left their native Poland and sailed for Canada. They landed at Halifax in May, 1929. The trip was a long and tiresome one and all of them were sea sick.

The family travelled by train to Nisku, Alberta where Mrs. Zittlau's brother, who had come to Canada the year before, resided on a farm. They stayed there for a month and then journeyed on to Fawcett. At Fawcett they purchased SE 28-64-1-W5 and settled down to farming.

There wasn't much on the farm, a one room log house and no conveniences. They began a life of hard work on their land. Four more children were born to them in the next few years, Hetty, Elsie, Otto, and Evelyn.

Edward Zittlau returned to Poland five years after arriving in Canada, leaving Frieda with seven children to raise and run the farm. She managed to do this challenge with a lot of hard work and determination. The children all attended school at Fawcett and as they gradually grew up they helped their mother with the farming. Eventually they became adults and started their own life style.

Erna became Mrs. Pickerl and lives in Edmonton. Her husband has passed away leaving her a widow.

Julius married Mary Schlicht on Decemeber 1, 1946. They bought the Max Christoffel land and settled down to farm and raise a family. Julius and Mary have three daughters and one son. Darlene is married to Ron Auch and lives close to her mother and father. Ellen is married and lives at Sherwood Park, Alta. David is still single and makes his home with his parents. Judy is working and living at Drumheller, Alta.

Julius and Mary have worked hard and now have a prosperous farm with good buildings.

William married Betty Meyn on November 14, 1952. They lived on the home place until the time that his mother sold the farm to Victor and Rose Yancey. William and Betty bought the Les Moser house and lot in the hamlet of Fawcett.

William decided that farming wasn't for him and has worked at various jobs including working on section crews for the N.A.R. William and Betty have a family of four sons and one daughter, Dennis, Bruce, Donald, Jane, and Darryl.

Otto married Irene Auch in the spring of 1962 and

they have three sons. Irene and Otto decided to live apart; Otto lives at Flatbush and Irene lives in Westlock.

Hetty is Mrs. Malowny and lives in Edmonton. Elsie was Mrs. Thomas and lived in Edmonton. Elsie passed away in 1956.

Evelyn is Mrs. Caldwell and lives in Oregon, U.S.A. Mrs. Frieda Zittlau now resides in Edmonton.

Remembering People

written by E. Boyd

Two Miller brothers, Clayton and Lorne, came to Fawcett to take up homesteading and took SE31-64-1-W5. They spent three winters here on the homestead. I remember Clayton had an index finger missing on his right hand. He told that he was riding the seed drill with his father and his job was to keep the grain in the runs. The cog didn't know the difference between a finger and grain, hence the missing finger.

Mr. and Mrs. Darbison came from Boyle and lived here for a while. Mr. Darbison passed away while they lived here. One of the daughters married Joe Vanhill and the other married Alfred Sutton. Their son, Bill, joined the armed forces.

Mr. and Mrs. William Chaney came from the prairies and homesteaded land in the Thorntonville district that was later owned by Martin Larson. Mrs. Chaney was a barber and cut my hair several times.



William Clements and his dog.

They had a little girl who was playing with their dog one day and for some reason the dog bit her ear nearly off. Their son, William, married Selma Hansen. Their second son, Glen, was born at my mother's place. After Glen grew up he owned a motel at Vegreville for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Weidlich, who were related to the Henry Gallasch family, came over from Germany with their daughter, Elfrieda. Elfrieda came to school not knowing one word of English. It wasn't very long before she could speak English as well as the rest of us. They stayed for a year and then moved to the West Coast.

People by the name of Martinson came and rented the Sandy MacGregor place for two years and then moved on.

Alexander (Sandy) MacGregor homesteaded NW21-64-1-W5. He built a house and barn in 1919 and moved his wife, Florence, here. He broke enough land to get his title and then took SW28-64-1-W5 on a soldier's grant. Florence and Sandy stayed until 1925. Sandy got work with the Department of Highways and worked for years with them in other places.

In 1928 Arthur Blanchard homesteaded NW32-63-1-W5. He got his title in 1935. He lived in a wee shack in the corner of 32. In 1940 he sold this quarter to Rudolph Bohn and moved across the road to another quarter he had purchased, which was a fraction along the Pembina River. Arthur was quite a big man and drove a big black team of horses. Arthur grew lots of potatoes for himself and green feed for the horses. I don't recall him doing too much farming. Arthur was a tobacco chewer which was quite evident. He didn't like to drive his team to Fawcett very often as they didn't like trains. He was a little afraid that he couldn't handle them if a train came in so he would ride in with the Erbes. Arthur took sick in the fall of 1947, was in Westlock for a while, and



Arthur Blanchard with horses. Oswald Erbe in background.

50th Anniversary



Mr. & Mrs. F.E. Orr, 25 - 2544 Dunlevy St. Victoria, will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary this month. Mr. & Mrs. Orr were married in Edmonton, Alta., in 1924, and moved to Dean Park Rd., Saanichton, in 1933. Their family, Mr. & Mrs. C. Reid, Mr. & Mrs. G. Larsen, Mr. & Mrs. B. Orr, and Mr. & Mrs. K. Richards extend a warm invitation to friends who wish to call and visit the Orr's from 2 - 5 p.m. SATURDAY, MAY 18th, at the Reid's home, 1630 Sheridan Street, Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Orr's newspaper write-up.

then transferred to the University Hospital in Edmonton. He passed away in December, 1947.

Rudolph Bohn came to the Ferry district and rented a quarter section from Joe Mudra. In 1940 he bought a quarter from Arthur Blanchard. He built a house and barn on the place and moved in. His health wasn't too good so a nephew stayed with him. Rudolph had epilepsy and as time went on his condition got worse so he had to go to a home for epileptics. The land is now owned by Anthony Moerman.

Luther Otti homesteaded NE31-63-1-W5 in 1921. His homestead was more or less a place to live when he wasn't working away. Luther was a machinist of sorts. He built a small threshing machine that he ran with a Model T Ford engine. He also built a flour mill of sorts. He was considered to be just a wee bit off perpendicular. Lloyd Tyreman and I threshed grain for him one day. At noon Luther and Lloyd got into quite an argument over something I don't recall. The next day we were threshing three miles south of Luther's place when news came that Luther had taken his life. We kept him here and he is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery. His mother had kept house for him until she was unable to. She passed away in

Edmonton. Luther had married a couple of years before his death. His wife sold and left the farm and Fawcett.

Clifford Camack homesteaded NE32-63-1-W5 in November, 1920 and got his title in November, 1924. He had a small house in the NE corner of the place. I don't remember ever seeing him. He left Fawcett and never returned to the homestead. Art Jerace now owns the Camack place.

Mr. and Mrs. George Durand homesteaded NE22-64-1-W5 in 1922 and got title in 1929. George worked hard, took out fire wood and mine props which he loaded into box cars on the railway to be sold. He also worked for Tom Hundley, seeding and harvesting. He was a short, round, Frenchman who was quite boisterous. They sold their land to the Darbisons and went to Montreal in 1935. While they lived at Fawcett, they adopted a little girl, Margaret Sales, who grew up and married John Paravicini. The Durands didn't stay long in Montreal, as George couldn't find work. They returned to Fawcett to live in the hamlet in a house where Flora Stafford now lives. They next moved to Westlock where George worked as a janitor in the Whissell Clinic for several years. George passed away in 1961. Mrs. Durand moved to the Pembina Lodge where she resided until her passing away on Jan. 29, 1980 at the age of 92 years.

Tom Gagne came to the district in 1912, working as a sawyer at a saw mill that was sawing lumber to build a railway bridge. On April 30, 1914 Tom filed on SE25-64-1-W5 and got his title on Nov. 9, 1920. He made this his home when he wasn't working away until he sold to Alex Kaliel. Carl Zempkey told me that he rode from Vancouver to Fawcett with Tom in a



Tom Gagne in front of homestead.



Marjorie Finstead, Nellie Thorsen and Mrs. Finstead, 1929.



Tom Gagne.



Mrs. Olaf Finstead and daughter, Marjorie, on new traffic bridge over the creek, east of Fawcett, 1929.

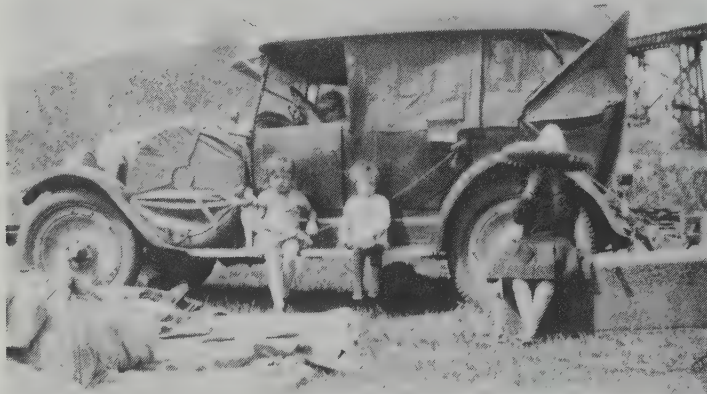
Model T Ford in the Twenties. It must have been a long, hard trip in those days. Tom lived in the hamlet of Fawcett the last years of his life. After a brief illness Tom passed away on August 15, 1948 and is buried in the Fawcett Cemetery.

Olaf and Olive Finstead and their infant daughter, Marjorie, came to Fawcett in 1925. Mrs. Finstead became the new Post-mistress when Bill Llewellyn retired. They moved into the Llewellyn building and she carried this post for two years, losing it to George Thompson. The Finsteads opened up a cafe in the building with their living quarters at the back. Their building couldn't be saved when the Kaniel store burned; they were without a home or a business. Olaf's brother, Ole, was at Hondo, Alta. and this is where they moved to and opened a store there.

Mr. and Mrs. John Torchanuk with their two children, Joe and Rosie, moved from Beverly, Alta. by team and wagon, driving their cattle with them. They moved on to the Levy place. They knew Imen Levy in Edmonton and rented his farm. We didn't know that they had moved in. One morning when I was going to school, Joe and his sister, Rosie, came out and walked to school with me. Joe was about a year older I. They didn't stay long at Fawcett, possibly a year or two, then went back to Edmonton.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Williams with their son, Morris, moved from Meeting Creek and filed on SE2-65-26-W4 in the spring of 1930. They had adopted a six year old boy, George Brown, in 1928 and had him with them until 1934. (George's mother was living at Peers, Alta., and had remarried and wanted her son back). They also adopted a girl, Dorothy Bert, and had her with them until she was sixteen years old.

Elsie Pearce came to teach at Cross Lake School in 1938. In 1940 she married Morris Williams. In 1941 Elsie was transferred to Highridge. Morris and Elsie moved there and still reside near Highridge. It was there that Elsie taught Louie Schriener.



Arriving at Fawcett from the States, 1928. Velta, Viola, Marie and Charles Crick.



Kathleen Henry, Gesta Jacobson, Olaf Paulson and Mrs. Paulson.

Mrs. Dave Williams passed away in 1941 and is buried in the Cross Lake Cemetery. Dave Williams moved from the homestead and settled at Lac La Non where he resided until his passing in 1972.

Raymond and Joseph Shephard came to Fawcett in 1925. Their mother came to live with them. Raymond homesteaded SW25-64-1-W5 and Joseph homesteaded NW26-64-27-W4. Raymond decided he didn't want his quarter so gave it up and filed on NE10-64-27-W4 where he made his home. The first house that Ray built is still standing and is known as the James Harper farm. Ray didn't do much farming as he went to work with NAR where he was employed until he retired about ten years ago. Ray's wife and daughter lived on the homestead for several years and Patricia attended school at the Fifth Meridian School. They retired to Boyle, Alta. where Ray passed away in 1974. He was a World War I veteran.

Their mother, Evangeline Shephard, kept house for Joseph as he hadn't married. Evangeline passed away in Jan., 1940 and is buried at Fawcett. Joe was raking that summer, 1940, when something scared his horses and they started to run with him. Joe fell off the rake and was rolling with the hay when a rake tooth pierced his heart and he bled to death. Joe was found by some people who had gone berry picking. He is buried beside his mother.

Wilhelm Rau filed on NE10-64-1-W5 on Nov. 11, 1913. When he got the homestead shack ready he sent for his wife, who was a registered nurse, and their two sons, Hans and Max. One foggy, dark afternoon in the wintertime, Max and his mother were walking home from Fawcett on the railway track. Midway on



Skating party; Elsie Norris, Bill Birosh, Muriel Paulson, Fred Birosh, ?, Hazel Moser, Bert Bell, Ronald Bell, Marguerite Bell, and Arnold Moser.

the trestle, they realized a train was meeting them from the west and happened to be close. They knew they couldn't make it to the end of the bridge or return the way they had come before the train would be upon them. So they both jumped off the side of the trestle. The creek had flooded several times during the winter and had left several empty pockets of space between the layers of ice. Max landed on the ice, breaking through several layers of these pockets, with no ill effects to himself other than being "scared to death." Mrs. Rau hadn't jumped out as far as Max had and she was hung up on the ties by her skirt. The engineer and fireman thought they had seen someone jump so they stopped the train and walked back to

see. They found Mrs. Rau hanging upside down on one of the ties. They pulled her up and told her that her son had jumped over the edge. They walked down the banks of the creek and found Max, with no bones broken, and a few bruises, but otherwise quite healthy. They had quite a story to tell when they arrived home that night.

Mr. and Mrs. Rau sold their land to Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Stedel. Since then the place has been owned by Werner Radloff, Herbert Miller, Sonny Murfitt, Joe Smith, and is now owned by Gary Smith.

This concludes a very small part about the people who had come and gone from the district, but all played a part in our history.

Part IX

Honor Roll

Honor Roll of Armed Services World War I

Accarias, Louie
Albert, Jean — killed in action
Albert, Roy — killed in action
Atkinson, Charles
Atkinson, Jerry
Bell, Herb
Burton, Thomas
Claeys, Joe
Crick, Charles
Dawkins, Joe
Fauque, August
Godwin, Bert
Godwin, Wilfred (Bill)
Hamel, Auguste

Hellerstadt, Frank
Llewellyn, Dan
Llewellyn, W. G.
Major, Dave (Sr.)
Major, Dave (Jr.)
Major, Edward
Major, Harold
Maki, Risto (Bob)
Martinier, Claude
Moser, Alfred (Les)
MacLahlan, Roy
Rice, Frank
Robinson, Bob
Ruxton, James

Shephard, Raymond
Simpson, Robert
Smith, Frank
Stansfield, Charles
Stansfield, Herbert
Stansfield, William
Thornton, Alfred — killed in action
Thornton, George
Thornton, Neil
Tyreman, Lloyd
Wakefield, William
Webber, Andrew
Wheeler, James
Whitelock, Clarence (Sr.)

World War II

Atkinson, Charlie — killed in action
Atkinson, Clifford
Atkinson, Harry
Baldry, Ernie
Bell, Bert
Bell, Herb
Bell, Howard (Korean War)
Bell, Ronald
Boyd, Wilma
Bratt, Horace
Bray, Tom
Carswell, Gordon (Sr.)
Chatters, Ted
Cole, Joe
Gurney, Len
Gurney, Sid
Henry, James — killed in action
Herrick, Ernie
Holland, Harry
Jahnert, Waldemar

Jahnert, William
Jerace, Arthur
Jerace, Domenik
Jerace, Mike
Jerace, William
Johnston, Clair
Jones, Edwin
Jones, Harvey
Kaliel, George
Kaliel, Jack
Key, Peter
Litke, Clarence
Litke, Lawrence
Moser, Arnold
Moser, Douglas
Moser, Hazel
McCann, Hugh
McCann, Thomas
McKeag, Marjorie
McKeag, Pansy

Nelson, Chester
Nelson, Kenneth
Robinson, Hugh
Rochat, Henry (Sr.)
Rochat, Henry (Jr.)
Simpson, Margaret
Sinclair, Jack
Sinclair, Verner
Smith, Daniel
Stone, Alex
Stone, Philip
Sutton, Alfred
Thornton, William
Tober, Clement
Waller, Albert
Waller, Jim
Whitelock, Robert
Yancey, A. Victor

W.W. I



Louis Accarias, 1918.



Bill Godwin, 1915.



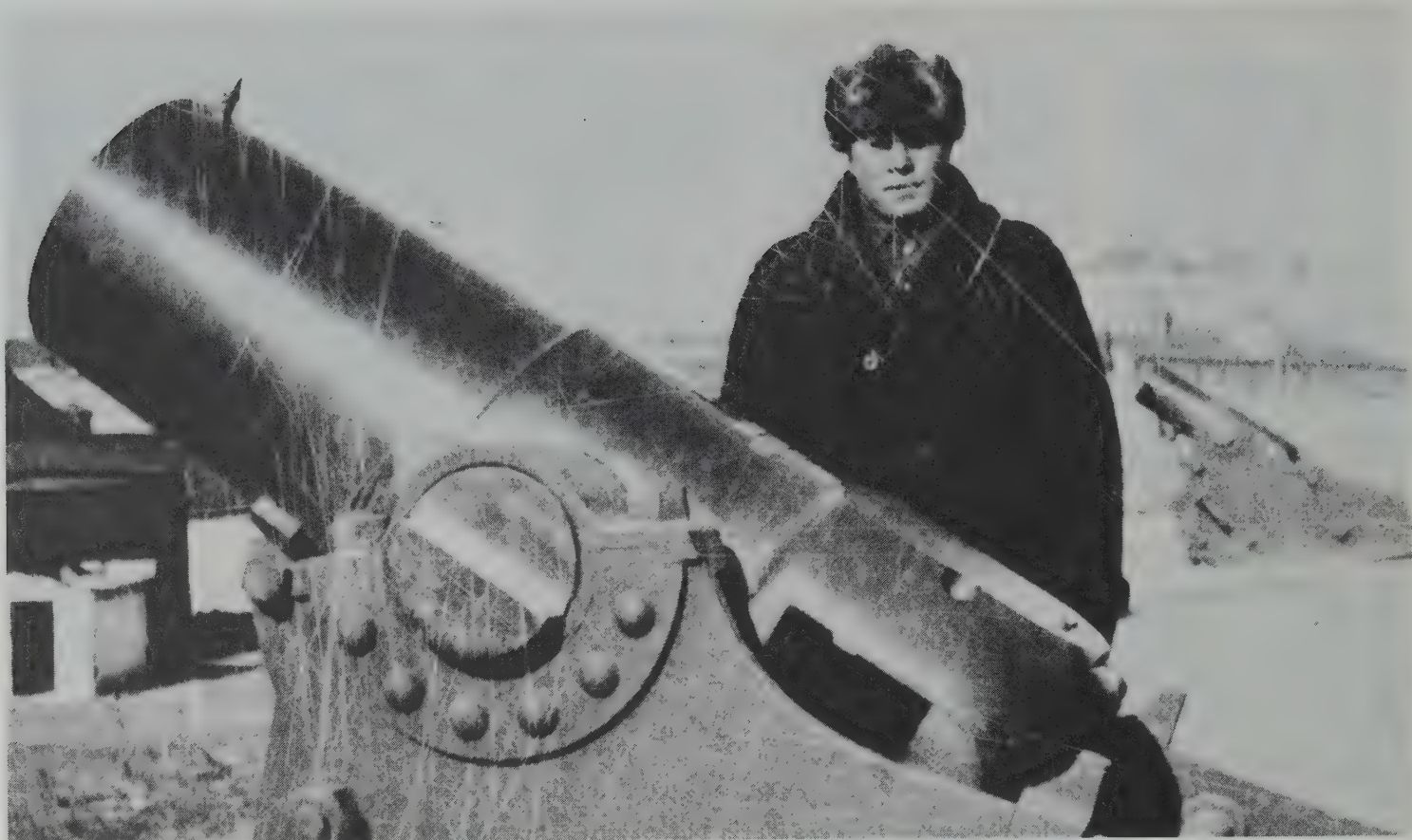
George Thornton, Alfred Thornton and Neil Thornton, in Army, 1915.



August Fauque, first World War.



Herb Bell in uniform, 1917.



Charles Crick.

W.W. II



Albert Waller, W.W. II.



Jack Kaliel.



George Kaliel.



Ernie Baldry.



Joe Cole.



Harry Holland.



Robert Whitelock.



Edwin Jones.



Charlie Atkinson.



Hugh Robinson, Navy,
W.W. II.



Bert Bell, W.W. II.



Anchor Olson.



Herb Bell.



Len Gurney, 1944.



Newspaper clipping of
W. A. Boyd.



Waldemar Jahnert.



Wilhelm Jahnert.



Ernie Herrick.



A. Victor Yancey.



Pansy McKeag.



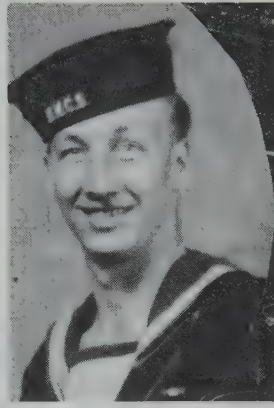
Joe and Anna Litke with son, Lawrence, 1942.



Marjorie McKeag.



Philip Stone.



Ron Bell, 1944.



Murray Thompson in Sicily, 1948.

Author Unknown

Pray don't find fault with one who limps
Or stumbles along the way.
Unless you have worn the shoes he wears
Or struggled beneath his load.
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,
Or the burden he bears placed on your back
Might cause you to stumble too.

Don't sneer at the one who's down today
Unless you felt the blow
That caused his fall, or felt the same
That only the fallen know.
You may be strong but still the blows
That are his, were dealt to you
In the self same way at the self same time
Might cause you to stumble too.

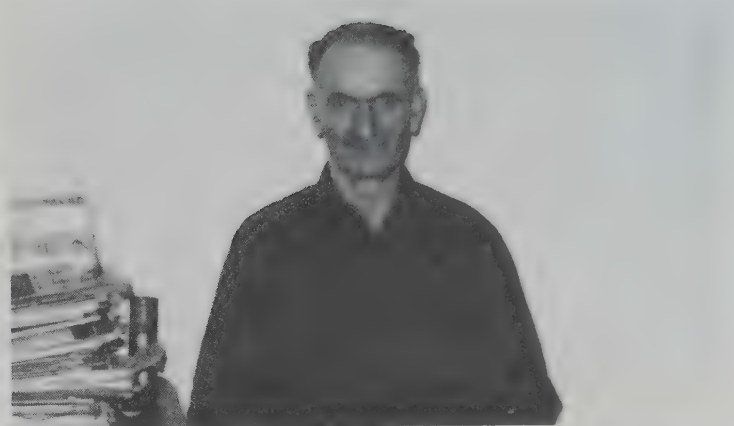
Don't be harsh with the one who sins
Or pelt them with words or stones
Unless you are sure, are doubly sure
That you have not sins of your own.
For you know perhaps, if the tempter's voice
Should whisper as soft to you
As it did to them when they went astray
Would cause you to falter too.

Part X

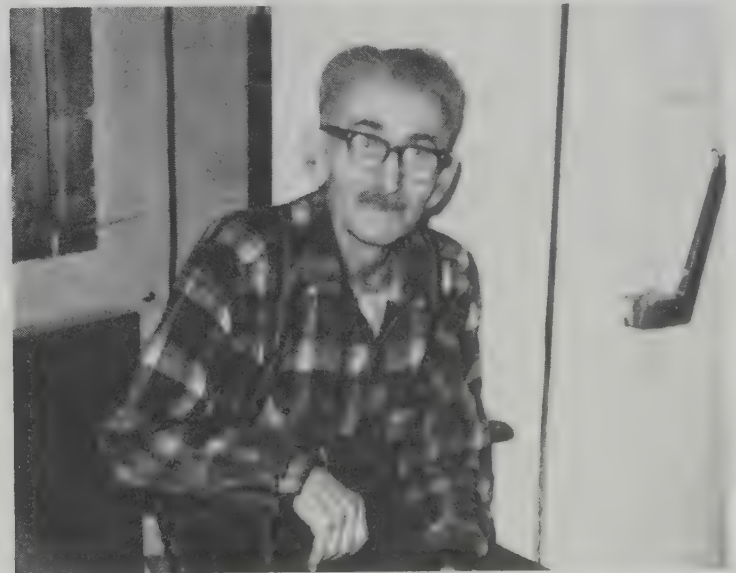
People of Interest



Thëcla Lampen, Fawcett's oldest living resident, was 90 years old on January 18, 1981.



William Jahnert, born May 28, 1914 first baby born at Fawcett.



Wally Jahnert, came to Fawcett with his parents at the age of three in 1913, has lived here continually.

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Tote bridge on French Creek, just east of Fawcett. Imen Levi, Frank Hellerstadt, Joe Dawkins, Paul Accarias, Helen Deray and Augustine Accarias, 1915.

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